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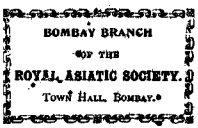

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THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF COLLEY CIBBER, Esq.

In FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME the FOURTH.

CONTAINING,

The REFUSAL.
The PROVOKED HUSBAND.
LOVE in a RIDDLE.
PAPAL TYRANNY.

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LONDON:

Printed for J. Clarke, C. Hitch *and* L. Hawes, D. Browne, J. *and* R. Tonson, J. Rivington, J. Rivington *and* J. Fletcher, R. Baldwin, T. Callon, C. Bathurst, S. Crowder *and* Co. T. Longman, H. Woodgate *and* S. Brooke, C. Corbett, G. Kearsley, J. *and* T. King, T. Lowndes, *and the Executors of* W. Rogers.

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THE REFUSAL:

OR, THE

LADIES PHILOSOPHY.

A

COMEDY.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by the Author.

GAllants! behold before your Eyes the Wight,
Whose Actions ſtand accountable to-night,
For all your Dividends of Profit or Delight.
New Plays reſemble Bubbles, we muſt own,
But their intrinſic Value ſoon is known,
There's no impoſing Pleaſure on a Town.
And when they fail, count o'er his Pains and Trouble,
His Doubts, his Fears, the Poet is a Bubble.
As Heroes by the Tragic Muſe are ſung;
So to the Comic, Knaves and Fools belong:
Follies, to-night, of various kinds we paint,
One, in a Female Philoſophic Saint,
That wou'd by Learning Nature's Laws repeal,
Warm all her Sex's Boſoms to rebel,
And only with Platonic Raptures ſwell.
Long ſhe reſiſts the proper Uſe of Beauty,
But Fleſh and Blood reduce the Dame to Duty.
A Coxcomb too of modern Stamp we ſhow,
A Wit——but impudent——a South-Sea Beau.
Nay more——our Muſes Fire (but pray protect her)
Roſts, to your Taſte, a whole South-Sea Director.
But let none think we bring him here in ſpite,
For all their Actions, ſure, will bear the Light;
Beſides, he's painted here in Height of Power,
Long ere we laid ſuch Ruin at his Door:
When he was Lov'd like a Statesman, by the Town,
And thought his heap'd up Millions all his own.
No, no; Stock's always at a Thouſand here,
He'll almoſt honeſt on the Stage appear.

PROLOGUE.

Such is our Fare, to feed the Mind our Aim,
But Poets ſtand, like Warriors, in their Fame;
One ill Day's Work brings all their paſt to Shame.
Thus having taſted of your former Favour,
The Chance ſeems now for deeper Stakes than ever.
As after Runs of Luck, we're moſt accurſt,
To loſe our Winnings, than have loſt at firſt;
A firſt Stake loſt has often ſav'd from Ruin,
But on one Caſt to loſe the Tout——*is hard Undoing.*
But be it as it may——the Dye is thrown,
Fear now were Folly——Paſs the Rubicon.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Sir *Gilbert Wrangle*,	Mr. *Penkethman.*
Granger,	Mr. *Booth.*
Frankly,	Mr. *Wilks.*
Witling,	Mr. *Cibber.*

WOMEN.

Lady *Wrangle*,	Mrs. *Bicknell.*
Sophronia,	Mrs. *Oldfield.*
Charlotte,	Mrs. *Booth.*

Servants, *&c.*

THE

THE REFUSAL

OR, THE LADIES PHILOSOPHY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The SCENE, Weſtminſter-Hall.

Frankly *and* Granger *meeting.*

Fran. IS it poſſible!

Gran. Frankly!

Fran. Dear *Granger!* I did not expect you theſe ten Days: how came you to be ſo much better than your Word?

Gran. Why, to tell you the truth, becauſe I began to think *London* better than *Paris.*

Fran. That's ſtrange: But you never think like other People.

Gran. I am more apt to ſpeak what I think, than other People: Though I confeſs, *Paris* has its Charms; but to me they are like thoſe of a Coquette, gay and gaudy; they ſerve to amuſe with, but a Man would not chooſe to be marry'd to them. In ſhort, I am to paſs

my Days in *Old England*, and am therefore reſolved not to have an ill Opinion of it.

Fran. Theſe ſettled Thoughts, *Ned*, make me hope, that if ever you *ſhould* marry, you will be as partial to the *Woman* you intend to paſs your Days with.

Gran. Faith! I think every Man's a Fool that is not: But it's very odd; you ſee, the groſſeſt Fools have generally Senſe enough to be fond of a fine Houſe, or a fine Horſe, when they have bought them: They can ſee the Value of them, at leaſt; and why a poor Wife ſhould not have as fair play for one's Inclination, I can ſee no Reaſon, but downright Ill-nature or Stupidity.

Fran. What do you think of Avarice? when People purchaſe Wives, as they do other Goods, only becauſe they are a Pennyworth: Then too, a Woman has a fine time on't!

Gran. Ay, but that will never be the Caſe of my Wife: When I marry, I'll do it with the ſame convenient Views as a Man would ſet up his Coach, becauſe his Eſtate will bear it, it's eaſy, and keeps him out of dirty Company.

Fran. But what! would you have a Wife have no more Charms than a Chariot?

Gran. Ah! Friend, if I can but paſs as many eaſy Hours at home with one, as abroad in t'other, I will take my chance for her Works of Supererogation; and I believe at worſt, ſhould be upon a Level with the Happineſs of moſt Huſbands about Town.

Fran. But at this rate, you would marry before you are in love.

Gran. Why not? Do you think Happineſs is entail'd upon marrying the Woman you love? No more than Reward is upon public Merit: It may give you a Title to it indeed; but you muſt depend upon other People's Virtue to find your account in either. For my part, I am not for building Caſtles in the Air; when I marry, I expect no great matters; none of your Angels, a mortal Woman will do my Buſineſs, as you'll find, when I tell you my Choice. All I deſire of a Wife, is, that ſhe will do as ſhe is bid, and keep herſelf clean.

Fran.

Fran. Would you not have her a Companion tho' as well as a Bedfellow?

Gran. You mean, I ſuppoſe a Woman of Senſe.

Fran. I ſhould not think it amiſs for a Man of Senſe.

Gran. Nor I; but S'death! where ſhall I get her? In ſhort, I am tired with the Search, and will ev'n take up, with one, as Nature has made her, handſom, and only a Fool of her own making.

Fran. Was ever ſo deſperate an Indifference? I am impatient till I know her.

Gran. Even the ſage and haughty Prude, *Sophronia.*

Fran. Sophronia! I hope you don't take her for a Fool, Sir; why, ſhe thinks ſhe has more Senſe than all her Sex together.

Gran. You don't tell me that as a Proof of her Wit, I preſume, Sir.

Fran. No: But I think your Humour's a little extraordinary, that can reſolve to marry the Woman you laugh at.

Gran. It's at leaſt, a ſign I am in no great danger of her laughing at me, *Tom*; the Caſe of many a prettier Fellow. But I take *Sophronia* to be only a Fool of Parts, that however capable of thinking right; and a Man muſt be nice indeed, that turns up his Noſe at a Woman who has no worſe Imperfection, than ſetting too great a Value upon her Underſtanding. I grant it ſhe is half mad with her Learning and Philoſophy: What then? ſo are moſt of our great Men, when they get a little too much on't, Nay, ſhe is ſo wrapt in the Pride of her imaginary Knowledge, that ſhe almoſt forgets ſhe is a Woman, and thinks all Offers of Love to her Perſon a Diſhonour to the Dignity of her Soul; but all this does not diſcourage me: She may fancy herſelf as wiſe as ſhe pleaſes; but unleſs I fail in my meaſures, I ſhall think I have hard luck, if I don't make that fine Fleſh and Blood of hers as troubleſome as my own in a Fortnight.

Fran. You muſt have better luck than I had then; I was her Fool for above five Months together, and did not come ill-recommended to the Family; but could make no more Impreſſion than upon a Veſtal Virgin:

And how a Man of your cool Reflection, can think of attempting her, I have no Notion.

Gran. Phaſh! I laugh at all her Airs; a Woman of a general Inſenſibility, is only one that has never been rightly attack'd.

Fran. Are you then really reſolv'd to purſue her?

Gran. Why not? Is not ſhe a fine Creature? Has not ſhe Parts? Would not half her Knowledge, equally divided, make fifty Coquettes all Women of Senſe? Is not her Beauty natural, her Perſon lovely, her Mein majeſtic?——Then ſuch a Conſtitution——

Fran. Nay, ſhe has a wholſom Look, I grant you: But then her Prudery, and *Platonic* Principles, are inſupportable.

Gran. Now to me they are more diverting, than all the Levity of a Coquette: O! the noble Conflicts between Nature and a proud Underſtanding, make our Triumphs ſo infinitely above thoſe petty Conqueſts—Beſides, are not you Philoſopher enough to know, my Friend, that a Body continent holds moſt of the thing contain'd? 'Tis not your waſting Current, but Reſervoirs, that make the Fountain play; not the Prodigal's, but the Miſer's Cheſt that holds the Treaſure: No, no, take my word, your Prude has thrice the latent Fire of a Coquette. Your Prude's Flaſk hermetically ſeal'd, all's right within, depend upon't; but your Coquette's a mere Bottle of Plague-water, that's open to every body.

Fran. Well, Sir, ſince you ſeem ſo heartily in earneſt, and, I ſee, are not to be diſguſted at a little Female Frailty: I think I ought in Honour to let you into a little more of her: You muſt know then, this marble-hearted Lady; who could not bear my Addreſſes to herſelf, has notwithſtanding Fleſh and Blood enough to be ten times more uneaſy, that I now pay them to her Siſter.

Gran. I am glad to hear it: Pr'ythee! let me know all; for 'tis upon theſe ſort of Weakneſſes that I am to ſtrengthen my Hopes.

Fran. You know, I writ you word, that I thought the ſafeſt way to cover my real Paſſion for her Siſter *Charlotte*, would be to drop my cold Pretenſions to *Sophonia*

Sophronia inſenſibly: upon which account I rather heighten'd my Reſpect to her: But as, you know, 'tis harder to diſguiſe a real Inclination than to diſſemble one we have not; *Sophronia*, it ſeems, has ſo far ſuſpected the Cheat, that, ſince your Abſence, ſhe has broke into a thouſand little Impatiences at my new Happineſs with *Charlotte*.

Gran. Good.

Fran. But the Jeſt is, ſhe can't yet bring down her Vanity to believe I am in earneſt with *Charlotte* neither; but really fancies my Addreſſes there are all Grimace, the mere Malice of a rejected Lover, to give her Scorn a Jealouſy.

Gran. Admirable! but I hope you are ſure of this.

Fran. 'Twas but yeſterday ſhe gave me a Proof of it.

Gran. Pray, let's hear.

Fran. Why, as *Charlotte* and I were whiſpering at one end of a Room, while we thought her wrapt up in one of *Horace*'s Odes at the other, of a ſudden I obſerv'd her come ſailing up to me, with an inſulting Smile, and who ſhould ſay——I laugh at all theſe ſhallow Arts——then turn'd ſhort, and looking over her Shoulder, cry'd aloud, "——*Ah! Miſer!*

Quanta laboras in Charybdi!

Gran. Digne puer meliore Flammâ——Ah! methinks I ſee the imperious Huſſy in Profile, waving her ſnowy Neck into a thouſand lovely Attitudes of Scorn and Triumph! O the dear Vanity! Well, when all's ſaid, the Coxcomb's vaſtly handſom!

Fran. Lgad! thou art the oddeſt Fellow in the World! to be thus capable of diverting yourſelf with your Miſtreſs's Jealouſy of another Man.

Gran. Pſhah! Thou'rt too refin'd a Lover; I am glad of any Occaſion that proves her more a Woman, than ſhe imagines.

Fran. But pray, Sir, upon what foot did you ſtand with her before you went to *France?*

Gran. O! I never pretended to more than a *Platonic* Paſſion; I ſaw, at firſt View, ſhe was inacceſſible by Love.

Fran.

Fran. Yet, ſince you were reſolv'd to purſue her, how came you to think of rambling to *Paris?*

Gran. Why, the laſt time I ſaw her, ſhe grew ſo fantaſtically jealous of my regarding her more as a Woman, than an intellectual Being, that my Patience was half tired; and having at that time, an Appointment with ſome idle Company to make a trip to *Paris*, I ſlily took that Occaſion, and told her, if I threw myſelf into a voluntary Baniſhment from her Perſon, I hoped ſhe would then be convinc'd, I had no other Views of Happineſs, than what her Letters might, ev'n in Abſence, as well gratify, from the Charms of her Underſtanding.

Fran. Moſt ſolemnly impudent!

Gran. In ſhort her Vanity was ſo blind to the Banter, that ſhe inſiſted upon my Going, and made me a conditional Promiſe of anſwering all my Letters; in which I have flatter'd her romantic Folly to that degree, that in her laſt, ſhe confeſſes an intire Satisfaction in the *Innocent Dignity* of my Inclinations (as ſhe ſtiles it) and therefore thinks herſelf bound in Gratitude to recall me from Exile: which gracious Boon (being heartily tired at *Paris*) I am now arriv'd to accept of.

Fran. The merrieſt Amour that ever was! Well! and why don't you viſit her?

Gran. O! I do all things by Rule——not till ſhe has din'd; for our Great *Engliſh* Philoſopher, my Lord *Bacon* tells you, that then the Mind is generally moſt ductile.

Fran. Wiſely conſider'd.

Gran. Beſides, I want to have a little Talk firſt with the old Gentleman her Father.

Fran. Sir *Gilbert!* If I don't miſtake, yonder he comes——

Gran. Where pr'ythee?

Fran. There by the Bookſellers; don't you ſee him, with an odd Croud after him?

Gran. O! now I have him——he's loaded with Papers like a Solicitor.

Fran. Sir, he is at this time a Man of the firſt Conſequence,

queſce, and recieves more Petitions every Hour, than the Court of *Chancery* in a whole Term.

Gran. What! Is he Lord Treaſurer?

Fran. A much more conſiderable Perſon, I can aſſure you, he is a *South-Sea* Director, Sir.

Gran. O! I cry you mercy! and thoſe about him, I preſume, are bowing for Subſcriptions.

Fran. That's their Buſineſs, you may be ſure; but ſee at laſt he has broke from them.

Gran. No! there's one has got him by the Sleeve again.

Fran. What! if we ſhould ſtand off and obſerve a little.

Gran. With all my Heart.

Sir *Gilb.* [*To a Man at the Door.*] Prythee, be quiet, Fellow! I tell you I'll ſend the Duke an Anſwer to-morrow morning.

[*Within.*] It's very well, Sir——

Sir Gilbert *ſpeaks, entering with a great Parcel of open Letters in his Hand, and others ſtuffing his Pockets.*

Sir *Gilb.* Very well! ay, ſo it is, if he gets it then—Why? what! theſe People of Quality, ſure, think they do you a Favour, when they aſk one——Huh! let 'em come for it himſelf! I am ſure I was forc'd to do ſo, at his Houſe when I came for my own, and could not get it neither——and he expects I ſhould give him 2000*l.* only for ſending a Footman to me. Why? what! Does his Grace think I don't know which ſide my Bread's butter'd on? Let's ſee! who are theſe from?——— [*Reads to himſelf.*]

Gran. The old Gentleman's no blind Admirer of a Man of Quality, I ſee.

Fran. O! Sir, he has lately taken up a mortal Averſion to any Man that has a better Title than himſelf.

Gran. How ſo, pray?

Fran. As he grows rich, he grows proud; and, among Friends, had lately a mind to be made a Lord himſelf; but applying to the wrong Perſon, it ſeems he was diſappointed; and ever ſince piques himſelf upon deſpiſing any Nobleman, who is not as rich as himſelf.

Gran.

Gran. Hah! the right *Plebeian* Spirit of *Old England!* But I think he's counted an honeſt Man.

Fran. Umh! yes! well enough——a good ſort of a mercantile Conſcience; he is punctual in Bargains, and expects the ſame from others; he will neither ſteal, nor cheat, unleſs he thinks he has the Protection of the Law: then indeed, as moſt thriving Men do, he thinks Honour and Equity are chimerical Notions.

Gran. That is, he bluntly profeſſes what other People practiſe with more Breeding——But let's accoſt him.

Gran. Stay a little.

Sir *Gilb.* To me, Friend!

Enter a Footman with a Letter.

What, will they never have done?

Foot. Sir, my Lady *Double Chin* preſents her Service, and ſays ſhe'll call for your Honour's Anſwer to-morrow morning.

Sir *Gilb.* Very well; tell my Lady I'll take care to——

[*Exit Footman.*

be exactly out of the way when ſhe comes.

Gran. Hah! he'll keep that part of his word, I warrant him.

Sir *Gilb.* Let's ſee! the old Story, I ſuppoſe [*Reads.*] Um——Um——yes, yes——only Two Thouſand——Huh! Does the Woman take me for a Fool? Does ſhe think I don't know that a two Thouſand Subſcription is worth Two Thouſand Guineas? and becauſe ſhe is not worth above Fourſcore Thouſand already, ſhe would have me give them to her for nothing——To a poor Relation, ſhe pretends indeed, as if ſhe loved any body better than herſelf! A Drum! and a Fiddle! I'll greaſe none of your fat Sows, not I——no, no, get you into the negative Pocket——Bleſs my Eyes! Mr. *Granger.*

Gran. Sir *Gilbert,* I am your moſt humble Servant.

Sir *Gilb.* In troth, I am glad to ſee you in *England* again——Mr. *Frankly,* your humble Servant.

Fran. Sir, your moſt obedient.

Sir *Gilb.* Well, how goes *Miſſiſippi,* Man? What do

they bring their Money by Waggon-Loads to Market ſtill? Hay! Hah! hah! hah!

Gran. O! all gone, good for nothing, Sir, your *South-Sea* has brought it to waſte Paper.

Sir *Gilb.* Why, ay, han't we done glorious things here? ha! we have found Work for the Coach-makers as well as they, Boy.

Gran. Ah, Sir, in a little time we ſhall reduce thoſe, who kept them there, to their Original of riding behind them here.

Sir *Gilb.* Huh! huh! you will have your Joke ſtill, I ſee——Well! you have not ſold out, I hope.

Gran. Not I faith, Sir: the old Five thouſand lies ſnug as it was: I don't ſee where one can move it, and mend it; ſo even let it lie, and breed by itſelf.

Sir *Gilb.* You're right——you're right——hark you——keep it——the thing will do more ſtill, Boy.

Gran. Sir, I am ſure it's in Hands, that can make it do any thing.

Sir *Gilb.* Have you got any new Subſcription?

Gran. You know, Sir, I have been abſent, and it's really now grown ſo valuable a Favour, I have not the Confidence to aſk it.

Sir *Gilb.* Pſhah! pr'ythee never talk of that, Man——

Gran. If I thought you were not full, Sir——

Sir *Gilb.* Why, if I were as full as a Bumper, Sir, I'll put my Friends in, let who will run over for't.

Fran. Sir *Gilbert* always doubles his Favours, by his manner of doing them.

Sir *Gilb. Frankly*, you are down for 5000*l.* already, and you may depend upon every Shilling of it——let me ſee, what have I done with my Liſt? *Granger* has a good Eſtate, and had an eye upon my eldeſt Daughter before he went to *France*; I muſt have him in, it may chance to bring the matter to bear. [*Aſide.*

Gran. Where did you get all theſe Letters, Sir *Gilbert?*

Sir *Gilb.* Why, all this is the Trade every Morning, all for Subſcriptions: hay, they are ſpecial Stuff——here pr'ythee read that.

Fran.

Fran. Who is it from, Sir?

Sir *Gilb.* O! a *North-Briton*, a bloody ſquabbling Fellow, who owes me a Thouſand Pound for Difference, and that's his way of paying me: read it.

Gran. [Reading.] *Wuns, Sir, dee ye no tack me for a Man of Honor? ye need no ſend to my Lodging ſo often for year pimping Thouſand Pound: An ye'ell be but civil a bit, Iſe order the Bearer, my Brocker, to mack up year Ballance: an if ye will but gea yourſell the Trouble to put his Name intull your own Liſt for a Thouſand Subſcription, he ſe pay ye aw down upo' the Nail: But an ye wo'nee dot this ſnaw Jub, the Deel dommee, and ye'e'er ſee a Grote from me, as long as my Name is*

George Blunderbuſs.

Fran. What can you do with ſuch a Fellow, Sir?

Sir *Gilb.* Do with him! why, I'll let him have it, and get my Money: I had better do that, than be obliged to fight for't, or give it the Lawyers.

Fran. Nay, that's true too.

Sir *Gilb.* Here's another now, from one of my Wife's hopeful Relations, an extravagant Puppy, that has rattled a gilt Chariot to pieces before it was paid for—but he'll die in Jail.

Fran. [Reading.] *Dear Knight,*
I ſee he's familiar.

Sir *Gilb.* Nay, it's all of a-piece.

Fran. *Not to mince the matter; yeſterday, at* Mary bone, *they had me all* Bob *as a* Robin: *In ſhort, being out of my Money, I was forced to come the Caſter, and tumbled for Five Hundred dead: Beſides which, I owe* Crop. *the Lender a Brace, and if I have a ſingle* Simon *to pay him, not me: But the queer Coll promiſes to advance me t'other three, and bring me home, provided you will let him ſneak into your Liſt for a cool Thouſand. You know it's a Debt of Honour in me, and will coſt you nothing. Yours in Haſte.*

Robert Rattle.

Fran.

Fran. The Stile is extraordinary.

Gran. And his Motives irreſiſtible.

Sir *Gilb.* Nay, I have them from all Nations, here's one now from an *Iriſh* Relation of my own.

Fran. O! pray let's ſee.

Sir *Gilb.* There. [*Frankly reads.*

Loving Couſin, and my dear Life,

There is only my Brother Patrick, *and tat is two of us: and becauſe we would have a graate Reſpect for our Relations, we are come poſt from* Tipperary, *with a loving Deſign to put both our Families upon one anoder. And though we have no Acquaintance with your brave Daughters, we ſaw them Yeſterday at the Cathedral Church, and find they vil ſhareave us vel enough. And to ſhew our ſhincere Affections, we vil taake dem vidout never a Peny of Money, only as a ſmaal Token of Shivility upon your Side, we deſeer the Faavour of both of us each Ten Thouſand in dis ſaame new Subſcription: And becauſe in our haſte ſome of our Cloaths and Bills of Exchange were forgot, pridee be ſo graateful as to ſend us two Score Pounds, to put us into ſome Worſhip for the mean time. So dis wat [illegible] from, my dear Life,*

Your humble Sarvant,

And loving Relation,

Owen Mac-Ogle.

Fran. A very modeſt Epiſtle, truly!

Sir *Gilb.* O! here's my Liſt——now Mr. *Granger* we'll ſee what we can do for you——hold! here are ſome People that have no Buſineſs here, I am ſure——ay, here!——here's Dr. *Bullanbear*——One Thouſand ——why, ay——I was forced to put him down to get rid of him: The Man has no Conſcience: Don't I know he's in every Court-Liſt under a ſham Name? indeed, Domine Doctor, you can't be here.

[*Scratches him out.*

Then here's another Favourite of my Wife's too——Signior *Caponi da Capo*——Two Thouſand——

What!

What! becauſe he can get as much for a Song, does he think to have it for Whiſtling too——Huh! huh! huh! not I troth! I am not for ſending our Money into Popiſh Countries. [*Blots him out.*

Fran. Rightly conſider'd, Sir.

Sir *Gilb.* Let's ſee, who's next——Sir *James Baker*, Knt. One Thouſand.

Gran. Who's he, Sir?

Sir *Gilb.* O! a very ingenious Perſon, he's well known at Court, he muſt ſtand: beſides, I believe we ſhall employ him in our *Spaniſh* Trade——O! here we can ſpare you one, I believe——Sir *Iſaac Bickerſtaff*, Knt. One Thouſand.

Fran. What! the fam'd Cenſor of *Great Britain?*

Sir *Gilb.* No, no; he was a very honeſt pleaſant Fellow, this is only a Relation——a mere Whimſical, that will draw Nobody's way but his own, and is always wiſer than his Betters. I don't underſtand that ſort of Wiſdom, that's for doing good to every body but himſelf; let thoſe liſt him that like him, he ſhall ride in no Troop of mine, Odſheart-likins! [*Blots him.*

Gran. How he damns them with a Daſh, like a proſcribing Triumvir!

Sir *Gilb.* Let's ſee, I would fain have another for [illegible]——O! here! *William Penkethman* One Thouſand. Hah! a very pretty Fellow truly; why I give a Thouſand Pound to a Player——why it's enough to turn his Brain; we ſhall have him grow proud, and quit the Stage upon it: No, no, keep him poor, and let him mind his Buſineſs; if the Puppy leaves off playing the Fool, he's undone. No, no, I won't hurt the Stage, my Wife loves Plays; and whenever ſhe's there, I am ſure of three Hours Quiet at home.——[*Blots, &c.*] Let's ſee; one, three, four, five, ay, juſt *Frankly*'s Sum——here's five Thouſand for you, Mr. *Granger*, with a Wet Finger.

Gran. Sir, I ſhall ever be in your Debt.

Sir *Gilb.* Pooh! you owe me nothing.

Fran. You have the Happineſs of this Life, Sir *Gilbert*, the Power of obliging all about you.

Sir

Sir *Gilb.* O! Mr. *Frankly!* Money won't do every thing, I am uneasy at home for all this.

Fran. Is that possible, Sir? while you have so fine a Lady?

Sir *Gilb.* Ay, ay, you are her Favourite, and have Learning enough to understand her; but——she is too wise and too wilful for me.

Fran. O! Sir, Learning's a fine Accomplishment in a fine Lady.

Sir *Gilb.* Ay, it's no matter for that, she's a great Plague to me: Not but my Lord Bishop her Uncle was a mighty good Man; she lived all along with him; I took her upon his word: 'twas he made her a Scholar; I thought her a Miracle—before I had her, I us'd to go and hear her talk *Latin* with him an Hour together, and there I—I—I played the Fool——I was wrong, I was wrong—I should not have married again——and yet I was so fond of her Parts, I begg'd him to give my eldest Daughter the same fine Education, and so he did ——but to tell you the truth, I believe both their Heads are turn'd.

Gran. A good Husband, Sir, would set your Daughright, I warrant you.

Sir *Gilb.* He must come out of the Clouds then, for she thinks no mortal Man can deserve her: what think you, Mr. *Frankly*, you had soon enough of her?

Fran. I think still, she may deserve any mortal Man, Sir.

Gran. I can't boast of my Merit, Sir *Gilbert*; but I wish you would give me leave to take my chance with her.

Sir *Gilb.* Will you dine with me?

Gran. Sir, you shall not ask me twice.

Sir *Gilb.* And you, Mr. *Frankly?*

Fran. Thank you, Sir, I have had the Honour of my Lady's Invitation before I came out.

Sir *Gilb.* O! then pray don't fail; for when you are there, she's always in Humour.

Gran. I hope, Sir, we shall have the Happiness of the young Lady's Company too.

Sir

Sir *Gilb.* Ay, ay; after Dinner I'll talk with you.

Fran. Not forgetting your favourite *Charlotte*, Sir!

Sir *Gilb.* Look you, Mr. *Frankly*, I underſtand you; you have a mind to my Daughter *Charlotte*, and I have often told you, I have no Exceptions to you; and therefore you may well wonder why I yet ſcruple my Conſent.

Fran. You have a Right to refuſe it, no doubt, Sir; but, I hope, you can't blame me for aſking it.

Sir *Gilb.* In troth, I don't; and I wiſh you had it with all my heart: But ſo it is——there's no Comfort ſure in this Life: for though by this glorious State of our Stocks, I have rais'd my poor ſingle Plumb to a Pomgranet; yet if they had not riſen quite ſo high, you and I, Mr. *Frankly*, might poſſibly have been both happier Men than we are.

Fran. How ſo, Sir?

Sir *Gilb.* Why at the Price it now is, I am under Contract to give one of the greateſt Coxcombs upon Earth the Refuſal of marrying which of my Daughters he pleaſes.

Fran. Hey-day! What, is Marriage a Bubble too?

[*Aſ*

Sir *Gilb.* Nay, and am bound in Honour eve[r] ſpeak a good Word for him: You kn[ow] young *Wilding*.

Fran. I could have gueſs'd your C[o]xcomb, Sir; bu[t] I hope, he has not yet named the Lady.

Sir *Gilb.* Not directly, but I gueſs his Inclinations; and expect every Hour, to have him make his Call upon my Conſent according to Form.

Fran. Is this poſſible?

Fran. Sir, if he ſhould happen to name *Sophronia*, will you give me leave to drub him out of his Contract?

Sir *Gilb.* By no means, Credit's a nice Point; and People won't ſuppoſe that would be done without my Connivance: beſide, I believe *Sophron*[ia]'s in no danger. But becauſe one can be ſure of nothing, Gentlemen, I demand both your Words of Honour, that for my ſake you will neither of you uſe any Acts of Hoſtility.

Fran.

Fran. Sir, in this Caſe you have a right to command us.

Sir *Gilb.* Your Hands upon't.

Both. And our Words of Honour.

Sir *Gilb.* I am ſatisfied——If we can find a way to out-wit him——ſo——if not——Odſo! here he comes: I beg your pardon, Gentlemen; but I won't be in his way till I cannot help it, Hum! hum! [*Exit Sir* Gilb.

Gran. A very odd Circumſtance.

Fran. I am afraid there is ſomething in it; and begin to think now, my Friend *Witling* (in his Rallery yeſterday with *Charlotte*) knew what he ſaid himſelf, tho' he did not care whether any body elſe did.

Gran. Sure! it cannot be real; I always took *Witling* for a Beggar.

Fran. So he was, or very near it, ſome Months ago; but ſince Fortune has been playing her Tricks here, ſhe has rewarded his Merit, it ſeems, with about an Hundred Thouſand Pound out of *Change-Alley*.

Gran. Nay, then he may be dangerous indeed.

Fran. I long to know the bottom of it.

Gran. That you can't fail of, for you know he's vain and familiar; and here he comes.

Enter Witling.

Wit. Hah! my little *Granger!* how doſt thou do Child? Where the Devil haſt thou been this Age? What's the reaſon you never come among us? *Frankly!* give me thy little Finger, my Dear.

Gran. Thou art a very impudent Fellow, *Witling*.

Wit. Ay, it's no matter for that; thou art a pleaſant one, I am ſure: for thou always mak'ſt us laugh.

Fran. Us! what the Devil doſt thou mean by Us, now?

Wit. Why your Pretty Fellows, my Dear, your *Bons Vivants*, your Men of Wit and Taſte, Child.

Gran. I know very few of thoſe; but I come from a Country, Sir, where half the Nation are juſt ſuch pretty Fellows as thou art.

Wit. Hah! that muſt be a pleaſant Place indeed! What,

What, doſt thou come from Paradiſe, Child? Ha! ha! ha!

Fran. Don't you know he's juſt come from *France*, Sir?

Wit. You jeſt!

Gran. Why ay——Now you ſee *Witling*, your Vanity has brought you into a Fool's Paradiſe.

Wit. O! you pleaſant Cur! what *Paris, quaſi par Diis*, or Paradiſe. Ha! I wiſh I had been with you; I am ſure you would have thought it Paradiſe then.

Gran. Nay, now he's fairly in.

Wit. 'Tis impoſſible to be out on't, Sir, in your Company; wherever you are it's always Paradiſe to me, depend upon't. Ha! ha!

Fran. Faith, *Granger*, there I think he came up with you.

Gran. Nay, ſince the Rogue has Money, we muſt of courſe allow him Wit: but I think he's one of your good-natur'd ones; he does not only find the Jeſt, but the Laugh too.

Wit. Ay! and to hear thee talk, Child, how is it poſſible to want either? Ha! ha!

Fran. Good again! Well ſaid *Witling!* Why thou art as ſharp to-day——

Wit. As a Glover's Needle, my Dear, I always dart into your Leather Heads with three Edges: Ha! ha!

Gran. Pr'ythee, *Witling*, does not thy Aſſurance ſometimes meet with a Repartee, that only lights upon the Outſide of thy Head?

Wit. O! your Servant, Sir: What! now your Fire's gone, you would knock me down with the Butt-end, would you? Ha! it's very well, Sir; I ha' done, Sir, I ha' done; I ſee it's a Folly to draw Bills upon a Man that has no Aſſets.

Gran. And to do it upon a Man, that has no Caſh of thine in his hands, is the Impudence of a Bankrupt.

Wit. Pſhah! a mere Flaſh in the Pan——Well? well it's all over—Come, come a Truce, a Truce! I he' done; I beg pardon.

Gran. Why, thou vain Rogue! thy Good-nature has more

more Impudence than thy Wit: Doſt thou ſuppoſe I can ever take any thing ill of thee?

Wit. Pſhah! fy! What doſt thou talk, Man? Why I know thou can'ſt not live without me: Doſt think I don't know how to make allowances? Tho', if I have too much Wit, and thou haſt too little, how the Devil can either of us help it, you know! Ha! ha!

Fran. Ha! ha! honeſt *Witling* is not to be put out of Humour, I ſee.

Gran. No, faith, nor out of Countenance——

Wit. Not I, faith, my Friend; and a Man of Turn may ſay any thing to me——Not but I ſee by his Humour, ſomething has gone wrong—I hold ſix to four now, thou haſt been crabb'd at *Paris* in the *Miſſiſippi*.

Gran. Not I, faith, Sir; I would no more put my Money into the Stocks there, than my Legs into the Stocks here: There's no getting home again when you have a mind to it.

Wit. Hah! very good! but pry'thee tell us: What! is the *Quinquinpois* as pleaſant as our Change-Alley here?

Gran. Much the ſame Comedy, Sir, where poor wiſe Men are only Spectators, and laugh to ſee Fools make their Fortune.

Wit. Ay, but there we differ, Sir; for there are Men of Wit too, that have made their Fortunes among us, to my Knowledge.

Gran. Very likely, Sir; when Fools are fluſh of Money, Men of Wit won't be long without it: I hear you have been fortunate, Sir.

Wit. Humh! I-gad, I don't know whether he calls me a Wit or a Fool.

Gran. O fy! every body knows you have a great deal of Money.

Fran. And I don't know any Man pretends to more Wit.

Wit. Nay, that's true too: but——I-gad I believe he has me.

Gran. But pr'ythee, *Witling*, how came a Man of thy Parts ever to think of raiſing thy Fortune in Change-Alley?

Alley? How didſt thou make all this Money thou art maſter of?

Wit. Why, as other Men of Wit and Parts often do; by having little or nothing to loſe: I rais'd my Fortune Sir, as *Milo* lifted the Bull, by ſticking to it every day, when 'twas but a Calf. I ſous'd them with Premiums, Child, and laid them on thick when the Stock was low; and did it all from a Braſs Nail, Boy. In ſhort, by being dirty once a Day for a few Months, taking a Lodging at my Broker's, and riſing at the ſame Hour I uſed to go to Bed at this end of the Town; I have at laſt made up my Accounts: and now wake every Morning Maſter of Five and Twenty Hundred a Year, *Terra Firma*, and Pelf in my Pocket: I have Fun in my Fob beſide, Child.

Gran. And all this out of Change-Alley?

Wit. Every Shilling, Sir; all out of Stocks, Puts, Bulls, Rams, Bears, and Bubbles.

Gran. Theſe Frolicks of Fortune do ſome Juſtice at leaſt, they ſufficiently mortify the Proud and Envious, that have not been the better for them.

Fran. O! I know ſome are ready to burſt even at the Good Fortune of their own Relations.

Wit. I-gad and ſo do I: there's that ſurly Put, my Uncle the Counſellor, won't pull off his Hat to me now——A poor ſlaving Cur, that is not worth above a Thouſand a Year, and minds nothing but his Buſineſs——

Fran. And ſo is out of humour with you, becauſe you have done that in a Twelvemonth, that he has been drudging for theſe twenty Years?

Wit. But I intend to ſend him Word, if he does not mend his Manners, now I ſhall diſinherit him.

Gran. What are we to think of this, *Frankly?* Is Fortune really in her Wits, or is the World out of them?

Fran. Much as it uſed to be; ſhe has only found a new Channel for her Tides of Favour.

Wit. Pr'ythee why doſt not come into the Alley, and ſee us ſcramble for them? If you have a mind to philoſophize there, there's Work for your Speculations! I-gad!

I

I never go there, but it puts me in mind of the Poetical Regions of Death, where all Mankind are upon a level; there you'll see a Duke dangling after a Director; here a Peer and a Prentice haggling for an Eighth; there a Jew and a Parſon making up Differences; here a young Woman of Quality buying Bears of a Quaker; and there an old one ſelling Refuſals to a Lieutenant of Grenadiers.

Frank. What a Medley of Mortals has he jumbled together?

Wit. O there's no ſuch Fun in the Univerſe! I gad! there's no getting away! Periſh me! If I have had time to ſee my Miſtreſs but of a Sunday, theſe three Months.

Gran. Thy Miſtreſs! What doſt thou mean? Thou ſpeak'ſt as if thou hadſt but one.

Wit. Why no more I have not, that I care a Farthing for: I may, perhaps, have a Stable of Scrubs, to mount my Footmen when I rattle into Town, or ſo; but this is a choice Pad, Child, that I deſign for my own Riding.

Frank. Pr'ythee, who is ſhe?

Wit. I'll ſhew you, my Dear——I think I have her here in my Pocket.

Gran. What doſt thou mean?

Wit. Look you, I know you are my Friends; and therefore, ſince I am ſure it's in nobody's power to hurt me, I'll venture to truſt you——There! that's Whoo, Child. [*Shews a Paper.*

Fran. What's here?

[*Reads.*]

To Sir *Gilbert Wrangle.*

Sir, according to your Contract of the 11*th of* February *laſt, I now make my Election of your younger Daughter, Mrs.* Charlotte Wrangle; *and do hereby demand your Conſent, to be forthwith join'd to the ſaid* Charlotte *in the ſober State of Matrimony. Witneſs my Hand,* &c.

William Witling.

Frank. What a merry World do we live in?

Gran. This indeed is extraordinary.

Wit. I think ſo: I'll aſſure you Gentlemen, I take this to be the *Coup de Maître* of the whole Alley. This

is a Call now, that none of your thick-ſcull'd Calculators could ever have thought on.

Gran. Well, Sir; and does this Contract ſecure the Lady's Fortune to you too?

Wit. O! Pox! I knew that was all Rug before: He had ſettled Three Thouſand a-piece upon them in the *South-Sea*, when it was only about *Par*, provided they married with his Conſent, which by this contract you know I have a Right to——So there's another Thirty Thouſand dead, my Dear.

Fran. But pray Sir, has not the Lady herſelf a Right of Refuſal, as well as you, all this while?

Wit. A Right! ay, who doubts it? Every Woman has a Right to be a Fool, if ſhe has a mind to it, that's certain: But *Charlotte* happens to be a Girl of Taſte, my Dear; ſhe is none of thoſe Fools that will ſtand in her own light, I can tell you.

Fran. Well, but do you expect ſhe ſhould blindly conſent to your Bargain?

Wit. Blindly! No, Child: but doſt thou imagine any Citizen's Daughter can refuſe a Man of my Figure and Fortune with her Eyes open?

Gran. Impudent Rogue! [*Aſide.*

Fran. Nay, I grant your Security's good, Sir——But I mean, you have ſtill left her Conſent at large in the Writing.

Wit. Her Conſent! didſt thou think I minded that, Man! I knew, if the Stock did but whip up, I ſhould make no more of her than a poach'd Egg——But to let you into the Secret, my Dear, I am ſecure of that already; for the Slut's in love with me, and does not know it: Ha, ha, ha!

Fran. How came you to know it then?

Wit. By her ridiculous pretending to hate me, Child: for we never meet, but 'tis a mortal War, and never part, till one of us is rallied to death; Ha, ha!

Fran. Nay, then it muſt be a Match? for I ſee you are reſolv'd to take no Anſwer.

Wit. Not I, Faith! I know her Play too well for that! In ſhort, I am this Evening to attack her in form;

form; and to ſhew you I am a Man of Skill, I intend to make my firſt Breach from a Battery of *Italian* Muſic, in which I deſign to ſing my own *Io Pæan*, and enter the Town in Triumph.

Fran. You are not going to her now?

Wit. No, no, I muſt firſt go and give the Governor my Summons here: I muſt find out Sir *Gilbert*; he's hereabouts: I long to make him growl a little; for I know he'll fire when he reads it, as if it were a *Scire Facias* againſt the Company's Charter. Ha, ha! [*Exit* Wit.

Fran. When all's ſaid, this Fellow ſeems to feel his Fortune more than moſt of the Fools that have been lately taken into her Favour.

Gran. Pox on him! I had rather have his Conſtitution than his Money: Pr'ythee let's follow, and ſee how the old Gentleman receives him.

Fran. No—excuſe me; I can't reſt till I ſee *Charlotte*—You know my Affairs now require Attendance.

Gran. That's true; I beg you take no notice to *Sophronia* of my being in Town: I have my Reaſons for it.

Fran. Very well; we ſhall meet at Dinner—Adieu.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The SCENE, *Sir* Gilbert's *Houſe.*

Sophronia *and* Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE.

HA! ha! ha!

Soph. Dear Siſter, don't be ſo boiſterous in your Mirth: You really over-power me! So much Vociferation is inſupportable.

Char. Well, well! I beg your Pardon——But you know laughing is the wholſomeſt thing in the World; and when one has a hearty Occaſion——

Soph. To be vulgar——you are resolv'd to appear so.

Char. O! I cannot help it, I love you dearly; and pray, where's the harm of it?

Soph. Look you, Sister, I grant you, that Risibility is only given to the *Animal Rationale*; but you really indulge it, as if you could give no other Proof of your Species.

Char. And if I were to come into your Sentiments, dear Sister, I am afraid the World would think I were of no Species at all.

Soph. The World, Sister, is a Generation of Ignorants: And for my part, I am resolv'd to do what in me lies to put an end to posterity.

Char. Why, you don't despair of a Man, I hope.

Soph. No; but I will have all Mankind despair of me.

Char. You'll positively die a Maid?

Soph. You, perhaps, may think that dying a Martyr; but I shall not die a Brute, depend upon't.

Char. Nay, I don't think you'll die either, if you can help it.

Soph. What do you mean, Madam?

Char. Only, Madam, that you are a Woman, and may happen to change your Mind; that's all.

Soph. A Woman! that's so like your ordinary way of thinking; as if Souls had any Sexes——No——when I die, Madam, I shall endeavour to leave such Sentiments behind me, that——(*non omnis moriar*) the World will be convinc'd my purer part had no Sex at all.

Char. Why truly, it will be hard to imagine, that any one of our Sex could make such a Resolution; tho' I hope we are not bound to keep all we make neither.

Soph. You'll find, Madam, that an elevated Soul may be always Master of its perishable Part.

Char. But, dear Madam, do you suppose our Souls are cramm'd into our Bodies, merely to spoil sport, that a virtuous Woman is only sent hither of a Fool's Errand? What's the Use of our Coming into the World, if we are to go out of it, and leave nobody behind us?

Soph.

Soph. If our Species can be only ſupported by thoſe groſs Mixtures, of which Cookmaids and Footmen are capable, People of Rank and Erudition ought certainly to deteſt them. O! what pity 'tis the Divine Secret ſhould be loſt! I have ſomewhere read of an ancient Naturaliſt, whoſe laborious Studies have diſcover'd a more innocent way of Propagation: but, it ſeems, his Tablets unfortunately falling into his Wife's hands, the groſs Creature threw them into the Fire.

Char. Indeed, my dear Siſter, if you talk thus in Company, People will take you for a Mad-woman.

Soph. I ſhall be even with them, and think thoſe mad that differ from my Opinion.

Char. But I rather hope the World will be ſo charitable as to think this is not your real Opinion.

Soph. I ſhall wonder at nothing that's ſaid or thought by People of your ſullied Imagination.

Char. Sullied! I would have you to know, Madam, I think of nothing but what's decent and natural.

Soph. Don't be too poſitive, Nature has its Indecencies.

Char. That may be; but I don't think of them.

Soph. No! Did not you own to me juſt now, you were determin'd to marry?

Char. Well! and where's the Crime, pray?

Soph. What! you want to have me explain? But I ſhall not defile my Imagination with ſuch groſs Ideas.

Char. But, dear Madam, if Marriage were ſuch an abominable Buſineſs, how comes it that all the World allows it to be honourable? And I hope you won't expect me to be wiſer than any of my Anceſtors, by thinking the contrary?

Soph. No; but if you will read Hiſtory, Siſter, you will find that the Subjects of the greateſt Empire upon Earth were only propagated from violated Chaſtity: The *Sabine* Ladies were Wives, 'tis true, but glorious raviſh'd Wives. Vanquiſh'd they were indeed, but they ſurrender'd not: They ſcream'd, and cry'd, and tore, and as far as their weak Limbs would give them leave, reſiſted and abhorr'd the odious Joy——

Char.

Char. And yet, for all that Niceneſs they brought a chopping Race of Rakes, that bullied the whole World about them.

Soph. The greater ſtill their Glory, that though they were naturally prolific, their Reſiſtance proved they were not Slaves to Appetite.

Char. Ah! Siſter, if the *Romans* had not been ſo ſharp ſet, the glorious Reſiſtance of theſe fine Ladies might have been all turn'd into Coquettry.

Soph. There's the Secret, Siſter: had our modern Dames but the true *Sabine* Spirit of Diſdain, Mankind might be again reduced to thoſe old *Roman* Extremities; and our ſhameleſs Brides would not then be *led*, but *dragg'd* to the Altar; their *Sponſalia* not call'd a Marriage, but a Sacrifice; and the conquer'd Beauty, not the Bridal Virgin, but the Victim.

Char. O ridiculous! and ſo you would have no Woman marry'd, that was not firſt raviſh'd, according to Law?

Soph. I would have Mankind owe their Conqueſt of us rather to the Weakneſs of our Limbs, than of our Souls. And if defenceleſs Women muſt be Mothers, the Brutality at leaſt ſhould lie all at their door.

Char. Have a care of this Over-niceneſs, dear Siſter, leſt ſome agreeable young Fellow ſhould ſeduce you to the confuſion of parting with it. You'd make a moſt rueful Figure in Love!

Soph. Siſter, you make me ſhudder at your Freedom! I in love! I admit a Man! What! become the voluntary, the lawful Object of a corporeal Senſuality! Like you! to chooſe myſelf a Tyrant! a Deſpoiler! a Husband! Ugh!

Char. I am afraid, by this Diſorder of your Thoughts, dear Siſter, you have got one in your Head, that you don't know how to get rid of.

Soph. I have, indeed; but 'tis only the Male Creature that you have a mind to.

Char. Why that's poſſible too; for I have often obſerv'd you uneaſy at Mr. *Frankly*'s being particular to me.

Soph.

Soph. If I am, 'tis upon your account, becauſe I know he impoſes upon you.

Char. You know it?

Soph. I know his Heart, and that another is Miſtreſs of it.

Char. Another?

Soph. Another, but one that to my Knowledge will never hear of him; ſo don't be uneaſy, dear Siſter, all in my power you may be aſſur'd of.

Char. Surprizingly kind indeed!

Soph. And you know too I have a great deal in my Inclination——

Char. For me or him, dear Siſter?

Soph. Nay, now you won't ſuffer me to oblige you. I tell you I hate the Animal, and for half a good Word would give him away.

Char. What! before you have him?

Soph. This affected Ignorance is ſo vain, dear Siſter, that I now think it high time to explain to you.

Char. Then we ſhall underſtand one another.

Soph. You don't know, perhaps that Mr. *Frankly* is paſſionately in love with me?

Char. I know, upon his treating with my Father, his Lawyer once made you ſome Offers.

Soph. Why then you may know too, that upon my ſlighting thoſe Offers, he fell immediately into a violent Deſpair.

Char. I did not hear of its Violence.

Soph. So violent, that he has never ſince dar'd to open his Lips to me about it; but to revenge the ſecret Pains I gave him, has made his public Addreſſes to you.

Char. Indeed, Siſter, you ſurpriſe me; and 'tis hard to ſay, that Men impoſe more upon us, than we upon ourſelves.

Soph. Therefore by what I have told you, you may now be convinc'd he is falſe to you.

Char. But is there a neceſſity, my dear *Sophronia*, that I muſt rather believe you than him? Ha! ha! ha!

Soph. How, Madam! Have you the Confidence to queſtion my Veracity, by ſuppoſing me capable of an Endeavour to deceive you?

Char. No hard Words, dear Siſter; I only ſuppoſe you as capable of deceiving yourſelf, as I am.

Soph. Oh! mighty probable indeed! You are a Perſon of infinite Penetration! Your Studies have open'd to you the utmoſt Receſſes of human Nature; but let me tell you, Siſter, that Vanity is the only Fruit of Toilet Lucubrations. I deceive myſelf: Ha! ha! ha!

Char. One of us certainly does! Ha! ha!

Soph. There I agree with you. Ha! ha!

Char. Till I am better convinced then on which ſide the Vanity lies, give me leave to laugh in my turn, dear Siſter.

Soph. O! by all means, ſweet Madam! Ha! ha!

Both. Ha! ha! ha!

Char. O! here's Mamma, ſhe perhaps may decide the Queſtion. Ha! ha!

Enter Lady Wrangle.

Lady *Wrang.* So Mrs. *Charlotte!* what wonderful Nothing, pray, may be the Subject of this mighty Merriment?

Soph. Nothing indeed, Madam, or what's next to nothing; a Man, it ſeems. Ha! ha!

Lady *Wrang.* *Charlotte,* wilt thou never have any thing elſe in thy Head?

Char. I was in hopes, nothing, that was in my Siſter's Head, would be a Crime in mine, Madam.

Lady *Wrang.* Your Siſter's? What? How? Who is it you are laughing at?

Char. Only one another, Madam; but perhaps your Ladyſhip may laugh at us both: for, it ſeems, my Siſter and I both inſiſt, that Mr. *Frankly* is poſitively in love but with one of us.

Lady *Wrang.* Who, Child?

Soph. Mr. *Frankly,* Madam.

Lady *Wrang.* Mr. *Frankly* in love with one of you?

Soph. Ay, Madam, but it ſeems we both take him to ourſelves.

Lady *Wrang.*

Lady *Wrang.* Then *Charlotte* was in the right in one Point.

Soph. In what, dear Madam?

Lady *Wrang.* Why that for the ſame reaſon you have been laughing at one another, I muſt humbly beg leave to laugh at you both——Ha! ha!

Char. So! this is rare Sport. [*Aſide.*

Lady *Wrang.* But pray, Ladies, how long has the Chimera of this Gentleman's Paſſion for you been in either of your Heads?

Soph. Nay, Madam, not that I value the Conqueſt, but your Ladyſhip knows he once treated with my Father upon my Account.

Lady *Wrang.* I know he made that his Pretence to get acquainted in the Family.

Soph. Perhaps, Madam, I have more coercive Reaſons, but am not concern'd enough at preſent to inſiſt upon their Validity.

Lady *Wrang. Sophronia,* you have prudence. [Soph. *walks by and reads.*] But what have you to urge, ſweet Lady? How came this Gentleman into your Head, pray?

Char. Really, Madam, I can't well ſay how he got in, but there he is, that's certain: What will be able to get him out again, Heaven knows.

Lady *Wrang.* Oh! I'll inform you then; think no more of him than he thinks of you, and I'll anſwer for your Cure. Ha! ha! ha!

Char. I ſhall follow your Preſcription, Madam, when I am once ſure how little he thinks on me.

Lady *Wrang.* Then judge of that, when I aſſure you, that his Heart is utterly and ſolely given up to me.

Soph. Well! I did not think my Lady had been capable of ſo much Weakneſs. [*Aſide.*

Char. How! to you, Madam? How is that poſſible, unleſs he makes you diſhonourable Offers?

Lady *Wrang.* There's no occaſion to ſuppoſe that neither; there are Paſſions you have no Notion of: He knows my Virtue is impregnable: but that——preſerves him mine.

Char. Nay, this does puzzle me indeed, Madam.

Soph.

Soph. If you had ever read *Plato*, Sister, you might have known, that Paſſions of the greateſt Dignity have not their Source from Veins and Arteries.

Lady *Wrang.* *Sophronia*, give me leave to judge of that; perhaps I don't inſiſt that he is utterly *Platonic* neither: The Manſion of the Soul may have its Attractions too; he is as yet but *Udum & Molle Lutum*——and may take what Form I pleaſe to give him.

Char. Well, Madam, ſince I ſee he is ſo utterly at your Ladyſhip's Diſpoſal, and that 'tis impoſible your Virtue can make any uſe of him in my vulgar way, ſhall I beg your good Word to my Father, only to make me Miſtreſs of his mortal Part?

Lady *Wrang.* Heav'ns! what will this World come to? This Creature has ſcarce been two Years from School, and yet is impatient for a Husband? No, Madam, you are too young as yet; but——*Cruda Marito*, Your Education is not yet finiſhed; firſt cultivate your Mind, correct and mortify theſe Sallies of your Blood! learn of your Siſter here, to live a bright Example of your Sex; refine your Soul, give your happier Hours up to Science, Arts, and Letters; enjoy the Raptures of Philoſophy, ſubdue your Paſſions, and renounce the ſenſual Commerce of Mankind.

Char. O! dear Madam, I ſhould make a piteous Philoſopher; indeed your Ladyſhip had much better put me out to the Buſineſs, I am fit for: Here's my Siſter has learning enough o'Conſcience for any one Family; and, of the two, I had much rather follow your Ladyſhip's Example, and uſe my humble Endeavours to increaſe it.

Lady *Wrang.* My Example! Do you ſuppoſe then, if I had been capable of groſs Deſires, I would have choſen your Father for the Gratificator of them?

Char. Why not, Madam; my Papa's a hale Man, and though he has twice your Ladyſhip's Age, he walks as ſtrait, and leads up a Country-Dance as briſk, as a Beau at a Ball.

Lady *Wrang.* Come, none of your ſenſual Inferences from thence; I was govern'd by my Parents, I had other Views in marrying Mr. *Wrangle*.

Char.

Char. Yes, a ſwinging Jointure. [*Aſide.*

Lady *Wrang.* When you have gone through my Studies, Madam, Philoſophy will tell you, 'tis poſſible a well-natur'd Mind, tho' fated to a Husband, may be at once a Wife and Virgin.

Char. Prodigious! [*Aſide.*

Lady *Wrang.* What is't you ſmile at, Madam?

Char. Nothing, Madam, only I don't underſtand theſe Philoſophical Myſteries; but if your Ladyſhip will indulge me, in marrying Mr. *Frankly*, as for dying a Maid afterwards, I'll take my Chance for it.

Lady *Wrang.* What a giddy Confidence! But thou art ſtrangely vain, *Charlotte*, to be ſo importunate for a Man that, as I have told thee, has the Misfortune to be paſſionately in love with me.

Char. Indeed, indeed, Madam, if your Ladyſhip would but give him leave to open his Mind freely, he would certainly tell you another Story.

Lady *Wrang.* I will ſend for him this minute, and convince you of your Error.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, Mr. *Frankly*.

Lady *Wrang.* He never came more opportunely: Deſire him to walk in.

Enter Mr. Frankly.

Lady *Wrang.* O! Mr. *Frankly*, the welcomeſt Man alive.

Fran. Then I am the happieſt, I am ſure, Madam.

Lady *Wrang.* O fy! is there any one of this Company could make you ſo?

Fran. There's one in the Company, Madam, has a great deal more in her Power, than I'm afraid ſhe'll part with to me.

Soph. Are you this hard-hearted Lady, Siſter? Does this Deſcription reach you, pray? [*Aſide.*

Char. The Power does not deſcribe you, I'll anſwer for it. [*Aſide.*

Lady *Wrang.*

Lady *Wrang.* Nay, now you grow particular ——— You have ſomething to ſay to one of theſe Ladies, I'm ſure. [*To* Frankly.

Fran. I have ſomething, Madam, to ſay to both of them.

Soph. Shall we let him ſpeak, Siſter?

Char. Freely.

Lady *Wrang.* Which of theſe two now, if you were free to chooſe, could you really give up your Heart to?

Fran. O! Madam, as to that I dare only ſay, as Sir *John Suckling* did upon the ſame Occaſion.

Soph. Pray, what was that?

Fran. *He ſure is happieſt that has Hope of either;*
Next him, is He, that ſees you both together.

Lady *Wrang.* Perfectly fine: Nor is there more Wit in the Verſes themſelves, than in your polite Application of them——Mr. *Frankly*, I muſt beg your Pardon——I know it's rude to whiſper, but you have Good-nature: and to oblige a Woman——

Fran. Is the Buſineſs of my Life, Madam——What the Devil can all this mean? I have been odly catechiz'd here——Sure they have not all agreed to bring me to a Declaration for one of them——it looks a little like it——But then, how comes *Charlotte* into ſo vain a Project? nay ſo hazardous? She can't but know, my holding the other two in play has been the only means of my getting Admittance to her——perhaps they may have piqued her into this Experiment——not unlikely——but I muſt be cautious. [*Aſide.*

Lady *Wrang.* Nay, Ladies, you can't but ſay I laid you fairly in his way: [*Apart to* Soph. *and* Char.] and yet you ſee from how palpable a Regard to me, he has ingenuouſly avoided a Declaration for either of you, at leaſt.

Soph. Your Ladyſhip won't be offended, if, for a moment, we ſhould ſuſpend your Concluſion.

Lady *Wrang.* Not in the leaſt; if Suſpence can make you happy, live always in it.

Char. But pray, Madam, let him go on a little.

Lady *Wrang.*

Lady *Wrang.* Oh! you ſhall have enough of him. Well, you are a horrid Tyrant, Mr. *Frankly:* Don't you plainly ſee, here are two Ladies in this Company, that have a mind you ſhould declare in favour of one of them?

Fran. Yes, Madam, but I plainly ſee, there are three Ladies in the Company.

Lady *Wrang.* What then?

Fran. Why then, Madam, I am more afraid of offending that third Perſon, than either of the other two.

Lady *Wrang.* [*To* Soph. *and* Char.] Obſerve his Diffidence, his Awe, he knows I love Reſpect.

Soph. With Submiſſion, Madam, I never was familiar with him.

Lady *Wrang.* Come, now do you both aſk the Queſtion, as I have done, each excluſive of herſelf.

Char. Your Ladyſhip's in the right——— [*Aſide.* Sir, without any Apology then, I am oblig'd to aſk you, whether it be my Lady or my Siſter, you really are in love with?

Fran. So now it's plain [*Aſide.*] When either of them aſk me, you'll be out of the Queſtion, I can aſſure you, Madam.

Lady *Wrang.* Ha! ha!

Soph. Who's in the Queſtion now, Siſter?

Char. If I had put myſelf in, you would not have been there I'll anſwer for him. [*Aſide.*

Soph. Then I'll do you that Favour, Madam.

Fran. So! now the t'other———but I am ready for her too.

Soph. You ſee, Sir, the Humour we are in: Though don't ſuppoſe, if I aſk you the ſame Queſtion, 'tis from the ſame Motive; but ſince theſe Ladies have oblig'd me to it———Which of them is it you ſincerely are a Slave to?

Fran. Since I find your Motive is only Complaiſance to them, Madam, I hope you will not think it needs an Anſwer.

Soph. I am ſatisfy'd——

Your Ladyſhip was pleas'd to mention Reſpect——I think

think there's Reſpect and Demonſtration too, Madam.

[*Aſide to Lady* Wrang.

Lady *Wrang.* I grant it——but both to me, Child——But I will ſpeak once more for all of us——Sir, that you may not be reduc'd to farther Ambiguities——ſuppoſe we are all agreed, you ſhould have leave to declare which of us then your Heart is utterly in the Diſpoſal of?

Fran. Then I muſt ſuppoſe, Madam, that one of you have a mind I ſhould make the other two my Enemies.

Lady *Wrang.* All your Friends depend upon us.

Fran. So were all the three Goddeſſes to *Paris*, Madam, till he preſum'd to be particular, and raſhly gave the Apple to *Venus:* You know, Madam, *Juno* was his immortal Enemy ever after.

——*Manet altâ mente repoſtum*
Judicium Paridis, ſpretæque Injuria Formæ.

Lady *Wrang.* Sir, you are excus'd; the Modeſty and Elegance of your Reply has charm'd me.

Soph. Now, Siſter, was this Delicacy of his Taſte and Learning ſhewn to recommend himſelf to me, or you, think you?

Char. O! I don't diſpute its recommending him to you.

Soph. He thinks it does, depend upon't.

Char. Though I can hardly think that of him, yet I can't ſay indeed he has taken much Pains to recommend himſelf to me all this while: I ſee no reaſon, becauſe they are to be reſpected forſooth, that I may not be pleas'd in my turn too. [*To herſelf.*

Fran. And now, Ladies, give me leave to aſk you a Queſtion.

Lady *Wrang.* You may command us, Sir.

Fran. Then whoſe cruel Propoſal was it to urge me to a Declaration of my Heart, when you all knew there was not one of you, from the Diſpoſition of whoſe Mind or Circumſtances, I could hope the leaſt Favour or Mercy.

Lady *Wrang.* Explain yourſelf.

Fran. Why firſt, Madam, as to your Ladyſhip, you are

are honourably disposd of——from you my utmost Vanity could no more form a hope, than could your Virtue give it——And here [*To* Soph.] if possible, my Fate were harder still——here I must have to encounter Rivals numberless and invincible.

Soph. Rivals!

Fran. Ay, Madam, is not every Volume in your Library a Rival? Do you not pass whole Days, nay sometimes happier Nights, with them alone? The Living and the Dead promiscuous in your Favour? Old venerable Sages, even in their Graves, can give you Raptures, from whose Divine Enjoyment no mortal Lover can persuade you.

Soph. [*To* Char.] Is this to please you, Sister?

Char. Truly I think not——he has mistaken the way at least.

Fran. [*Turning to* Char.] And here, Madam——

Lady *Wrang.* Hold, Sir,——a Truce with your Negatives, lest they grow too vehement in their Affirmation.——you have hitherto my Esteem——preserve it by your Discretion, and force me not to revoke the Freedom I have this Day given you——*Sophronia*, I have carried this Matter to the very utmost Limits of Discretion——I hope you, and your Sister, are now deliver'd from your Error; if not, I'll instantly withdraw, and leave you to a full Conviction. [*Exit Lady* Wrangle.

Fran. I am afraid my Lady takes something ill of me.

Soph. Sir, what you have done was from her own Desire; and since I partly am the Occasion, it is but just I stand engag'd for your Reconciliation.

Fran. Then give me leave to hope, Madam——

Soph. From what Pretension, Sir? From any Weakness of my Behaviour? Hope! do you consider the licentious and extensive Consequences of that odious Word? Hope! you make me tremble at the Thought.

Fran. Madam, I only mean——

Soph. I know your Meaning, Sir; and therefore must not hear it.

Fran. This is now with a Vengeance. [*Aside.*

Soph. Sister, I am sorry our Argument has reduc'd

me

me to ſtand ſo outrageous an Inſtance of your Conviction; but you may profit from the Inſult: You may learn to moderate your Vanity, and to know yourſelf. O! 'tis a Heavenly Leſſon——*E Cœlo deſcendit Gnothe ſeauton.* [*Exit.*

Fran. What a ſolid Happineſs is now crept into her Mind through the Crack of her Brain!——I hope you are not going too, Madam?

Char. I don't know any Buſineſs I have here.

Fran. So——I-gad! I have diſoblig'd them all, I believe: [*Aſide.*] You are not out of Humour?

Char. I do not know whether I am or no.

Fran. So cold, *Charlotte*, after I have had my Wits upon the ſtretch this half Hour, to oblige you?

Char. What, in blowing up other People's Vanity at my Expence?

Fran. Would you have had me blown up their Jealouſy, at the Expence of my being well with you?

Char. You that are ſo dextrous in impoſing upon others, may impoſe upon me too, for ought I know.

Fran. Come, come, don't impoſe upon yourſelf, *Charlotte* by this groundleſs, this childiſh Reſentment.

Char. She that has no Reſentment at all, may be under-treated as long as ſhe lives, I find.

Fran. Pray think a little; is my having made them ridiculous by your own Conſent, expoſing you to them, or them to you?

Char. I do not know how the Matter's contriv'd; but I certainly find myſelf uneaſy, and you can't perſuade me I am not ſo.

Fran. Well, well; ſince you can't juſtify your being in an ill humour, it's a fair ſtep at leaſt to your coming into a good one.

Char. Come, I will not be wheedled now.

Fran. Nay, but hear me.

Sophronia *enters unſeen, while* Frankly *ſeems to entertain* Charlotte *apart.*

Soph. What can theſe Creatures be doing alone together? I thought I left my Siſter in too ill a Humour

to

to retire with him; but I see these Carnage Lovers have such a Meanness in their Souls, they'll overlook the grossest Usage to accommodate their sensual Concorporation——'Tis so——her Eyes have lost all Resentment already: But I must not be seen, lest they mistake my innocent Curiosity for Jealousy.

Char. Well, but you might have thrown in a civil thing to me in my turn too.

Fran. Alas! poor Lady! Pray, what one civil thing did I mean to any Body but yourself? Besides, was not you one of the three Goddesses, Miss *Charlotte?* Which of the Company do you suppose I meant by *Venus*, pray?

Char. How silly you make me?

Fran. Nay, I was going to say a great deal more to you, if my Lady had not stopt my Mouth.

Soph. Is it possible? [*Aside.*

Char. Why then I beg your pardon; for in short, I find I have only been Fool enough to be uneasy, because they had not Sense enough to be mortified.

Fran. A pretty innocent Confession truly.

Soph. Have I my Senses?

Char. Well! but tell me what was it you had a mind to say to me?

Fran. Nothing to what I now could say——O! *Charlotte*, my Heart grows full of you; the least Look of Kindness softens me to Folly! Indeed I love you.

Soph. Soh!

Char. And for what after all? [*Smiling.*

Fran. For that, and for a thousand Charms beside: [*Pressing her Hand.*] There's something in your Looks so soft, so gentle, so resign'd, and plaintive; I loved before I knew it, and only thought I gave the Pity that I wanted.

Char. What Transport's in the Passion, when the Tenderness is mutual!

Soph. O! the enormous Creature! But I'll be gone, lest her Intoxication should know no Bounds!—No,—on second Thoughts I'll stay——this odious Object may be useful; Vipers, if rightly taken, are Preservatives;

tives; And as the *Spartans* taught their Children to abhor Intemperance, by ſhowing them their Slaves expos'd, and ſenſeleſs in their Wine; ſo I, in Contemplation of this Folly, may be fortified againſt it.———

[*During this* Frankly *and* Charlotte *ſeem in an amorous Diſpute, till he kiſſes her.*

O! the abandon'd Wantons.—What a riotous Diſorder now muſt run through every Vein of her whole Syſtem! How can they thus deface the Dignity of human Being? A Kiſs, nay then 'tis inſupportable. [*She goes to them.*] Siſter, I am amaz'd you can ſtand trifling here, when my Father's come home, and you know he wants you.

Char. She has certainly ſeen us. [*Aſide to* Fran.

Fran. No matter, ſeem eaſy, and take no notice. [*Apart to* Char.

Soph. Shall I tell him you will not come, Madam?

Char. Well, do not be in a Paſſion, dear Siſter.

Fran. O! fy! why ſhould you think ſo? But is Sir *Gilbert* come in, Madam? I have a little Buſineſs with him. If you pleaſe Madam, I'll wait upon you to him.

Char. With all my Heart.

Fran. Amante Sposo, &c. [*Exit ſinging with* Char.

Soph. What means this Turbulence of Thought? Why am I thus diſorder'd? It cannot———nay, I will not have it Jealouſy———No! if I were capable of Folly, *Granger* might miſlead me; yet ſtill I am diſturb'd——Yes, 'tis plain, I am incens'd, provok'd at him; but can I not aſſign the Cauſe? O! I have found it——having firſt offer'd up his Heart to me, his giving it to another, without my Leave, is an Inſult on my Merit, and worthy my Reſentment———that's all———How then ſhall I puniſh him? By ſecuring her to his Rival. —*Witling* ſhall have her; I'll work it by my Lady, ſhe ſeems his Friend———Yes, yes, that will intirely eaſe my Heart: how I rejoice to find 'tis only decent Pride that has diſturb'd me———Yes, I'll certainly reſent it—to their mutual Diſappointment.

Thus both ſhall ſuffer, doom'd to different Fates:
His be Deſpair; to hers, the Man ſhe hates. [Exit.

ACT

ACT III.

Lady Wrangle *and* Sophronia.

Lady Wrang. IMpoſſible! You amaze me! Kiſs her, ſay you? What! as a Lover, amorouſly? voluptuouſly?

Soph. Infamouſly! with all the glowing Fervour of a Libertine.

Lady Wrang. Then I am deceiv'd indeed! I thought that Virtue, Letters, and Philoſophy, had only Charms for him: I have known his Soul all Rapture in their Praiſes; nay, and believ'd myſelf the ſecret Object of them all. But is he vulgar, brutal then at laſt?——No *Punic* Faith ſo falſe——'Tis well! he has deceiv'd me, and I hate him. O that forward Creature!

Soph. She warms as I could wiſh. [*Aſide.*

Lady Wrang. But tell me dear, *Sophronia*, how did that nauſeous Girl behave to him? Was the Shame chiefly his? Did ſhe reſiſt, or——how was this odious Kiſs obtain'd? Were his Perſuaſions melting, or her Allurements artful? Was he inſnared, or did his Wiles ſeduce her? O! tell me all his Baſeneſs! I burn to know, yet wiſh to be deceiv'd.

Soph. ——*Speratque Miſerrima falli*——Directly jealous of him; but I'll make my Uſes of it. [*Aſide.*] Nay, Madam, I muſt own the guilty Part was chiefly hers: Had you but ſeen the warm Advances that ſhe made him, the Looks, the Smiles, the toying Glances, O! ſuch wanton Blandiſhments to allure him; you would think his Crime, compar'd to hers, but Frailty.

Lady Wrang. O! the little Sorcereſs! but I ſhall ſtop her in her looſe Career: I'll have her know, forward as ſhe is, her Inclinations ſhall wait upon my Choice; and ſince ſhe will run riot, I'll have her clogg'd immediately: I'll marry her, *Sophronia*; but—where I think fit; No! Mr. *Witling* is her Man, or ſhe's a Maid for ever.

Soph.

Soph. That, Madam, I doubt, ſhe will never be brought to; ſhe mortally hates him.

Lady *Wrang.* So much the better; I do not deſign him therefore as her Happineſs, but her Puniſhment.

Soph. This is fortunate; ſhe even prevents my Purpoſe. [*Aſide.*

Lady *Wrang.* O! that a Man of his ſublime Faculties could fall from ſuch a Height——Was ever any thing ſo mean, *Sophronia?*

Soph. I am ſurpriz'd indeed; my Siſter too is ſo illiterate, Madam.

Lady *Wrang.* To contaminate his Intellects with ſuch a Chit of an Animal! *O Tempora!*

Soph. O Mores! 'Tis a degenerate Age indeed, Madam.

Lady *Wrang.* Nothing but Noiſe and Ignorance; Girls and Vanity have their Attractions now.

Soph. O! there's no living, Madam, while Coquettes are ſo openly tolerated among a civiliz'd People!

Lady *Wrang.* I proteſt they are ſo inſolently inſidious, they are become mere Nuſances to all innocent Society.

Soph. I am amaz'd the Government ſhould not ſet the idle Creatures to Work.

Lady *Wrang.* The Wiſdom of our Anceſtors reſtrain'd ſuch horrid Licences; and, you ſee the Laws they made, deſcrib'd them all by the modeſt Term of Spinſters only. But! I'll take care of her, at leaſt; and ſince ſhe is become a public Miſchief, to humble her will be a public Good: I'll ſend to Mr. *Witling* this moment, and invite him to dine here. I deſire you will be in the Way, Child, and aſſiſt me in bringing this Matter to a ſpeedy Concluſion. [*Exit.*

Soph. Yes, I ſhall aſſiſt you, Madam; tho' not to gratify your Reſentments, but my own: Poor Lady! is this then all the Fruit of your Philoſophy? Is this her Conduct of the Paſſions, not to endure another ſhould poſſeſs what ſhe pretends to ſcorn? Are theſe her Self-denials; Where, where was her Self-examination all this while? The leaſt Inquiry there had ſhewn theſe Paſſions as they are: Then had ſhe ſeen, that all this Anger at my Siſter was but Envy; thoſe Reproaches on

her

her Lover, Jealousy; even that Jealousy, the Child of Vanity, and her avow'd Resentment, Malice! Good Heaven! Can she be this Creature, and know it not?—And yet 'tis so——so partial's Nature to herself!

That Charity begins, where Knowledge should,
And all our Wisdom's counsell'd by the Blood:
The Faults of others we with Ease discern,
But our own Frailties are the last we learn.

[*Going off she meets* Frankly *and* Charlotte.

Ha! perpetually together?

Char. In Contemplation, Sister? I am afraid we disturb you; Come, Mr. *Frankly*, we'll go into the next Room.

Soph. No, Madam, if you have any Secrets, I'll retire.

Char. Nay, we have none now, Sister, but what I dare swear you are certainly let into:—Ha! ha! ha!

Fran. So she must have a gentle Insult, I find; but it will be prudent in me to keep the Peace. [*Aside.*

Soph. These Taunts are insupportable! but to confess the Smart, were adding to her Triumph. [*Aside.*

Char. Why so grave, *Sophronia?*

Soph. Why that Question, Madam? Do you often see me otherwise?

Char. No; but I thought, upon your supposing we had Secrets, you drew up a little.

Soph. 'Tis possible, I might not be in a laughing Humour, without thinking any of your Secrets important.

Fran. People, Madam, that think much, always wear a serious Aspect. [*To* Char.

Soph. As the contrary, Sister, may be a Reason for your continual Mirth.

Char. Well! well! so I am but happy, Sister, I am content you should be wise as long as you live.

Soph. You have one Sign of Wisdom, I see? a little thing contents you—There's no bearing her. [*Ex.* Soph.

Char. She's in a high Miff.

Fran. I am afraid there is no Good towards us: I observ'd my Lady, as she pass'd too, had much the same Cloud upon her Brow.

Char

Char. Then she has certainly told her how she caught us fooling together.

Fran. No doubt on't; therefore we must expect all the Mischief that either of them can do us.

Char. My Sister can't do us much, at least.

Fran. She can blow up my Lady; and, you know, my Lady governs your Father.

Char. She does a little overbear him indeed; not but he will make his Party good with her upon Occasion; I have known it come to a drawn Battle between them especially when he has any Body to stand by him. A sad Life tho', Mr. *Frankly*, when conjugal Engagements are only Battles; does not their Example frighten you?

Fran. I can see no Hazard, in taking my Chance with you, Madam.

Sophronia *returns and stops short, seeing* Frankly *taking* Charlotte's *Hand.*

Soph. So! closing again the minute they are alone! but I shall make bold with them. [*Goes forward.*] Pray, Sister, what did you do with that Book of mine you took up this Morning?

Char. What Book?

Soph. The *Confutius*, you know, in my Chamber.

Char. O! I did not mind it, I left it upon the green Table.

Soph. Very well——that's all——I beg your Pardon: What a melancholy Sight she is!

[*Exit, and drops her Handkerchief.*

Fran. This Book was only a Pretence to break in upon us.

Char. Plainly——she haunts us like the Ghost in *Hamlet*. But pray, what talk had you with my Father just now?

Fran. A great deal; we are upon very good Terms there, I can tell you: But his Conscience, it seems, is under the most ridiculous Dilemma, sure, that ever was.

Char. What do you mean?

Fran. If you will have Patience to hear it, I'll tell you.

Char.

Char. I ſhall have no Patience till I do hear it.

Fran. You muſt know then, ſome time ago, Sir *Gilbert* happen'd in a mix'd Company in *Change Alley*, to join in a laugh at Mr. *Witling*, for his folly (as it was then thought) in giving out Premiums for the Refuſal of *South-Sea* Stock at an extravagant Price: The Beau being piqued to an intemperance, to ſee his Bargains a jeſt, offer'd in Heat of Blood, to back his Judgment with more Money, for a harder Bargain, and ten times as chimerical.

Char. Ay, now let's hear.

Fran. Thus it was: He told an hundred Guineas into your Father's hand; in conſideration of which, (if *Witling* could prove himſelf worth Fifty Thouſand Pound within the Year, and the *South-Sea* Stock ſhould in that time mount to a thouſand *per Cent.* why then, and on thoſe Conditions only) your Father was to give him the Refuſal of you, or your Siſter, in Marriage. This whimſical Offer turn'd the Laugh of the Company to the Beau's ſide, at which Sir *Gilbert*, impatient of his Triumph, and not being in the leaſt apprehenſive either of the Stocks riſing to that Price, or that this Rattle-headed Fellow could poſſibly make ſuch a Fortune in that time, fairly took the Money, and ſign'd the Contract. Now the Stock, it ſeems, is come up to his Price, and the Spark has actually prov'd himſelf worth near double the Sum he condition'd for.

Char. For Heaven's Sake! am I to take all this ſeriouſly?

Fran. Upon my Life 'tis true: But don't miſtake the Matter; Sir *Gilbert* has left his Daughter's Inclinations free: there is no Force to be put upon them in the Bargain.

Char. Oh! then I can take my Breath again.

Fran. No, no; you are ſafe as to that point: You may do as you pleaſe; he has only tied up his own Conſent. But *Witling* having this call upon it, Sir *Gilbert* is incapable, as he ſays, of giving it at preſent to me.

Char. Well! but in the mean time, ſuppoſe he ſhould give it to you; what's the Penalty?

Fran.

Fran. That's true; I had like to have forgot it: The Penalty is this; if Sir *Gilbert* refuſes his Conſent, then he is to give *Witling* an Alternative of the three thouſand Pound Stock only, at two hundred. So low it ſeems was the Price when this Bargain was made.

Char. A pinching Article: I am afraid my good Father has not diſtate enough for a Coxcomb, to part with his Stock, and not toſs him a Daughter into the Bar[gain].

Fran. Ay, but conſider; Sir *Gilbert* is not to part with his Stock neither, if you refuſe to marry the Gentleman.

Char. Why then the Fool has given his Money for nothing; at leaſt I am ſure he has, if he makes his Call upon me.

Fran. Ay, but here's the Misfortune: the Fool has been wiſe enough to do that already: Sir *Gilbert* tells me he has inſiſted upon you; and you may be ſure my Lady and your Siſter, will do all in their power to hold your Father to his Bargain; So that, while the Contract's valid, it will not be even in your Power, *Charlotte*, to complete my Happineſs this half Year.

Char. It gives me at leaſt occaſion to ſhew you a new Proof of my Inclination; for I confeſs, I ſhall be as uneaſy as you, 'till one way or other this ridiculous Bargain is out of that Coxcomb's Hands again.

Fran. O! *Charlotte!* lay your Hand upon my Heart, and feel how ſenſibly it thanks you.

Char. Fooliſh!

Sophronia *enters, as looking for her Handkerchief, and obſerves them.*

Soph. Monſtrous! actually embracing him! What have her Tranſports made her blind too? Sure ſhe might ſee me.

Char. Be but rul'd, and I'll engage to manage it.

Fran. I have a lucky Thought, that certainly——

Char. Peace! break thee off! Lo! where it comes again.

Fran. Speak to it, *Horatio*—— [*Seeing* Soph.

Char. Do you want any thing, Siſter?

Soph. Ay! did not I drop an Handkerchief here?

Char.

Char. I did not see any——O! here——I believe this is it. [*Gives it her.*

[*They all stand gravely mute for some time, at last* Charlotte, *as uneasy at her Company, speaks.*

Char. Do you want any thing else, Sister?

Soph. [*Turning short upon her.*]——Yes, Madam—— Patience——to support me under your injurious Assurance.

Char. Keep your Temper, Sister, lest I should suspect your Philosophy to be only an Affectation of Knowledge you never could arrive at.

Soph. There are some Surprises, Madam, too strong for all the Guards of human Constancy.

Char. Yet I have heard you say, Madam, 'tis a Narrowness of Mind to be surpris'd at any thing.

Soph. To be amaz'd at the Actions of the Unjust, and the Abandon'd, is a Weakness that often arises from Innocence and Virtue: You must therefore pardon me, if I am astonish'd at your Behaviour.

Fran. So! I suppose I shall have my share presently. [*Aside.*

Char. My Behaviour, Madam, is not to be aspers'd by Outrage; and if I am not astonish'd at yours, 'tis because the Folly of it ought to move no Passion but Laughter.

Soph. This to me! to me! Mrs. *Charlotte?*

Char. Ay, ay! so you, Mrs. *Sophronia.*

Fran. I beg your Pardon, Ladies, I see you have private Business. [*Going.*

Soph. No, Sir,——hold——you are at least an Accomplice, if not the Principal in the Injury I complain of.

Fran. You do me a great deal of Honour, Madam, in supposing any thing in my Power could disturb you; but pray, Madam, wherein have I been so unhappy as to injure you?

Soph. In the tenderest Part; my Fame, my Sense, my Merit, and (as the World esteems it) in my Sex's Glory.

Fran. Accumulated Wrongs indeed! But really, Ma-

dam, I am yet in the dark; I must beg you to explain a little farther.

Soph. Then plainly thus, Sir: You have robb'd me of my Right; the Vows of Love you once preferr'd to me, are by the Laws of Honour, without my Consent, irrevocable: but, like a vile Apostate, you have since presum'd to throw your scornful Malice on my Attractions, by basely kneeling to another.

Char. O! the painful Conflicts of Prudery. [*Aside.*

Fran. This is hard indeed, Madam, that the Loss of what you never thought worth your Acceptance, should be worth your Resentment: If a Beggar should ask you Charity, would you call it an Injury? if, upon refusing it, the Wretch should beg of the next Passenger?

Char. Well! is not that prettily said now, Sister?

Soph. The Case is different——You owe me Tribute as your rightful Conqueror; and tho' I have declin'd the tasteless Triumph of your Homage, that's no Remittance of the Duty: Nor can you pay it to the Usurper of my Right, without rebellious Perjury to me.

Fran. Hoyty! toyty! I gad there will be no end of this——I must e'en talk downright to her. [*Aside.*

Soph. Oblations vow'd to a peculiar Power, are to its peculiar Altars only due; and tho' the Offering might be ill-receiv'd, yet should the murmuring Suppliant dare to invoke another's Aid, his Vows are then become profane and impious to the Deity.

Char. So! since he would not make her a Goddess, I find she's resolv'd to make one of herself. [*Aside.*

Fran. Now really, Madam, if I were to put all this into plain *English*, the Translation would amount to no more than this, That your offended Deity is a mere Dog in a Manger: What the Duce, because you don't love Oats, must nobody else eat them! Ha! ha!

Char. Ha! ha! ha!

Soph. Amazement! Horror! I am shock'd, and shiver'd to a thousand Atoms! O! my violated Ears!

Fran. Ay, Ay! Madam, you may give yourself as many Romantic Airs as you please; but in short, I can play the civil Hypocrite no longer.

Soph.

Soph. Ye Powers! he triumphs in Brutality!

Fran. That is, Madam, becauſe you will always take Civility for Adoration. But however to clear up this whole Matter; if, for once, you can reduce yourſelf from a Deity to what Nature has made you, a Woman of Senſe, I'll beg pardon for my Brutality, and ſpeak to you like a Gentleman.

Soph. You may ſuppoſe me then to have the Senſe you ſpeak of.

Fran. Why then, I own, Madam, when firſt I came from Travel, my good Father, on whom I then depended, recommended me to an Alliance in this Family: I thought myſelf honour'd in his Commands; and being equally a Stranger to you and your Siſter, I judg'd as being the elder, you had a natural Right to the Preference of my Addreſſes: I ſaw you, ſaw your Perſon lovely, adorn'd with all thoſe Charms that uſually inſpire the Lover's Tongue to bend the Ear of Beauty——

Char. How ſhe drops her Eyes at it! [*Aſide.*

Fran. But on a nearer Converſe, I found you ſcarce a Mortal in your Sentiments; ſo utter a Diſdain of Love had you imbib'd from your Romantic Education: no wonder I ſucceeded not; I ſhall not reproach you with my peculiar Treatment: you pleas'd yourſelf, and I retreated. On this I thought my Heart at liberty to try its better Fortune here. Here I am fix'd, and juſtify my Love; where's the Injury to you, in laying at your Siſter's Feet a Heart, which your Diſdain rejected!

Soph. 'Tis true, while offer'd with impure Deſires; while ſenſually, and as a Woman only, you purſu'd me: But had you greatly ſought the Marriage of the Mind, the ſocial Raptures of the Soul; I might perhaps have cheriſh'd an intellectual Union.

Fran. Ah! but dear, dear Madam, thoſe Raptures in the Air would not do my Buſineſs; I want an Heir to my Family, and in plain Terms my Caſe requires one that will give a little bodily Help to it.

Soph. Nay then again, I muſt diſclaim you; a Heart ſo tainted would but ſully the Receiver. The Shrine's diſhonour'd by a polluted Sacrifice.

Char. So! she's at her old Flights again. [*Aside.*

Soph. Thus then I fly forever from your Hopes——

Thus Daphne *triumph'd o'er* Apollo's *Flame,*
And to his Heav'n preferr'd a Virgin's Name:
The vanquish'd God purſu'd, but to deſpair,
While deathleſs Laurels crown'd the flying Fair.

[*Exit.*

Fran. So! there's one Plague over; I have diſcharg'd my Conſcience upon her at leaſt.

Char. Ha! ha! what a pretty way, though, my good Siſter has of turning a Slight into a Triumph? But ſhe has a great Heart.

Fran. O! 'twould be hard to deny her that Satisfaction; beſide, the greateſt Heart in the World did juſt the ſame: We have known the late Grand Monarch loſe many a Battle; but it was bloody hard to beat him out of a *Te Deum*.

Char. Well, but now, how ſhall we manage my Father?

Fran. Here he comes.

Enter Sir Gilbert.

Sir *Gilb.* So, Mr. *Frankly!* you ſee I give you fair Play——and troth! I have a great Reſpect for you——But——a——a Bargain's a Bargain; if another Man has really paid for my Conſent, you muſt not take it ill, if I don't refuſe him.

Fran. I can't pretend to aſk it, Sir; I think it Favour enough, if you don't oblige your Daughter to refuſe me.

Sir *Gilb.* Not I, not I, Man; that's out of the Queſtion: She may pleaſe herſelf, and if *Witling* ſhould not pleaſe her; troth! I can't ſay it would not pleaſe me too: In ſhort, if you two have Wit enough to make up the Difference, and bring me off—why there's no more to be ſaid——If not——Accounts muſt be made up——I have taken the Premium, and muſt ſtand to my Contract: For let me tell you, Sir, we Citizens are as tender

tender of our Credit in *Change-Alley*, as you fine Gentlemen are of your Honour at Court.

Fran. Sir, depend upon it, your Credit shall not suffer by me, whatever it may by your Comparison.

Sir *Gilb.* Why, what ails the Comparison? Sir, I think the Credit of the City may be compar'd to that of any Body of Men in *Europe*.

Fran. Yes, Sir; but you mistake me: I question if any Bodies may be compar'd to that of the City.

Sir *Gilb.* O! your humble Servant, Sir; I did not take you——Ay, ay, you're right! you're right! Ay, ay, ay, live and learn, Mr. *Frankly:* You'll find 'tis not your Court, but City Politicians must do the Nation's Business at last. Why, what did your Courtiers do all the two last Reigns, but borrow Money to make War, and make War to make Peace, and make Peace to make War? And then to be Bullies in one and Bubbles in t'other? A very pretty Account truly; but we have made Money, Man: Money! Money! there's the Health and Life Blood of a Government: And therefore I insist upon't, that we are the wisest Citizens in *Europe*; For we have coin'd more Cash in an Hour, than the Tower of *London* in twenty Years.

Fran. Nay, you govern the World now, it's plain. Sir, and truly that makes us hope it's upon the mending hand: For since our Men of Quality are got so thick into *Change-Alley*, who knows but in time a great Man's Word may go as far as a Tradesman's?

Sir *Gilb.* Ah! a Wag! a Wag! In troth, Mr. *Frankly*, the more I know you, the more I like you: I see you know the World, you judge of Men by their intrinsic Value; and you're right! you're right! Titles are empty things. A wise Man will always be a wise Man, whether he has any Title or no.

Fran. Ay, ay, Sir, and when a Fool gets one, he's only known to be a greater Fool.

Sir *Gilb.* You're right again: besides, Sir, shall any Man value himself upon a thing, that another may buy for his Money as well as he? Ridiculous——a very pretty Business truly, to give ten or twenty thousand

Pound, only to be called out of one's Name: Ha! ha! ha!

Fran. Nay, Sir, and perhaps too, losing the Privilege of a private Subject, that of being believ'd upon your Honour, or trusted upon your Word!

Sir *Gilb.* Honour's a Joke! Is not every honest Man a Man of Honour!

Fran. Ay, but the best Joke is, that every Man of Honour is not an honest Man, Sir.

Sir *Gilb.* Odsbodikins, Mr. *Frankly*, you are an ingenious Gentleman, and I must have you into my Family, though it cost me twenty thousand Pound to keep that pragmatical Fellow out on't.

Fran. If I have any pretence to your Favour, Sir, I will take care your Family shall not suffer by my coming into it; for if the worst must happen, 'tis but waiting till the other half Year of *Witling*'s Contract is expir'd, I dare answer your Daughter won't run away with him in the mean time.

Sir *Gilb.* Ay, but there's the Question: Is the Girl staunch? Are you sure now, that like a young Hound, she may not gallop away with the rank Scent of a Coxcomb, and so spoil your Sport?

Fran. I dare say she'll take this Fear for a Favour—best examine her yourself, Sir.

Sir *Gilb.* Come hither, *Charlotte*.

Char. Your Pleasure, Sir?

Sir *Gilb.* Are you sure you are as wise as other fine Ladies of your Age, that know more of Mankind than their Fathers, and consequently have a natural Aversion to all Husbands of their choosing? In short have you learnt enough of the World, to be heartily disobedient upon Occasion?

Char. When you please to give me the Occasion, Sir, I will try what I can do.

Sir *Gilb.* Humh! she promises fair. [*To* Frankly *Aside.*] The Girl has Wit——But now, Child, the Question is whether you have common Sense or no (for they don't always go together) are you smoky? Have you all

your

your Eye-teeth yet? Are you peery, as the Cant is? In ſhort, do you know what I would be at now?

Char. Will you give me leave to gueſs, Sir?

Sir *Gilb.* Out with it.

Char. Why then (I hope at leaſt, Sir) you have a mind to make *Willing* believe, you are doing all in your power to bring his Bargain to bear; and at the ſame time wiſh I would do all in my power to bring it to nothing.

Sir *Gilb.* [*Aſide.*] It will do! it will do! Mr. *Frankly*, tell her ſhe's right; you know it is not honeſt for me to ſay ſo: a hum!

Char. In ſhort, Sir, if you'll leave the matter to my Diſcretion, I'll engage to bring you off.

Sir *Gilb.* Bring me off, Huſſy! why; have you the Confidence to ſuppoſe I won't do the fair thing by the Gentleman?

Char. I have not the Confidence to ſuppoſe you would do a hard thing by this Gentleman, indeed Papa!

[*Takes* Frankly's *Hand.*

Sir *Gilb.* D'ye hear! d'ye hear! what a ſenſible Aſſurance the Slut has? Ah! it's a wheedling Toad! [*Aſide.*] Adod! I'll have a little more of her———But do you know, Lady, that Mr. *Willing* has demanded my Conſent, and that it would coſt me above twenty thouſand Pounds to refuſe it?

Char. Yes, Sir, I do know it; and if I were to give him my Conſent, I know that I ſhould have much the worſt Bargain of the two.

Sir *Gilb.* Your Conſent! Why ſure, Madam, when I ſay, do ſo, do you pretend to have a Will of your own?

Char. Umh! a little! a ſmall Pulſe, you know, Papa. [*Fawning on Sir* Gilb.

Sir *Gilb.* Ah! the coaxing Gipſy! why you Confident, abominable———Odſheart! I could kiſs her——

Fran. Faith! do, Sir, that's no Breach of your Contract.

Sir *Gilb.* No! no! that's not fair neither, I am to

be angry with her——beſide I don't keep my word, if I don't ſpeak a good one for him.

Char. That's not in your Power, Sir; 'tis impoſſible any body can give him a good Word; at leaſt to me.

Sir *Gilb.* How! how! will not a handſome young Fellow, with an hundred thouſand Pound in his Pocket, go down with you? Will not a full Plumb melt in your Mouth, Miſtreſs *Dainty?*

Char. Thank you, Sir, but I don't love Traſh!

Sir *Gilb.* Traſh! Mr. *Witling* Traſh!

Char. A Coxcomb.

Sir *Gilb.* I ſay he is——

Char. My Averſion.

Sir *Gilb.* Bear witneſs, Mr. *Frankly*, ſhe refuſes him; you ſee all I ſay ſignifies nothing: But I ſay again and again, that I am reſolv'd, Madam, you ſhall marry him, and that Articles ſhall be drawn this very Morning.

Char. But do you think you can't perſuade him to ſtay a little, Sir?

Sir *Gilb.* Stay! yes; yes; a reaſonable time, that is.

Char. You'll think it a reaſonable one, I am ſure, Sir.

Sir *Gilb.* Well! well! how long?

Char. Only till I have done hating him, that's all.

Sir *Gilb.* Piſhah! fiddle faddle! marry him firſt, and you will have time enough to hate him afterwards.

Char. Well, Sir, then I have but one Favour to beg of you—

Sir *Gilb.* Come, what is't? what is't?

Char. Only, Sir, that in the draught of the Articles, you will be pleas'd to make a Blank for the Gentleman's Name; and if I don't fill it up to your Mind, ſay I know nothing of my own.

Sir *Gilb.* Fy! fy! you wicked thing you——— Mr. *Frankly*, it will do! it will do! the Girl has all her Goings? keep her right, keep her right, and tight; and I'll warrant thee all ſafe, Boy.

Fran. Never fear, Sir——now there's but one Difficulty behind; were it but poſſible to make my Lady our Friend in this matter—

Sir *Gilb.* Piſhaw! waw! never mind her; Am not I

Maſter

Maſter of my own Family? Does not ſhe know that my Will's a Law? and if I once ſay the Word—

Fran. That's true, Sir; but, you know, one would not make her a needleſs Enemy: She'll think herſelf affronted, take it as an Inſult to her Underſtanding, not to be let into the Secret at all.

Char. Indeed, Sir, I am afraid we ſhall have a foul Houſe, if ſhe is not conſulted in this Buſineſs.

Sir *Gilb.* Nay, nay, with all my Heart, but the fooliſh Woman always loves to diſpute about nothing, and ſuch a Spirit of Contradiction runs away with her, I had as lief ſit in the Stocks as talk to her: however, for your private Satisfaction———

Fran. Indeed, Sir, I think it will be better ſo.

Sir *Gilb.* Well! well! then I'll tell her my Reſolution inſtantly.

Char. Ah! poor Papa! what a wicked Diſtreſs have we brought him to? Now will he rather run upon the Mouth of a Cannon, than let us ſee he is afraid of Gunpowder.

Fran. How my Lady will bounce when he mentions it! [*Aſide.*

Sir *Gilb.* O! here's my Lady, I'll ſpeak to her now.

Fran. If you pleaſe, we'll retire, that you may have no Interruption.

Sir *Gilb.* Do ſo, you're right.

[*Exeunt* Fran. *and* Char.

Enter Lady Wrangle, *driving a Maid-Servant in before her.*

Lady *Wrang.* Out of my Doors, you Dunce! you illiterate Monſter! What! could not you read? could not you ſpell? where were your Eyes, you brainleſs Idiot?

Sir *Gilb.* Hey-day! hey-day! what's the matter now?

Lady *Wrang.* Go! you Eleventh Plague of *Egypt*.

Maid. Indeed, Madam, I did not know it was of any uſe, it was ſo blotted and blurred, I took it for waſte Paper.

Lady *Wrang.* Blurred! you Driveler! was ever any

Piece perfect, that had not Corrections, Razures, Interlineations, and Improvements? Does not the very Original shew, that when the Mind is warmeſt, it's never ſatisfied with its Words?

Incipit, & dubitat; ſcribit, damnatque tabellas,
Erubeſcit, & delet; mutat, cultatque probatque.

Sir *Gilb.* O Lord! now the Learned Fit's upon her, the Devil won't be able to deal with her. [*Aſide.*

Lady *Wrang.* What have you done with it, you Dolthead? where is it? fetch it, let me ſee it, I ſay.

Sir *Gilb.* Pray, my Lady *Wrangle*, what is all this Rout about?

Lady *Wrang.* O! nothing to be ſure! I am always unreaſonable.

Sir *Gilb.* Why look you now, did I ſay any ſuch thing?

Lady *Wrang.* I don't care if you did.

Sir *Gilb.* It's very hard a Man may not aſk a civil Queſtion in his own Houſe.

Lady *Wrang.* Ay, do, ſide with her, take her part; do, do, uphold her in her Impudence.

Sir *Gilb.* Why, my Lady, did I ſay a Word to her?

Lady *Wrang.* Pray, Mr. *Wrangle*, give me leave to govern my own Servants——Don't you know, when I am out of Temper, I won't be talk'd to?——Have not I Plague enough here, do you think?

Sir *Gilb.* Why, ay, that's true too——————why you confident Jade! how dare you put my Lady into ſuch a violent Paſſion?

Maid. Indeed, Sir, I don't know, not I. [*Whimpering.*

Lady *Wrang.* Pray, Mr. *Wrangle*, meddle with your own Buſineſs——the Fault's to me, and, ſure, I am old enough to correct her myſelf.

Sir *Gilb.* Why, what a dickens, may'nt I be of your Mind neither? 'Sheart! I can't be in the wrong on both ſides.

Lady *Wrang.* I don't know any Buſineſs you have on either ſide.

Sir

Sir *Gilb.* Nay, if a Man muſt not ſpeak at all, it's another Caſe.

Lady *Wrang.* Lord! you are ſtrangely teizing—— well, come ſpeak,——what! what! what is't you would ſay now?

Sir *Gilb.* Nay, nothing, not I; I only aſk what's the Matter?

Lady *Wrang.* I can't tell you, the Provocation's too great for Words.

Sir *Gilb.* Well! well! well!

Lady *Wrang.* What here ſtill? Am I to have no account of it then? What have you done with it, you Monſter?

Maid. Madam, the Cook took it out of my Hand, as I was coming down Stairs with it; he ſaid he wanted it.

Lady *Wrang.* The Cook! run! fly, and bid the Villain ſend it me this moment. [*Exit Maid.*

Sir *Gilb.* Why, what the dickins! the ſenſeleſs Jade has not given him a *Flanders* Lace-Head to boil his Cabbage in, has ſhe?

Lady *Wrang.* Shah? do you ever ſee me concern'd for ſuch Trifles?

Sir *Gilb.* Or has ſhe let the Raſcal ſinge his Fowls with a Bank Bill?

Lady *Wrang.* If ſhe had, do you think I would give myſelf ſuch Pain about either?

Sir *Gilb.* Hah! this muſt be ſome abominable thing indeed then.

Lady *Wrang.* The Loſs for ought I know, may be irreparable.

Sir *Gilb.* Oh! then ſhe has loſt your Diamond Necklace, I ſuppoſe.

Lady *Wrang.* Pray don't plague me, 'tis impoſſible to expreſs the Wickedneſs of it.

Sir *Gilb.* What! the Devil! the Cook has not got the Slut with Child, has he?

Lady *Wrang.* Worſe! worſe a thouſand times!

Sir *Gilb.* Worſe! what then playing the Whore, or Thief? Then the Jade has certainly committed Murder.

Lady *Wrang.* The moſt barbarous that ever was——

Sir

Sir *Gilb.* Hoh! then ſhe has broke Pug's Neck, to be ſure. [*Aſide.*

Lady *Wrang.* The Changeling Innocent has given that ſavage Beaſt, the Cook, my whole new Tranſlation of the Paſſion of *Byblis*, for waſte Paper, to be torn or tortur'd to a thouſand ſordid Uſes.

Sir *Gilb.* Nay then——

Lady *Wrang.* And I have not another Copy in the World, if it were to ſave Mankind from Extirpation.

Sir *Gilb.* I'm glad on't with all my Heart; now could I laugh (if I durſt) moſt immoderately. [*Aſide.*

Lady *Wrang.* Now, Miſtreſs! have you brought it?

Re-enter Maid.

Maid. Madam, the Cook ſays, he has ſkewer'd it on to the Roſt-Beef, and he can't take it off——he won't burn his Meat for no body, not he, he ſays.

Lady *Wrang.* Here! call the Footman: He won't! bid them drag the Raſcal hither by the Ears, or I'll have them nailed down to the Dreſſer for his Impudence—— I'll turn the Villain out of my Houſe this moment.

[*Exit Maid.*

Sir *Gilb.* Come, come, my Lady, don't be in a Heat about a Triſle; I am glad to find it's no worſe.

Lady *Wrang.* Worſe! had he robb'd the Houſe, and after fir'd it, I could ſooner have forgiven him.

Sir *Gilb.* Hah! thank you for that, Madam, but I ſhould not.

Lady *Wrang.* You! you ſhould not! What would be your Injury compared to mine? What I'm concern'd for, the whole learned World, even to Poſterity, may feel the Loſs of.

Sir *Gilb.* Well! well! have a little Patience; may be ſhe may get it again. And now you talk of Poſterity my Lady *Wrangle*, I have ſome Thoughts of marrying my Daughter *Charlotte*; as for *Sophronia* you know——

Lady *Wrang.* I know that one won't and t'other ſhan't marry; ſhe is a pert forward thing, and has diſoblig'd me, therefore I'll puniſh her as I think fit—— I deſire you won't name her to me, you ſee I have other

things

things in my Head; all greas'd, and burnt to Aſhes, I ſuppoſe.

Sir *Gilb.* I had better talk to her another time, I believe.

Enter ſeveral Servants with the Cook.

Lady *Wrang.* O! are you come at laſt, Sir? Pray, how durſt you ſend me ſuch an impudent Anſwer?

Cook. I did not ſend an impudent Anſwer, Madam; I only ſaid the Meat would be ſpoil'd: But here ſhe comes, and makes a Noiſe, and a Rout, and a Clatter about nothing at all——and ſo every impertinent Jade here takes upon her——Oons! a Man can't do his Buſineſs in quiet for them.

Lady *Wrang.* Hold your nonſenſical Tongue, Sir, and give me the Paper I ſent for.

Cook. Paper! This is what ſhe gave me.

[*Holds it on a Skewer, all greaſy.*

Lady *Wrang.* O my Heavens! What a Spectacle! not one Line legible, though an Empire were to purchaſe it. Look! look! look! you Monſter. [*Holding him.*

Sir *Gilb.* So! here will be rare Doings.

Cook. Oons! what a Life's here about a Piece of foul Paper?

Lady *Wrang.* A Life, you Villain! your whole Life can't make me amends for what you have done——I'll have you beat out of this Houſe 'till every Bone in your Body's broke for this, Sirrah.

Cook. Beat, Madam! Blood! I won't be beat——I did not come here for that—I'll be out of your Houſe preſently—I'll ſee who will break my Bones then—and ſo there's one of your Napkins, Madam; as for your Sheet of Paper, there's a Half-penny for't; and now take your Courſe—I know how to get my Wages. I'll warrant you——There's Law for Servants as well as other People. [*Exit Cook.*

Sir *Gilb.* Go! go! mind your Buſineſs, you ſilly *Tom Ladle* you.

Lady *Wrang.* Ay! this is always the Effect of your Indulgence; no wonder I have no power over them: If you

you had the leaſt Grain of Spirit, you would have broke the Raſcal's Head for me.

Sir *Gilb.* Pſhah! there's no occaſion for it—let's ſee! let's ſee!—[*Takes up the Paper.*] Come, come, this matter may be made up without Bloodſhed ſtill—ay, here! humh! umh!—by the way I believe this Beef's enough, it ſmells bravely of the Gravy.

Lady *Wrang.* What! then I am your Jeſt, it ſeems.

Sir *Gilb.* Pooh! pr'ythee be quiet, I tell you, I am ſerious——ay! it's plain to be read ſtill. [*Reads.*

All a poor Maid could do (the Gods, I'm ſure,
Can tell) I've ſuffer'd to compleat my Cure—Cure!

Hah! poor Soul—got the foul Diſeaſe, I ſuppoſe.

Lady *Wrang.* Your obſcene Comment, Mr. *Wrangle*, is more provoking than the Inſolence of your Servants: But I muſt tell you, Sir, I will never eat or ſleep in your Houſe more, if that Raſcal is not turn'd out of it this moment.

Maid. I hope your Ladyſhip is not in earneſt, Madam.

Lady *Wrang.* What do you prate, Mrs. *Minx?*

Maid. Indeed, Madam, if *John*'s to be turn'd away, I ſhan't ſtay in the Family: for tho' he is ſometimes a little haſty to a body, yet I have reaſon to know he is an honeſt-hearted Man in the main; and I have too much kindneſs for him to ſtay in any Service, where he is to be abuſed.

Lady *Wrang.* What you are in love with him, Mrs. *Trollop* are you? [*Cuffs her.*

Maid. Ods my life! Madam, I won't be ſtruck by no body; and if I do love him, what's that to any body? and I don't know why poor Folks may'n't be in love as well as their Betters.

Sir *Gilb.* Come! come! hold your Tongue, Huſſy.

Maid. Sir, I can't hold my Tongue, though I can't ſay but your Worſhip's a very kind Maſter: But as for my Lady the Devil would not live with her; and ſo, Madam, I deſire you would provide yourſelf. [*Flings off.*

Sir *Gilb.* Odzines, Madam, at this rate I ſhall have neither Dinner to eat, nor Bed to lie on: What Servants will bear this Life, do you think? You have no more

Temper

Temper than a——Why how ſhould a ſilly Wench know what your impertinent Poetry was good for?

Lady *Wrang.* Impertinent! I'd have you know, Mr. *Ignorant*, there's not a line in the whole, that has not the true *Attic* Salt in it.

Sir *Gilb.* Well! and now there's *Engliſh* Salt in it; and, I think, the Reliſh of one's as good as t'other.

Lady *Wrang.* Mr. *Wrangle*, if you have no Senſe of the Soul's diviner Faculties, know I have, and can reſent theſe vulgar Inſults. You ſhall find, Sir, that a ſuperior Underſtanding has a proportion'd Spirit to ſupport its Dignity. Let me have inſtant Reparation, or, by my injur'd Genius, I'll ſet your Houſe and Family in a Blaze. [*Exit L.* Wr.

Sir *Gilb.* Why, then, blaze and burn by yourſelf; for I'll go out of the Houſe.

[*Going off he is met by* Frankly *and* Charlotte.

Fran. Have you ſeen my Lady, Sir?

Sir *Gilb.* Yes, yes, I have ſeen her——but——I don't know——ſhe——ſhe——

Fran. Don't come into it, I ſuppoſe.

Sir *Gilb.* Umh! no, not readily——in ſhort, the Houſe is all untiled.

Char. Lord, Sir! what filthy thing's this? [*Seeing the Paper.*

Sir *Gilb.* Ay, there's the Buſineſs—a Brat of my Lady's Brain, that has got a Miſchance; that's all.

Fran. Some roaſted Poetry, I preſume.

Sir *Gilb.* Ay, ay; the, the, the Paſſion of *Bibble Babble*; I don't know what ſhe calls it; But ſhe has been in ſuch a Fume here, that half the Servants are going to leave the Houſe about it——*Charlotte*, you can wheedle upon Occaſion, pr'ythee ſtep into the Hall, and ſee if you can make up this matter among them.

Char. I'll do my beſt, Sir. [*Exit* Char.

Fran. Poor Lady! ſhe is a little apt to be over-concern'd for her Poetry.

Sir *Gilb.* Concern'd! Odsblews! if a Line on't happens to be miſlaid, ſhe's as mad as a blind Mare that has loſt her Foal; ſhe'll run her Head againſt a Stone-wall

wall to recover it: All the use I find of her Learning, is, that it furnishes her with more words to scold with.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Mr. *Grainger's* come, and Mr. *Witling.*

Sir *Gilb.* O! that's well! come, Mr. *Frankly*, let's all go into the Dining-Room together; may-hap, she may be asham'd to be in a Passion before Company.

Fran. At least we may keep her within Bounds, Sir.

Sir *Gilb.* You're right! you're right! Ah! it's a very hard Case! there's no Condition of Life without Plague and Trouble——Why, most People think now I have Fortune enough to make ten Men of Quality happy——

And yet you see how odly Things are carried;
'Tis true, I'm worth a Million, but—I'm married.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Granger *and* Frankly.

IN one word, *Granger*, thou art a very dangerous Fellow; I did not believe it possible thy blunt Humour could have concealed so exquisite a Flatterer: Why thou art more in my Lady's Favour in half an Hour, than all my Art could make me in half a Year.

Gran. Have I not always told you, *Frankly*, that one civil thing from a downright Dealer, goes farther than a thousand from a Man of general Complaisance? How do you think I first gain'd Credit with *Sophronia?* not (as you expected to do it) by an implicit Admiration; but the contrary, insolently laughing at her pretending to Principles, which I would not allow her capable to comprehend or practise. Now this naturally piqued her into an Impatience to mend my opinion of her; so the more difficult I seem'd to be convinc'd of her Virtues,

tues, the more eaſy I made it to mend her Opinion of me.

Fran. And if thou haſt not done it effectually, I know nothing of the Sex. Why, ſhe bluſh'd, Man, like a damaſk Roſe, when you firſt came into the Room.

Gran. Did not I tell you too, her Quarrel and Spleen to you would be of Service to me?

Fran. O! palpably! I was ready to burſt to ſee her bridle, and ſmile at me, upon your growing particular to her.

Gran. And what pains ſhe took, to make you obſerve, that ſhe overlook'd you? ha! ha!

Fran. Yes, I did obſerve, indeed, that the whole Dinner-time ſhe was never two Minutes without ſtealing a Glance at you.

Gran. O bleſs me! I can't bear the Inſolence of my own Imagination! What a dear Confuſion will ſhe feel? What a Vermilion Shame will ſpread through all that lovely Form——if ever her Fleſh and Blood ſhould happen to mutiny?

Fran. Which, to tell you the Truth, I think it does already.

Gran. But the Misfortune is, I have flatter'd my Lady into ſo good a Humour, by engaging to make out a fair Copy of her baſted Verſes there, that I doubt, ſhe won't be able to leave me alone with *Sophronia*.

Fran. Never fear; her Malice is too buſy, in ſetting *Whitling*, againſt me, to interrupt you.

Gran. There indeed I have ſome hopes.

Fran. I believe I ſhall be able to aſſiſt them, and in part to return the Favour you have done me with Sir *Gilbert*,

Gran. Any thing in my power you may be ſure of—but ſee, he's here!

Enter Sir Gilbert.

Sir *Gilb.* O! your Servant, Gentlemen; I thought we had loſt you.

Gran. Your Pardon, Sir, we had only a Word or two in private.

Fran.

Fran. We were just coming into the Company.

Sir *Gilb.* In troth, and I can tell you, the sooner the better; for there's my Lady and *Charlotte* are going to play all the Game upon us.

Fran. Never fear, Sir; as long as you have given me Leave to go *Charlotte*'s halves, she'll make the most of her Cards, I'll warrant you.

Sir *Gilb.* I don't know that, but I am sure *Witling* yonder is making the most of his time: his Wit, or his Impudence have got him into such high Favour with my Lady, that she is railing at you like a Fury, and crying him up for an Angel; In short, *Charlotte* has discover'd all your Affair with her, and has plainly told him you are his Rival. But it seems, Sir, your Pretensions are so ridiculous, that they are all three cracking their Sides in a full Chorus of laughing at you.

Fran. Sir, I am oblig'd to you for your Concern; but in all this, *Charlotte* is acting no wrong part, I can assure you.

Sir *Gilb.* No wrong part! Odsheart! I tell you she's coquetting to him, with every wicked Limb about her —and is as full of her Airs there, as a handsome Widow to a young Lord in the *Lobby*, when she has a Suit depending in the House of Peers.

Fran. Better still, the more likely to carry her Cause, Sir.

Sir *Gilb.* Carry her Cause! carry her Coxcomb, Sir? for, you'll see, that will be the end on't: she'll be carry'd off herself, Sir. Why, Man, he is going to beleaguer her with a whole Army of Fiddlers yonder; there are six Coach loads of them now at the Door, all stow'd fore and aft, with nothing but Cases of Instruments: Such a Concourse of Cat-guts, you'd swear one of their Squalling Eunuchs were rosting alive here.

Fran. Believe me, Sir, there is no Terror in all this Preparation; for since you are pleased to think Mr. *Granger*'s Security and mine sufficient against any Damage you can suffer from your Contract with *Witling*, do you but stand it out stoutly with my Lady, and I'll

engage

engage to dismount his Musical Battery with a Child's Whistle.

Sir *Gilb.* My Lady! Pshah! waw! What dost talk of her, Man? Why I tell you, I'll put her into a Mousehole, provided you engage to bring me off with *Witling.*

Gran. Your Security shall be sign'd the Minute it can be drawn, Sir.

Sir *Gilb.* That's enough; I have order'd my Lawyer to send his Clerk with it, before he brings the Deed of Consent that I am to sign to *Witling:* But give me leave to tell you again, Gentlemen, I really don't understand the Girl's way of proceeding all this while.

Fran. Why, Sir——don't you know that *Witling* is the vainest Rogue upon Earth?

Sir *Gilb.* I grant it.

Fran. And consequently, that the Pride of outwitting you in your Daughter, gives him more Pleasure than either her Person or her Portion?

Sir *Gilb.* Not unlikely.

Fran. And can you think, that from the same natural Insolence, he would not rather seem to owe his Triumph over a Rival too, rather to his own Merit, than any Accident of Fortune?

Sir *Gilb.* I grant you that too.

Fran. Why then, Sir, if *Charlotte* were to despise him, we are sure he would then insist upon his Bargain; but while she flatters him, and you and I only laugh at him, he may be vain enough to trust his Triumph to her Choice and Inclination only.

Sir *Gilb.* O! now I begin to take you: So that, if he is rightly handled among us, you propose that *Charlotte* will be able to coquette him out of his Contract.

Fran. Nay, it's her own Project, Sir: and I can't really think we have an ill Chance for it at worst: But we must leave it all to her now. In Love-Affairs, you know, Sir, Women have generally wiser Heads than we.

Sir *Gilb.* Troth! I don't wholly dislike it; and if I don't handle him roundly on my part——

Gran. Hush! my Lady——

Fran.

Fran. Anon I'll tell you more, Sir.

Enter Lady Wrangle *and* Sophronia.

Lady *Wrang.* Well, *Sophronia*, since I see this giddy Girl is neither to be form'd by Precept or Example; it's at least some Consolation, to find her natural Inconstancy so effectually mortifies that vile Apostate, *Frankly*.

Soph. Yet I am amaz'd he should not be more mov'd at her Infidelity.

Lady *Wrang.* You know he's vain, and thinks his Merit may sleep in full Security. But now! to rouse him from his Dream——O! Mr. *Granger!* I am sorry you left us; I am perfectly kill'd with Laughing! There's Mr. *Witling* has had such infinite Humour! He has entertain'd us more than ten Comedies.

Gran. O! Pray, Madam, let us go in and participate.

Lady *Wrang.* By no means; he's now alone with his Mistress, and 'twould be barbarous to interrupt them.

Gran. His Mistress, Madam.

Lady *Wrang.* Ay! with *Charlotte*; and, you know, Lovers so near their Happiness are apt to like no Company so well as their own.

Fran. D'ye hear, Sir. [*To Sir* Gilb. *apart.*

Sir *Gilb.* I told you how it was. [*To* Fran. *apart.*

Lady *Wran.* Beside, he is to give us a little Music; and I think this Room will be more convenient.

Gran. He is a fortunate Man indeed, Madam, to be so well with the young Lady already.

Lady *Wrang.* There's no accounting for that idle Passion in uncultivated Minds: I am not surpriz'd at her Forwardness, considering the vulgar Education Mr. *Wrangle* has given her.

Sir *Gilb.* Odsheart, Madam! don't disparage my Girl: She has had a more useful Education than your Ladyship.

Lady *Wrang.* O! no doubt! she has shewn most hopeful Effects on't. Indeed! by hanging upon every young Fellow's Neck, that does but ask her the Question.

Fran. Whatever Faults *Charlotte* may have, Madam,

I never knew her take pleaſure in expoſing thoſe of other People.

Lady *Wrang.* O! cry you Mercy, Sir; you have great reaſon to defend her, I don't queſtion: She is a Saint in your Eye, to be ſure.

Fran. Were ſhe weak enough to imagine a ſuperficial Learning cou'd make her one, 'tis poſſible, her Failings then, like other's People's, might have been more conſpicuous.

Lady *Wrang.* What do you mean, Sir?

Fran. I mean, Madam, that as ſhe does not read *Ariſtotle*, *Plato*, *Plutarch*, or *Seneca*, ſhe is neither romantic or vain of her Pedantry; and as her Learning never went higher than *Bickerſtaff's Tatlers*, her Manners are conſequently natural, modeſt, and agreeable.

Sir *Gilb.* Ah! well ſaid, *Frankly.* [*Aſide.*

Lady *Wrang.* Since I am told you were once in love with her, I ſhall ſay no more, but leave her own immediate Behaviour to confirm your good Opinion of her Virtues. Ha! ha!

Gran. While the Lovers of this Age, Madam, have ſo deprav'd a Taſte, we muſt not wonder, if our modern fine Ladies are apt to run into Coquettry: They are now forced to it in their own Defence; if they don't make Advances, they ſtand as lonely and uſeleſs as untenanted Houſes: So that Coquettry, it ſeems, is no more than ſetting a Bill upon their Door, that Lovers in Diſtreſs may read as they paſs —— *Here are Nights Lodgings to be let.*

Lady *Wrang.* O! they are moſt hoſpitable Dames indeed: After this, methinks, the more proper Appellation for Coquettes ſhould be that of Landladies.

[*A Servant whiſpers* Lady *Wrang.*

I'll come and give Orders myſelf. [*Exit.*

Soph. I don't know any Man alive, that looks upon the Degeneracy of Mankind with ſo diſcerning an Eye as Mr. *Granger*; but I am afraid it will therefore draw him into my Misfortune, of being as odious to the Illiterate of his Sex, as I am to thoſe of mine.

Gran. If that were as juſt a Reaſon, Madam, for your having

having a favourable Opinion of me, as it is for my perfect Admiration of you, we should each of us have still as many Friends as any wise Man or Woman ought to desire.

Fran. Do you mind that, Sir? [*Apart.*

Sir *Gilb.* A sly Rogue! he knows how to tickle her up, I see. [*Apart.*

Soph. And yet the rude World will say, perhaps, that our mutual Enmity to them has reduc'd us to a Friendship for one another.

Gran. That's a Reproach can never reach you, Madam; so much Beauty cannot but have its Choice of Friends and Admirers: a form so bright and perfect, like a Comet in the Hemisphere, where'er it comes, must set Mankind a gazing.

Soph. Fy! Mr. *Granger!*

Sir *Gilb.* What a dickens! will she swallow that blazing Star now? [*Apart.*

Fran. Ay, as he hath dress'd it, and drink after it too Sir. [*Apart.*

Soph. I mind not Multitudes.

Gran. Pardon me, I know you have a Soul above them; and I really think it the Misfortune of your Person, to have been so exquisitely fair, that where you Virtue would preserve, your Eyes destroy; they give involuntary Love; where'er you pass, in spite of all your Innocence, they wound —— *Juvenumque prodis. Publica Cura.*

Soph. Alas! my Eyes are turn'd upon myself: and so little do I mind the Follies of other People, that I sometimes find myself alone, in the midst of a Public Circle.

Gran. I cannot wonder at that, Madam, since our best Assemblies are generally made up of illiterate Beings, that when they are alone, find themselves in the worst Company; and so are reduc'd to come abroad, though meerly to meet, and hate one another.

Soph. What Charms then can you suppose I could have for a World, that has so few for me? Beside, at most, the Men of modern Gallantry gaze upon a Woman of real Virtue, only as Atheists look into a fine Church;

Church; from Curiosity, not Devotion: They may admire its Ornaments and Architecture, but have neither Grace nor Faith for further Adoration.

Gran. All Men are not Infidels; of me, at least, you have a Convert: And tho' the sensual Practice of the World had made me long despair of such Perfection in a mortal Mold; yet when the Rays of Truth Celestial broke in upon my Sense, my conscious Heart at once confess'd the Deity: I prostrate fell a proselyte to Virtue; and now its chaste Desires enlarge my Soul and raise me to Seraphic Joy.

Soph. Harmonious Sounds, Celestial Transports! [*Aside.*

Sir *Gilb.* O dear! O dear! was ever such a wicked Thief! Odsheart! he'll make her go to Prayers with him presently. [*Aside.*

Soph. No more—we are observ'd: These Heaven-born Emanations of the Soul desire not vulgar Ears — Some fitter Time may offer—till when—

Gran. Till then—be hush'd our Joys. [Gran. *leaves her, and joins the Men, while* Soph. *walks apart musing.*

Soph. Our Joys indeed! such was, in Paradise, our first Parents Joy, before they fell from Innocence to Shame.

Fran. [*To* Gran.] Why did you not go on with her? We thought you were in a fine Way: Sir *Gilbert* and I were just a going to steal off.

Gran. Soft and fair, Sir: A Lady of her Delicacy must be carried like a Taper new-lighted, gently forward; if you hurry her—out she goes.

Sir *Gilb.* You're right, you're right———Now you shall see me manage her a little; I'll speak a good Word for you—a hum——

Gran. Hush?——not for the World, Sir———Death! you'll spoil all——don't you see she is in Contemplation?

Sir *Gilb.* What if she be, Man? we must not humour her, till she is stark mad neither. *Sophronia!* how dost thou do, Child.

Soph. [*Repeating*]———*The Earth*
Gave sign of Gratulation, and each Hill:
Joyous the Birds; fresh Gales and gentle Airs
Whisper'd

Whisper'd it to the Woods, and, from their Wings
Flung Rose, flung Odours, from the juicy Shrub
Dissorting——

Sir *Gilb.* Very pretty, I protest; very pretty—These amorous Scraps of Fancy in thy Head make me hope, that Love is not far from thy Heart, *Sophy.*

Soph. Love, Sir, was ever in my Heart; but such a Love, as the blind *Homer* of this *British* Isle, in rhymeless Harmony sublimely sings——

Sir *Gilb.* Well, and pr'ythee what does he say of it?

Soph. —— *Love refines*
The Thought, and Heart enlarges; has his Seat
In Reason, and is judicious, is the Scale,
By which to heavenly Love thou mayst ascend.

Sir *Gilb.* Very good again; and troth, I'm glad to hear thou art so heartily reconcil'd to it.

Soph. *Easier than Air with Air, if Spirits embrace,*
Total they mix, Union of Pure with Pure
Desiring——

Sir *Gilb.* Ah! there I doubt we are a little crazy. [*Aside.*

Soph. *This Iron Age, so fraudulent and bold,*
Touch'd with this Love, would be an Age of Gold.

Sir *Gilb.* O-lud! O-lud! this will never do. [*Aside.*

Gran. So! she has given the old Gentleman his Belly full, I see: Well, Sir! how do you find her?

Sir *Gilb.* Ah! poor Soul! piteous bad! All upon the Tantivy again! You must e'en undertake her yourself; for I can do no good upon her—But here comes Love of another kind.

Enter Charlotte, Witling, *and Lady* Wrangle.

Char. O Sister! here's Mr. *Witling* has writ the prettiest *Cantata* sure, that ever made Music enchanting.

Soph. I am glad, Sister, you are reconcil'd to any of his Performances.

Wit. O fy! Madam, she only rallies—A mere Trifle.

Fran. That I dare swear it is.

Wit.

Wit. Ha! ha! no doubt on't; if you could like it, it muſt be an extraordinary Piece indeed, *Tom.* You ſee, my little Rogue, we have crabb'd him already.

[*Aſide to* Char.

Lady *Wran.* Mr. *Frankly* is a mere modern Critic, that makes perſonal Inclination the Rule of his Judgment; but to condemn what one never ſaw, is making ſhort Work indeed.

Fran. With Submiſſion, Madam, I can ſee no great Raſhneſs in preſuming that a Magpye can't ſing like a Nightingale.

Wit. No, nor an Owl look like a Peacock neither: Ha! ha!

Lady *Wrang.* and *Char.* Ha! ha! ha!

Lady *Wrang.* Perfectly pleaſant.

Char. O! Wit to an Infinity!

Fran. Much good may do you with your Canary-Bird, Madam. [*To* Char.

Char. O! Sir, I am ſorry you are exhauſted; but when Wit's upon the Lee, no Wonder it runs into Rudeneſs.

Fran. I don't wonder at my not hitting your Taſte, Madam, when ſuch Stuff as this can go down with you.

Wit. My Stuff, dear *Tom*, was compos'd purely for the Entertainment of this Lady; and ſince ſhe likes it, I will allow, that you of all Mankind, have moſt reaſon to find fault with it. Ha! ha!

Char. Nay, if he ſhould like it, even I will then give it up to the World as good for nothing.

Fran. Then it's in danger, I can tell you, Madam; for I ſhall certainly like it, becauſe, I am ſure, it will be good for nothing.

Char. A pleaſant Paradox.

Fran. None at all, Madam; for ſince I find your Heart is like Stock, to be transferr'd upon a Bargain, it will be ſome pleaſure, at leaſt, to ſee the Groſsneſs of your Choice revenge me on your Infidelity.

Wit. Poor *Tom!* What, are the Grapes ſour, my Dear! Ha! ha! ha!

Char. Pſhah! never mind him: The *Cantata*, dear Mr. *Witling*, the *Cantata*.

Lady *Wrang.* O! by all means; pray oblige us, Sir.

Wit. Immediately, Madam: but all things in order: firſt give me leave to regale the good Company with a ſmall Craſh of Inſtrument.

Lady *Wran.* As you pleaſe, Sir.

Wit. Hey! Signior *Carbonelli! Vi Piace d'intrare?*

[*The Muſic enter.*

Lady *Wrang.* Mr. *Granger*, won't you pleaſe to ſit?

Sir *Gilb.* Ay, ay, come, Gentlemen; but in earneſt, does this Puppy really pretend to ſing?

Fran. Much as he pretends to Wit, Sir; He can make a Noiſe at leaſt.

Sir *Gilb.* But the Whelp has no Voice.

Fran. O! Sir, that's out of faſhion: Your beſt Maſters ſeldom have any.

Sir *Gilb.* Then I would not give a Fig for their Muſic, Sir; I would as lief ſee a Cripple dance? But let's hear what the Fiddles can do. [*They play a* Sonata.] Well! and what! we are to ſuppoſe this is very fine now, ha!

Fran. No doubt on't, Sir! at leaſt it will not be ſafe to ſay the contrary.

Sir *Gilb.* Well! well! for a quiet Life then, very fine let it be: but I wiſh I could hear a *Lancaſhire* Hornpipe for all that.

Lady *Wrang.* Come, dear Sir, no more Apologies.

[*To* Witling.

Gran. See, Sir, Mr. *Witling* is going to entertain us.

Sir *Gilb.* Ay! that muſt be rare Stuff indeed.

Wit. Upon my Life, Madam, I have no more Voice than a Kettle-drum; beſide, this is for a Treble, and out of my Compaſs.

Char. O! no matter; feign it, dear Mr. *Witling!*

Wit. I would fain oblige you, Madam; but yet, methinks, nothing done, to pleaſe you, ſhould be feign'd neither, Madam.

Fran. Hah! he would fain be witty, I ſee; but don't

trouble

trouble yourself, Madam, he has as much mind to sing as you have to hear him: Tho', Heaven knows, his Voice is like his Modesty, utterly forced; Nature has nothing to do with either of them.

Wit. Whatever my Modesty is, dear *Tom*, thy Uneasiness I am sure is natural; that comes from thy Heart, I dare answer for it. Ha! ha! ha!

Fran. O thou happy Rogue!

Wit. But, Madam, if I sing, you shall promise me to dance then.

Char. O! any Composition; I'll do it with all my Heart.

Lady *Wrang.* But the Words first; dear Sir, read them out.

Wit. Well, Ladies, since you must have it——

Sir *Gilb.* He is a cursed while about it, methinks——

Wit. You must know, then this *Cantata* is of a different Species from the Passion generally express'd in our modern Operas; for there you see your Lover usually approaches the Fair Lady with Sighs, Tears, Torments, and Dying: Now here, I shew you the way of making Love like a Pretty Fellow; that is, like a Man of Sense, all Life and Gaiety——As for Example.

Char. Pray mind.

Wit. [*Reading.*]

Thus to a pensive Swain,
Who long had low'd in vain,
Thyrsis *the secret Arts*
Of gaining Hearts
From cold Disdain,
To his despairing Friend imparts.

Wit. So far Recitative——Now for the Air——A hum! hum!

Soph. Don't you think, Mr *Granger*, that the double Dative Cases of——*to a pensive Swain, to his despairing Friend*, almost reduce this to Nonsense?

Gran. Juſtly obſerv'd, Madam; but you know, Nonſenſe and Harmony are reconcil'd of late.

Wit. *Would you woo her*
With Succeſs?
Up to her,
Purſue her,
With Life and Addreſs.
If Gay,
Shew her Play;
If colder,
Be bolder:

Now ſeize her,
And teize her,
And kiſs her,
And pleaſe her,
Till ripe for the Joy.

You warm her,
Alarm her,
Diſarm her,
You charm her,
I warrant thee, Boy.

Part II.

But to pine and languiſh,
Or ſigh your Anguiſh
To the Air,
Is fruitleſs Pain,
Endur'd in vain:
Silent Woes and Looks of Care,
Will never, never win the Fair.

End with the firſt Strain.

Wit. Ah you little Rogue. [*To* Charlotte.

Lady *Wrang.* Infinitely pretty! Nothing ſure was ever ſo muſical.

Char. Sing it, ſing it, dear Mr. *Witling*; I am on Tiptoe to hear it.

Wit. Well, Madam, if you can bear it in a Falſetto.

[*He ſings.*

Char.

Char. *O Caro! Caro!*

Wit. *Anima mia*——

Soph. [*To* Gran.] How happy are the Self-conceited! and yet, if he had not ſung now, this Wretch's Folly and Ignorance had been leſs conſpicuous.

Gran. Right, Madam, but you know a Man muſt have Variety of Parts to make an accompliſh'd Coxcomb.

Soph. I ſcarce think Poetry is more abus'd than Muſic, by its vain Pretenders.

Gran. And yet it is hard to ſay, Madam, whether thoſe Pretenders, or the falſe taſte of our modern Admirers, have more contributed to the Abuſe of either.

Wit. But come, Madam, now your Promiſe; your Airs only [*To* Char.] can give a *Bonne Bouche* to our Entertainment.

Char. Well; ſince I gave my Word, I'll uſe no Ceremony.

Soph. What! more Folly? I grow tir'd: Shall we walk into my Library? there we may raiſe our Thoughts.

Gran. You charm me, Madam; I thirſt, methinks, for a clear Draught of *Helicon*.

Soph. Take no leave but follow me.

[*Exeunt* Soph. *and* Gran.

Wit. E ben Sonate. [Charlotte *dances.*] *Eh! Viva! viva!* All Enchantment, Madam; no ten thouſand Angels ever came up to it.

Lady *Wrang.* It cannot be deny'd but *Charlotte* has an external Genius, ſhe wants no perſonal Acquiſitions but 'tis great pity the Application they have coſt her, was not laid out upon the Improvement of her Underſtanding.

Wit. O! pardon me, Madam; as long as there is a good Underſtanding between her and me, what's matter which of us has it, you know.

Sir *Gilb.* Ay, but there's the Queſtion, which of you 'tis that has it: for if one of you has it, I am ſure two will never come together.

Fran. Well ſaid! at him, Sir. [*Aſide.*

Wit. Look you, Sir *Gilbert*; you may fancy your fair Daughter and I are a Couple of Fools, if you pleaſe; but

if

if one of us had not been wiser than her Father, we could never have had a Right to come together, in Spite of his teeth; that's certain: Ha! ha! ha!

Lady Wrang. Pardon me, Mr. *Witling*; you underrate your Merit: for you had been sure of my Consent without your Contract.

Wit. Ay, Madam, that was only a foolish Modesty, that I could not shake off; therefore I hope you will excuse me, if I durst not think Merit alone was a sufficient Bait to bob Sir *Gilbert* out of his Consent! Ha! ha!

Sir *Gilb.* You are a very merry Grig, Sir; but have a care you are not bobb'd yourself: Stay till you win, before you laugh; for you are not yet married, I presume.

Wit. Why no, nor you have not supp'd yet; yet I hold Gold to Silver, we both eat before we sleep.

Sir *Gilb.* Why! dost thou think the Girl is in haste to marry thee to-night!

Wit. I don't say that neither: But, Sir, as long as I have a sufficient Deposit of the Lady's Inclinations, to answer for the rest of her Premises, you will give me leave not to be afraid of her looking out for a new Chap in the mean time, Sir.

Sir *Gilb.* A Deposit! why wouldst thou persuade me the Girl can be Fool enough to like thee?

Wit. I-gad, I don't know how 'tis, but she has Wit enough, it seems, to make me think so——but if you won't take my Word, let her answer for herself.

Sir *Gilb.* Ay, that I should be glad to hear.

Wit. Ha! ha! I-gad this is a pleasant Question indeed——Madam, are not you willing, (as soon as the Church-Books can be open) to make a Transfer of your whole Stock of Beauty, for the conjugal Uses of your humble Servant?

Char. Indeed, Papa, I won't suppose that can be a Question.

Wit. A Hum! your humble Servant, Sir.

Char. Beside, are not you oblig'd to sign a further Deed of Consent to Mr. *Witling*?

Sir

Sir *Gilb.* Yes, Child; but the same Deed reserves to you a right of Refusal, as well as to him.

Char. That I understand, Sir; and there's one Person witness for whom I have reserv'd that Right of Refusal. [*Pointing to* Fran.

Wit. Your humble Servant, again, Sir; ha! ha! ha!

Lady *Wrang.* I am amaz'd, Mr. *Wrangle*, you could think she could be under the least Difficulty in the Choice.

Fran. And yet, Madam, there are very innocent Ladies, that have made a Difficulty of changing their Inclinations in half an Hour.

Lady *Wrang.* A Woman of strict Virtue, Sir, ought to have no Inclinations at all: or, if any, those only of being obedient to the Will of her Parents.

Wit. O! let him alone, Madam; the more he rails, the more I shall laugh, depend upon't: the Pain of a Rival is the pleasantest Game in the World: his wishing me at the Devil, is just the same thing as if he wish'd me Joy! ha! ha!

Sir *Gilb.* Well, Sir, all I shall say, is, that if the Girl has Common Sense, thy Contract must still be good for nothing.

Wit. Right! and if you had had Common Sense, I am sure you would never have made it; not but to do you Justice, Sir *Gilbert*, I must own you have Wit in your way too, though it's of a very odd Turn, I grant you.

Sir *Gilb.* Sir, I disown my Pretensions to any, if ever you had Sense enough to find it out.

Wit. Sure you forget, my dear Sir *Gil.* Don't you remember once I did find it out? Did not I slyly catch you in St. *What-de-callum's* Church-yard, with your Table book, taking dead People's Names from the Tombstones, to fill up your List of your third Subscription that you might be sure of those that would never come to claim it? and then pretended to all your Friends you were full? There, at least, you had more Wit to keep People out, than any Man living had to get in: for I grant you, your List was dead sure! ha! ha! ha!

Sir

Sir *Gilb.* Why, ay, this nonſenſical Story now paſſes for Wit, I warrant among your Cockade and Velvet Sparks at *Garraway's*; but much good may do you with your Jeſt, as long as we have your Money among us: I believe it will be no hard Matter to bite moſt of your ſoft Heads off before it be long; and if you drive on as you ſeem to do, we ſhall make bold to ſet ſome of you down where we took you up, odſheartlikins.

Wit. Nay, I grant you, to do your own Buſineſs, you muſt do other Peoples too; but if all the young Fellows of Dreſs and Pleaſure would follow me, I would undertake to lead you a Dance for all that.

Sir *Gilb.* And, pray, what would you have them do?

Wit. Why? do, as you do, nothing that you pretend to do: or do as I did, every thing as you whiſper'd me not to do. I minded what your Broker *did*, not what you *ſaid*, my Dear! and if every Gentleman would but buy, when you adviſe him to ſell; or ſell when you adviſe him to buy, 'twould be impoſſible to go out of the way: Why! 'tis as plain a Road, Man, as from *Hide-Park* Corner to *Kenſington*.

Sir *Gilb.* Sir, you take a great deal of Liberty with my Character; inſomuch, that I muſt tell you, I am not ſure I won't pay the Forfeit of my Contract, rather than part with my Daughter to a Coxcomb——and ſo take it as you will.

Lady *Wrang.* Mr. *Wrangle!* what do you mean by this Brutality?

Fran. Mr. *Witling*, Madam, will take nothing ill, that I think fit to juſtify I am ſure.

Wit. No, faith! you need not fear it; I'll marry before I'll fight, depend upon't. Ha! ha!

Lady *Wrang.* Mr. *Witling*, I beg you come away this Moment——I'll undertake to do your Merit Juſtice. I'll ſee who dares pretend to govern in this Family beſide myſelf, *Charlotte*, give him your Hand—Come, Sir—

[*Exit* Lady *Wrang.*

Wit. I am all Obedience, Madam—your humble Servant, Mr. *Frankly*——*Would you woo her*——

[*Exit ſinging with* Charlotte.

Fran.

Fran. Admirably well done, Sir! you have work'd his Insolence to rare Order. Now, if you can but ſtand it out as ſtoutly with my Lady, our Buſineſs is done.

Sir *Gilb.* If!——Will you ſtand by me?

Fran. Will you give me your Authority, Sir, to handle her roundly, and make her know who ought to be her Maſter.

Sir *Gilb.* My Authority! ay, and Thanks into the Bargain——come, along, I'll ſend for the Lawyer now——Mr. *Frankly*, my Blood riſes at her, ſhe ſhall find I'll vindicate the Honour of the City, and, from this Moment, demoliſh her Petticoat Government.

Fran. Well ſaid; I'll warrant you, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Sir Gilbert *and* Frankly.

Sir *Gilb.* MY dear *Frankly*, I could not reſt till I had thee alone again; thou haſt gain'd upon me for ever: your vindicating the Huſband's Authority, and taking my Wife a Peg lower before my Face, has tickled my Fancy to that Degree, that, odzooks! I could wiſh in my Heart thou hadſt been married to her.

Fran. O! I ſhould be loth to have robb'd you, Sir, of that Happineſs.

Sir *Gilb.* A hum! you are right, you are right; I did not think of that indeed: Well! it's a very odd thing now, that a Wife will ſooner be kept under by any Man than her Husband: Why the Duce can't I govern her ſo?

Fran. There's no great Secret in the matter, Sir; for take any Couple in *Chriſtendom*, you will certainly find, that the more troubleſome of the two is always Head of the Family.

Sir *Gilb.* By my troth, I believe you are right; and ſince the War is begun, I'll make a fair Puſh for't. I am reſolv'd now to thwart her in every thing; and if *Granger* has but Wit enough to talk *Sophronia* into her

Senſes; that is, if he can but convince her that ſhe is Fleſh and blood, and born to breed, like other Women; Nookſs! he ſhall marry her immediately; I'll plague her Ladyſhip that way too.

Fran. That way! O! ay, it's true: for I think I have heard you ſay, Sir, that if either of your Daughters die unmarried, my Lady is to inherit their Fortunes.

Sir *Gilb.* Ay, ay; there the Shoe pinches, Man; ſhe would be as much an Enemy to *Granger*, as ſhe is to you, if ſhe could in the leaſt ſuſpect he would ever make any thing of it with *Sophronia*.

Fran. And, if I don't miſtake, Sir, *Granger* is in fair Way there too; for, to my Knowledge, he has been lock'd up with her this half Hour, here in her Library.

Sir *Gilb.* The Dickens!

Fran. Did not you obſerve them to ſteal off together juſt after the Muſic?

Sir *Gilb.* I wonder'd, indeed, what was become of them; by the Lord *Harry*, I am glad of it——I muſt have a Peep at them [*Goes to the Key-hole.*] Odſo! they are juſt a coming forth.

Fran. We had beſt be out of the Way then, that we may not diſturb them.

Sir *Gilb.* No, no, I'll warrant you: Pr'ythee let us ſtand behind this Skreen and obſerve what paſſes.

Fran. Quick! quickly then; here they come.

[*They retire.*

Enter Granger *with* Sophronia.

Soph. O *Granger!* ſtill preſerve this Purity,
And my whole Soul will open to receive thee:
Forget, like me, thy Sex, how ſweetly may
We paſs our Days in rational Deſire!
Thou ſeeſt, I own, without a Bluſh, my Love,
For Bluſhes only riſe from guilty Flames;
When Conſcience driven, reluctant to the Crime,
Leaps to the Face, and marks the Cheek with Shame:
But the chaſte Heart ſublim'd by purer Fires,
Knowing no conſcious Fear, Reſerve, or Guile,
Gives, with unbounded Frankneſs, all its Store,
And only bluſhes that it gives no more.

Gran.

Gran. Hear this ye bright immortal Choirs above,
And own that human Souls, like you, can love.

Sir *Gilb.* Heyday! this is downright Love in a Tragedy! Well! he's a comical Thief.

Fran. Hush! let him go on, Sir.

Soph. Can you forgive the tedious Baniſhment,
Which my Diſtruſt and Dread impos'd on you?

Gran. Can I reproach you for ſo juſt, ſo kind
A Fear? While thro' the general Race of Man,
A ſenſual and infectious Paſſion rages,
Giving, from Sex to Sex, the mortal Tainture;
Can I complain, if, to preſerve yourſelf
From the Contagion, you've perhaps enjoin'd
The Healthy to perform his Quarantine?
But landing thus, upon my native Soil,
I leave my Sufferings paſt behind, and think
The preſent now is all that's left of Time,
Or worth my Care.

Soph. Bluſh! bluſh! ye baſe degenerate World,
That boaſt the Bliſs of groſs connubial Love:
Can you wear human Forms, yet ſee the prone,
The Brute Creation, equal your Deſires?
Had you or Souls or Senſe refin'd, you'd form
Your Wiſhes worthy your ſuperior Being;
Curb, with Imperial Reaſon, lawleſs Nature,
And reach like us, the Joys of Love Seraphic.

Gran. O Harmony of Heart! O ſpotleſs Paſſion!
Here, on this Hand, the Altar of my Vows,
I offer up my purer Part, my Soul
To thine, and ſwear inviolable——

—*Soph.* ——————Hold!
Paſſions, like ours, no formal Vows require;
For Vows ſuppoſe Diſtruſt, or faithleſs Love,
The frail Security of ſenſual Flames;
But where the Pure, with the Pure Soul unites,
The ſimple Hand, thus given, and receiv'd, ſuffices.

Gran. Let then this Hand my ſpotleſs Heart reſign.

Soph. Thus in Exchange I blend my Soul with thine.

Sir *Gilb.* So! they are got to Hand and Heart already, but now, now, for a Touch at the reſt of her Premiſes.

Fran.

Fran. Nay, dear Sir, be eaſy.

Sir *Gilb.* Well! well! I will.

Soph. And now, no more *Sophronia*, but thy Friend;
Be both my Name and Sex from hence forgotten.

Gran. No:
Let me remember ſtill that thou art fair;
For were there no Temptation in thy Beauty,
Where were the Merit of ſuch hard Reſiſtance?
Indeed, my Friend, 'tis hard! 'tis hard Reſiſtance!
The Organs of my Sight, my Ear, my Feeling,
As I am made of human Mold, in ſpite
Of me, exert their Functions, and are pleas'd;
I view thee with Delight, I hear with Tranſport,
And thy Touch——is Rapture——

Soph. How fares my Friend?

Gran. Like the poor Wretch that parches in a Fever,
With fatal Thirſt, yet begs for preſent Eaſe
To drink, and die——

Soph. From whence this new Diſorder?

Gran. Tell me, *Sophronia*, is my Virtue blameful,
Becauſe my Senſes act as Nature bids them?
Am I in Fault, if the ſharp Winter's Froſt
Can chill my Limbs, or Summer's Sun will ſcorch them?
What Matter can reſiſt the Elements?
Rivers will freeze, and ſolid Mountains burn;
What Bodies will not change?—Thus the tall Oak——
' Though from our meaner Flames ſecure,
' Muſt that, which falls from Heaven, endure.

Soph. Where has he learn'd this Art of unoffending Flattery? [*Aſide.*

Gran. Canſt thou reproach me then, if while thy Beauties
With ſuch a Blaze of Charms invade my Senſe,
My human Heart's not Proof againſt their Pow'r?

Soph. Reproach thee! No; Bodies are but the Shells,
Or Huts that cover in the Soul, and are
Like other Fabrics, ſubject to Miſchance:
The Cells of Hermits may be ſir'd; but none
Reproach the Wretch that ſuffers by the Flame.

Gran. O *Sophronia!* canſt thou forgive me then

That

That my material Droſs thus burns before thee?
That my whole Frame thus kindles at thy Beauty?
And even warms my Soul with fond Deſire?
Like an impatient Child it languiſhes,
And pines for Wants unknown, it ſighs, it pants,
To be indulg'd upon thy friendly Boſom,
To fold thee in my tender Arms, to talk,
And gaze, with mutual ſoft Benevolence
Of Eyes, as Giving were our only Pleaſure.

Sir *Gilb.* Adod! I believe he's in Earneſt, he makes me half in love to hear him.

Soph. Is it poſſible? Can then
Such Softneſs mingle with corporeal Paſſion? [*Aſart.*

Gran. But while the Soul alone is ſuffer'd to
Poſſeſs, and bars my mortal Part from Joy;
My poor repining Senſes murmur at
Their Fate, and call thy Purity unjuſt,
To ſtarve the Body, while the Mind knows Plenty,
Yet, like a Churl, engroſſes whole the Feaſt.
My Senſes claim a Share from Nature's Law;
They think, with a more melting Softneſs, they
Could love, and e'en inform the Soul with Rapture.

Sir *Gilb.* Ay, now! we begin to work her.

Gran. Conſider then, as part of me, thy Friend,
Thy Friend may ſure be truſted with your Pity!
O! relieve them! give me ſome Sign at leaſt,
One kind Embrace, or a chaſte Siſter's Kiſs,
In certain Proof that thou art ſtill my Friend,
That yet thou hat'ſt me not—I aſk no more,

Soph. Pignora certa petis? do Pignora certa—Timendo.

Gran. Does then thy Fear alone refuſe me? O *Sophronia!*
Why, why muſt Virtue be this Foe to Nature?
Why ſet our Senſes with our Souls at Variance,
As Heav'n had form'd thee Fair—to kill thy Friend.

Soph. What means my throbbing Heart? O Virtue! now!
Now ſave me from unequal Nature's Power!
Now guard me from myſelf—And hide my Shame!

Gran. Muſt I then periſh? will my Friend forſake me?

Soph. O *Granger!* I am loſt!—thou haſt undone me?
I am fallen, and thou wilt hate me now.

Gran.

Gran. O *Sophronia!*

Soph. ——Lend me thy Arm, support me!
The melting Plaints have ſtole upon my Heart,
And ſoften me to Wiſhes never known before.

Gran. O the tumultuous Joy! [*She ſinks into his Arms.*

Sir *Gilb.* Ah! dead! dead! We have her Boy! we have her.

Gran. See how ſhe pants!
How, like a wounded Dove, ſhe beats her Wings,
And trembling hovers to her Mate for Succour.
O the dear Confuſion! Awake, *Sophronia!*
Now wake to new and unconceiv'd Delights,
Which ſaint Philoſophy could never reach,
Which Nature gave thee Charms to taſte and give.

Soph. O! I could wiſh, methinks, for ev'ry Power,
That might have Charms for thee: Thy Words,
Like *Hybla* Drops, diſtil upon my Senſe,
And I could hear thee talk for ever.

Gran. O be but thus for ever kind, thy Eyes
Will find new Subjects for eternal Talk,
And everlaſting Love: Bluſh not, my Fair,
That thou art kind: thy Heart has only paid
To Love the Tribute due from Nature's whole Creation:
For Wiſdom to his Power oppos'd, is Folly:
Hear how the *Britiſh Virgil* ſings his Sway;

'Thus every Creature, and of every Kind,
'The ſecret Joys of mutual Paſſion find;
'Not only Man's Imperial Race, but they
'That wing the liquid Air, or ſwim the Sea,
'Or haunt the Deſert, ruſh into the Flame:
'For Love is Lord of all, and is in All the ſame.

[*Exeunt* Gran. *and* Soph.

Sir *Gilb.* O rare Philoſophy! O fine Philoſophy! dainty Philoſophy! ho! [*Singing.*

Fran. Ha! ha! ha! that muſt be a pleaſant ſort of Philoſophy indeed, Sir, that pretends to be wiſer than Nature. *Platonic* Love is a mere Philoſopher's Stone; when different Sexes once come to lay their Heads together about it, the Projection's ſure to fly *in Fumo*.

Sir *Gilb. Fumo!* ay, I warrant you. A handſome Wench, that

that ſhuts herſelf up two or three Hours with a young Fellow, only out of Friendſhip, is making a hopeful Experiment in Natural Philoſophy indeed——Why it's juſt like ſpreading a Bag of Gunpowder before a great Fire, only to dry it; Ha! ha! ha!

Fran. Right, Sir,——It puts me in mind of the *Iriſh* Soldier, who, to ſteal Powder out of a full Barrel, cunningly bored a Hole in it with a red hot Poker.

Sir *Gilb.* Ah! very good! ha! ha! ha! As you ſay, it's hard luck indeed, that her firſt Touch of his Hand ſhould blow up all the reſt of her Body.

Fran. But to do her juſtice, Sir, ſhe was not won without a good deal of Art neither: A plain Battery of Love would have done nothing upon her; you ſee, he was forced to ſap her with his Self-Reproaches, and put it all upon the Point of her Compaſſion to his Senſes.

Sir *Gilb.* Nay, the Toad did worm her nicely, that I muſt needs ſay.

Fran. Ha! ha! ha! what a rare Welcome too this News will have with my Lady; how ſhe will fume at the Diſappointment?

Sir *Gilb.* Nay, I have nothing to do with that, you know; this was none of my doing: let every Tub ſtand upon its own Bottom; I ſhall e'en leave her Ladyſhip to his Management: All I can promiſe him, is, not to hinder the Matter.

Fran. That's all he will deſire, I dare ſay, Sir: be you but as paſſive in his Affair as mine, I'll warrant we will find Courage enough between us to maintain our Pretenſions.

Sir *Gilb.* Ay! there you are right again; ſtick to your Stuff, Boys: and if I don't ſtand by you, may I be Cock of the hen-peck'd Corporation as long as I live.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's Mr. *Delay* the Lawyer.

Sir *Gilb.* Odſo! that's well! Now, Mr. *Frankly*——

Fran. I believe, Sir, you had beſt keep him out of my Lady's ſight, till Matters are ripe for Execution.

Sir

Sir *Gilb.* You are right, you are right ——— I say no more, I'll do it. [*Exit Sir* Gilb.

Fran. So! thus far we ſtand fair; we have nothing now to combat but my Lady; and *Grange*'s Succeſs with *Sophronia*, at this time, will naturally ſtrengthen our Alliance againſt her: As for my Friend *Witling*, his own Aſſurance and Vanity will partly do his Buſineſs—But however, in the mean while, it will not be amiſs to keep him warm and ripe for our Deſign——*A Propos!* here he comes.

Enter Witling.

Wit. Ha! ha! ha! Dear *Tom!* I am glad I have found thee, Faith! I have a Favour to beg of thee.

Fran. Why then, I am glad you have found me too ——becauſe, I believe, I ſhall grant it.

Wit. Ha! ha! what crabb'd ſtill, my Dear! but I come to thee from a fair Lady, Child; and 'tis for her ſake I am going to be obliged to thee.

Fran. I am glad of that too: A Woman of Senſe I warrant her, by her ſending thee on a Fool's Errand.

Wit. Ay, but my Dear! the Errand happens to be hers now; and ſo thou haſt civilly put the Fool upon the Woman of Senſe: Good again! one of thy old Blunders, *Tom!* for, I think thou haſt but curſed Luck in making thy way to the Women.

Fran. When you tell me the Lady you come from, I ſhall be better able to gueſs, whether ſhe takes me or you for a Fool.

Wit. Suppoſe then it were from a Lady, *Tom*, that deſigns to take either you or me for a Huſband? What doſt thou think of my little *Charlotte*, my dear *Tommy?*

Fran. Why, if ſhe takes thee for a Huſband, I ſhall think her a Fool; and if I ſhould take thee for a Wit, ſhe would think me a Fool: But by her ſending thee to aſk a Favour of me, it's a ſign ſhe thinks thee a Fool.

Wit. Ha! ha! a very pretty parcel of croſs Purpoſes, a Fool and Wit, and Wit and Fool; and ſhe, and thee, and me! What? art thou playing at Huſtle cap with thy

thy Words, Child! Thou doſt not expect I ſhould take all thy Jingle Jumble for Wit, doſt thou?

Fran. No faith! if it be Wit, I expect thou ſhouldſt not take it.

Wit. With all my Heart! Come, come it ſhall be Wit then; I will miſtake it for once——But to Buſineſs——the fair Lady, my dear *Tom*.

Fran. Ay, what of her?

Wit. Why, poor Soul, ſhe deſir'd me to come to you, and——

Fran. And leave her to better Company, ha!

Wit. Look you, *Tom*, I know Lovers ought to have leave to ſpeak, and therefore, at preſent, you ſhall have all the Wit to yourſelf, my Dear: but don't be uneaſy at my Happineſs, dear *Tom*; for to tell you the truth, the Creature is ſo curſed fond of me, that ſhe begins to grow troubleſom already. Ha! ha! ha!

Fran. Why don't you make yourſelf eaſy then, and give her up to me?

Wit. No, no; I muſt not break the poor Fool's Heart neither: for you muſt know, ſhe is in a terrible Taking about me.

Fran. How ſo, Sir?

Wit. Why ſhe ſaid, juſt now, ſhe was afraid to marry me ſo ſoon as to-night upon thy account.

Fran. Good! then there may be hopes ſhe will not marry thee upon any account.

Wit. No, don't flatter thyſelf neither, my dear *Tommy*; for her Concern at the bottom was all upon my account.

Fran. How does that appear?

Wit. Why you know, ſays ſhe, after all, poor *Frankly* has ſome ſort of Pretenſions to me; I don't know how it was, ſays ſhe; but ſome way or other he got in with my Father: ſo I durſt not wholly diſcourage his Addreſſes. Now *Frankly*'s of a ſurly Temper, ſays ſhe; and, if I ſhould marry you in the Heat of his Diſappointment, he may ſay or do ſome raſh thing upon't: And I know, ſays ſhe, *Mr. Witling*, you are violent in your Nature too; and if Matters ſhould riſe to a Quarrel,

rel, no body knows where the Miſchief may end; the World will certainly lay it all at my door——I ſhould be the miſerableſt Creature alive——therefore I beg you, ſays ſhe, go to him from me, and try to make an amicable End of the Buſineſs; and the Moment poor *Frankly*'s made eaſy, ſays ſhe, I'll marry you the next Hour, without any Reſerve in the whole World.

Fran. Why then, without any Reſerve in the whole World, pray tell the Lady, that ſhe may depend upon it I am certainly eaſy——becauſe I am ſure ſhe impoſes upon you.

Wit. Impoſe upon me, Child! ha! ha! that's pleaſant enough, ha! ha!

Fran. That is, ſhe lets you impoſe upon yourſelf, which is the ſame thing.

Wit. That may be, *Tom*; but the Devil take me if I can find it out: But however, I am mighty glad you do, becauſe then I am ſure, as long as you are eaſy, you can't take it ill, if I ſhould burſt my Ribs with laughing at your Fancy.

Fran. O! not in the leaſt! and to increaſe your Mirth, Sir, I will be farther bold to tell you, ſhe has as hearty a Contempt for you, if poſſible, as I have.

Wit. Good again! Ha! ha! ha!

Fran. Thou art a thing ſo below all human Conſideration, thou haſt not wherewithal to give a *Spaniard* Jealouſy.

Wit. Ah! poor *Tom*, if thou didſt but know all now! Ha! ha!

Fran. But to think thyſelf agreeable to her, thou muſt have Impudence of a *French* Harlequin.

Wit. Ah! dear *Tom*, thou charm'ſt me! for ſince I find thou art not, in the leaſt uneaſy at her Engagement with me, to tell thee the truth, I have nothing elſe at preſent that can poſſibly retard my Happineſs.

Fran. Why then, Sir, be as happy as you deſerve; and pray let the Lady know, as to any Favour ſhe deſigns you, I am in perfect Peace of Mind and Tranquility.

Wit. And you really give me leave to tell her ſo?

Fran.

Fran. Tell her, I am more eaſy than ſhe herſelf will be, when ſhe has married you.

Wit. Why then, periſh me, if thou art not one of the beſt-bred Rivals in the whole World! Ha! ha! And here ſhe comes, faith, to thank thee for her part of the Conſolation. Ha! ha!

Fran. Ha! ha!

Enter Charlotte.

Char. So, Gentlemen, I am glad to find you in ſuch good Humour.

Wit. O! Madam, the deareſt Friends in the World: I have obey'd your Commands, and here's honeſt *Tom* is ſo far from being uneaſy at our Marriage, that I-gad I can't get him to believe it will ever come to any thing.

Char. O! as to that, Mr. *Frankly* may think as he pleaſes; but if he is not uneaſy upon your account, that's all I pretend to deſire of him.

Wit. No, no, honeſt *Tom* will give us no trouble, depend upon't.

Fran. Not I, upon my Honour, Madam; for though I might be provok'd to cut any other Man's Throat, that ſhould pretend to you, yet the Value I have for Mr. *Witling*, ſecures him from my leaſt Reſentment.

Wit. Look you there, Madam! you ſee your Fears are all over; I don't find we have any thing to do now, but to ſend for the Parſon.

Char. Ay, but I don't well underſtand him; for he ſeems to be neither jealous of your Merit, nor my Inclination: and that I can ſcarce think poſſible.

Fran. You may, upon my Soul, Madam: for I have ſo juſt a Senſe of both, that if it had not been in regard to your Father's Contract, I am convinced you would never have endured the ſight of him.

Wit. Ah! poor *Tom!* he has much ado to ſmother it.

Apart.

Char. Very pretty! ſo you think that my admitting his Addreſſes is mere Grimace, and that I am all this while taking pains only to deceive Mr. *Witling*.

Fran. Alas! you need not do that, Madam; he takes

ſo

ſo much to deceive himſelf, he really gives you no trouble about it.

Wit. You ſee, Child, we may put any thing upon him.

Char. Right! you take it as I could wiſh! Let me alone with him. And ſo, Sir, you really expect I ſhould be pleaſed with your having this free Opinion of my Conduct?

Fran. I muſt be pleaſed with every thing you undertake in my Favour, Madam.

Wit. How vain the Rogue is too! [*Aſide.*

Char. I am amaz'd! but how naturally a Coxcomb ſhews himſelf. [*Aſide.*

Wit. Ay, that's when he is in your Hands, Madam; Ha! ha! I-gad ſhe plays him nicely off. [*Aſide.*

Char. After this, one ſhould wonder at nothing! Nay, there are ſome Fools, I ſee, whoſe Vanity is ſo far from being offenſive, that they become diverting even to a Rival.

Fran. Mr. *Witling* is always entertaining, Madam.

Wit. Hah! Prodigious! I-gad he thinks you mean me all this while. Ha! ha! ha! [*Apart.*

Char. Well, ſure there never was ſo bright a Coxcomb! [*Apart.*

Wit. I-gad I'll humour him: Ha! ha! [*Apart.*

Char. By all means, you will make him ſhine to a Miracle. [*Apart.*

Wit. Why then, periſh me, *Tom*, if ever I was ſo well diverted at a *French* Comedy. [*Shakes his Hand.*

Fran. That may very well be, Sir; for Fools are apt to be fond of their own Parts. [*Shakes* Witling's *Hand.*

Char. Ha! ha!

Wit. Ay! ſo they are, the Devil take me; for, I ſee, there's no beating thee out of thine.

Fran. How ſhould I be out, when you play all the Scene yourſelf!

Wit. No, no, *Tom*, I only laugh all; but 'tis your Part that makes me, *Child*.

Fran. Right! If you did not laugh, where the Devil ſhould the Jeſt be?

Wit. Why then, you ſee, I do the Fool Juſtice, *Tom*, Ha! ha!

Fran.

Fran. Ay, the Devil take me, doſt thou; I never ſaw him better acted.

Wit. Ah! but you don't know, my Dear, that to make a Coxcomb ſhine, requires a little more Wit than thou art aware of.

Fran. I know that he, who has leaſt Wit of us two, has enough to do that, my Dear.

Wit. Ay! that is when a Coxcomb ſhews himſelf, *Tom.*

Fran. Nay, in that I grant no Mortal can come up to thee.

Wit. Hah! hah! hah! O! dear Rogue, I muſt kiſs thee.

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

Enter Lady Wrangle.

Lady *Wrang.* Your Servant, your Servant, good People: Whence all this mighty Mirth, pray?

Wit. O! Madam, here has been ſuch a Scene! ſuch Hit and Daſh upon one another: in ſhort, ſuch Brightneſs o'both ſides, the Full Moon, in a froſty Night, never came up to it.

Char. I muſt needs ſay, I never ſaw Mr. *Witling* ſhine ſo before.

Fran. No, Madam? why, he always talks like a Lunatic, as you now may judge by his *Similies*—

Wit. Ah! poor *Tom!* thy Wit indeed is, like the Light of the Moon, none of thy own: If I don't miſtake, my Dear, I was forced to ſhine upon thee, before thou wert able to make one Reflection.

Fran. There you are once in the right; for I certainly could not have laugh'd, if you had not given me a hearty Occaſion.

Wit. Ay, but the Cream of the Jeſt is, *Tom*, that at the ſame time I really gave thee no Occaſion at all.

Fran. Right again, my Dear; for your not knowing that, is the only Jeſt that's worth laughing at.

Both. Ha! ha! ha!

Lady *Wrang.* This muſt be ſome extraordinary Miſtake indeed; for I have no Notion that Mr. *Frankly* and you can have reaſon to laugh upon the ſame Occaſion.

Wit. Why, Faith! the Occaſion is a little extraordinary;

dinary; for you muſt know, Madam, that amongſt *Tom* and I here, are both going to be married to this Lady.

Lady *Wrang.* Both!

Wit. Ay both, Madam; for, it ſeems, ſhe has not been able to convince us, that either of us muſt go without her.

Lady *Wrang.* That's ſo like Mr. *Frankly*'s Vanity, that can't think his Miſtreſs loſt, tho' he ſees her juſt falling into the Arms of his Rival.

Fran. My Vanity and yours, Madam, are much upon a foot; tho' I think you happen'd to be firſt cur'd of it.

Lady *Wrang.* What do you mean, Sir?

Fran. That by this time you are convinced I was never in love with your Ladyſhip.

Lady *Wrang.* I am convinced that a very little Trouble would have made you ſo.

Fran. It muſt have been a good deal more than it coſt me, to make you believe ſo.

Lady *Wrang.* If you have ſtill Hopes of marrying *Charlotte*, Sir, I don't wonder at your believing any thing. Ha! ha! ha!

Fran. Laugh when you ſee me deſpair, Madam.

Lady *Wrang.* I need not ſtay for that, your Hope is ridiculous enough; and I laugh, becauſe you can't ſee.

Fran. Yes, yes, I can ſee, Madam; I have ſeen all this Day what 'tis you drive at: In ſhort, Madam, you have no mind that either of Sir *Gilbert*'s Daughters ſhould marry; becauſe if they die Maids, you have ſecured the Chance of ſucceeding to their Fortunes.

Lady *Wrang.* Ay, do make the World believe that, if you can: Perſuade Mr. *Witling* that I have no mind *Charlotte* ſhould marry him.

Fran. What Mr. *Witling* thinks, is out of the queſtion, Madam; but you are ſure that ſhe never deſigns to marry him: ſo that your ſetting up his Pretenſions is not with the leaſt View of doing him good, but of doing me harm; or rather, that while you manage the Diſpute well on both ſides, neither of us may have her.

Lady *Wrang.* He has gueſs'd the Secret; but that ſhall not hinder my Proceeding. You are in the right

to

to hope as long as you can, Sir; but I presume you don't do it from my Friendship, nor Mr. *Wrangle*'s Consent, or *Charlette*'s Inclination.

Fran. Be what it will, Madam, it has a better Foundation, than your Hope of succeeding either to her's or *Sophronia*'s Fortune: For shall I tell you another Secret, Madam? *Sophronia* is going to be married to *Granger*; so that you are equally like to be disappointed there too.

Lady *Wrang.* *Sophronia* married!

Fran. Ay, ay, married, Madam; wedded bedded, made a mere Wife of: 'tis not half an Hour ago since I saw her sink, and melt into his Bosom, with all the yielding Fondness of a Milk-maid.

Lady *Wrang.* *Sophronia* do this?

Fran. *Sophronia*, Madam; nay, Sir *Gilbert* was at the same time, a secret Witness of all; and was glad, glad of it, Madam: and to my certain Knowledge, resolves, that *Granger* shall marry her instantly: And so, Madam, all that fantastic Fort Philosophy, that you have been building in her Brains for seven Years together, is (with one honest Attack of mere Flesh and Blood) fairly demolished and brought to nothing.

Lady *Wrang.* I'll not believe it, I know your Ears deceiv'd you; he might perhaps transport her, but never to a sensual Thought.

Fran. Oons! Madam, I tell you, I heard and saw it all; myself saw her sighing, blushing, panting in his Arms, with mortal, sensual, amorous Desire: All her romantic Pride reduced, and humoled to the Obedience of that universal Monarch of Mankind, Love, Madam; plain, naked, natural Love, Love, Madam.

Lady *Wrang.* I am confounded! If this be true, his Triumph is insupportable. [*Aside.*] Ha! what do I see!

Enter Granger *leading* Sophronia.

Fran. Dear *Granger*, I congratulate thy Happiness!

Gran. My Happiness indeed! for till I was victorious, I knew not half the Value of my Conquest.

Fran. [*To* Soph.] Give me then leave to hope, Madam, that our former Difference is forgot; since the more

more elevated Paſſion of my Friend has now convinc'd me of my own Unworthineſs.

Soph. I cannot diſavow my tendereſt Senſe of *Granger's* Merit, give it what Name you pleaſe; I own 'tis ſomething ——*Quod nequeo dicere, & ſentio tantùm:* But am proud that Love alone, unaſſiſted by Philoſophy, could never have ſubdu'd me.

Lady *Wrang.* Is it poſſible! By your Leave, Madam.

[*She breaks through the Company, and takes* Soph. *apart.*

Fran. Heyday! what's to do now?

Gran. O *Frankly!* I have ſuch a melting Scene to tell thee!

Fran. You may ſpare yourſelf the Trouble, Sir *Gilbert* and I over-heard every Word of it— *Aſide.* But I allow you an Artiſt.

Gran. Was it not very whimſical?

Fran. Huſh!

Lady *Wrang.* [*To* Soph.] Look in my Face——full upon me.

Soph. Why that ſevere Look, Madam?

Lady *Wrang.* To make you bluſh at your Apoſtaſy.

Soph. Converts to Truth are no Apoſtates, Madam.

Lady *Wrang.* Is this your Self-denial! This your Diſtaſte of odious Man?

Soph. Madam, I have conſider'd well my Female State, and am now a Proſelyte to that Philoſophy, which ſays,

Nature makes nought in vain.

Lady *Wrang.* What's then become of your *Platonic* Syſtem?

Soph. Diſſolved, evaporated, impracticable, and fallacious all: You'll own I have labour'd in the Experiment, but found at laſt, that to try Gold in a Crucible of Virgin-Wax, was a mere Female Folly.

Lady *Wrang.* But how durſt you, Madam, entertain a Thought of Marriage without acquainting me?

Soph. Madam, I am now under this Gentleman's Protection; and from henceforth, think my Actions only cognizable to him.

Lady

Lady *Wrang.* Very fine!

Fran. Ay, ay, Madam, 'tis but fretting your Spleen to no purpoſe; you have no Right to diſpoſe of either of thoſe Ladies: Sir *Gilbert*'s Conſent is what we depend upon; and as far as that can go, we ſhall make bold to inſiſt upon them both, Madam: and ſo you may as well put your Paſſion in your Pocket, Madam.

Lady *Wrang.* Inſupportable! [*Walks in Anger.*

Wit. Ha! ha! well ſaid, *Tommy!* What, art thou crack-brain'd ſtill, my Dear? How the Devil didſt thou come by Sir *Gill*'s Conſent! What! he has not mortgag'd it twice over, has he? but if he has, with all my Heart; I fancy we ſhall find a Way to make his firſt Deed ſtand good however; and that, I am ſure, I have here ſafe in my Pocket, Child.

Fran. O that ſhall be try'd preſently, Sir; and here he comes with the Lawyer for the Purpoſe.

Enter Sir Gilbert, *with a Lawyer.*

Lady *Wrang.* Mr. *Wrangle*, what do you mean by this Uſage? How dare you affront me thus?

Sir *Gilb.* I affront you! my Lady.

Lady *Wrang.* Ay, Sir, by bringing theſe Royſters here, to inſult me in my own Family.

Sir *Gilb. Frankly*——ſtand by me.

Gran. Royſters! Madam.

Lady *Wrang* Sir, I am not ſpeaking to you——I ſay, Mr. *Wrangle*, how dare you do this?

Sir *Gilb.* Do, Madam! I don't do any thing, not I; if the Gentlemen have done any Harm, you had beſt talk to them; I believe they have both Tongues in their Heads, and will be able to anſwer you.

Fran. Ay, ay, Madam, if you have receiv'd any Injury from either of us, we are the proper Perſons to talk with you.

Lady *Wrang.* What! will you ſtand by, and tamely ſee me abus'd in my own Houſe?

Sir *Gilb.* Odzines, Madam, don't abuſe yourſelf; the Gentlemen are civil Gentlemen, and Men of Honour;

but if you don't know how to behave yourſelf to them, that's none of their Fault.

Lady *Wrang.* Prodigious! behave myſelf! do you preſume to teach me, you rude illiterate Monſter?

Sir *Gilb.* Hold her faſt, pray, Gentlemen.

Gran. [*Interpoſing.*] Come, come, be compoſed, Madam, conſider how theſe violent Emotions diſhonour your Philoſophy.

Sir *Gilb.* Ay, Madam, if you are a Philoſopher, now let's ſee a Sample of it.

Lady *Wrang.* Yes, Sir, I'll give you one Inſtance of it immediately; before you ſtir out of this Room, I'll make you do Juſtice to this Gentleman, I'll make you keep your Contract, Sir.

Sir *Gilb.* Why, Madam, you need not be in a Paſſion about that; I don't deſign any other, I'll do him Juſtice immediately.

Lady *Wrang.* O! will you ſo?——come then, where's the Deed, Sir?

Wit. A hum! your humble Servant! how doſt thou do now, my little *Tommy?*

Fran. I'll tell you preſently, Sir.

Wit. Ha! ha! I-gad thou art reſolved to die hard, I find.

Law. Here, Madam, this is the Deed; there is nothing wanting but the Blanks to be fill'd up with the Bridegroom's Name: Pray which is the Gentleman?

Lady *Wrang.* Here, Sir, this is he——put in *William Witling*, Eſq;

Sir *Gilb.* Hold, Madam, two Words to that Bargain, that is not the Gentleman I have reſolv'd upon.

Lady *Wrang.* Come, come, Mr. *Wrangle*, don't be a Fool, I ſay.

Sir *Gilb.* And pray, Madam, don't you pretend to be wiſer than I am.

Lady *Wrang.* What ſtupid Fetch have you got in your Head now?

Wit. Heyday? what time of the Moon is this? Why have not I your Contract here in my Hand, Sir *Gilbert?*

Sir

Sir *Gilb.* With all my Heart, make your beſt on't; I'll pay the Penalty, and what have you to ſay now? And ſo, Sir, [*To the Lawyer.*] I ſay put me in *Thomas Frankly*, Eſq;

Lady *Wrang.* Mr. *Wrangle!* don't provoke me! do you know that the Penalty of your refuſing Mr. *Witling*, is above ſix and twenty thouſand Pound Difference, Sir?

Sir *Gilb.* Yes, Madam; but to let you ſee that I am not the Fool you take me for, neither; there's that will ſecure me againſt paying a Farthing of it.

[*Sir* Gilb. *ſhews a Bond.*

Lady *Wrang.* What do yo mean?

Sir *Gilb.* Why that this, Madam, is a Joint-Bond from Mr. *Granger* and *Frankly*, to indemnify me from all Demands, Coſts, and Conſequences of Mr. *Witling*'s Contract. [*Lady* Wrang. *peruſes the Bond.*

Char. Now, Mr. *Witling*, you ſee upon what a ſhallow Foundation *Frankly* built all his Vanity and Aſſurance—but, poor Man! he did not conſider it was ſtill in my Power to marry you, tho' you had no Contract at all with my Father.

Wit. Right, my pretty Soul! I ſuppoſe he thought the Merit and frank Air of this Bond, forſooth, would have made you cock-ſure to him; but I'll let him ſee preſently, that I know how to pay a handſom Compliment to a fair Lady, as well as himſelf: I-gad, I will bite his Head off.

Char. Ay, do, Mr. *Witling*, you touch my Heart with the very Thought of it.

Wit. Ah! you charming Devil!

Lady *Wrang.* [*To Sir* Gilbert.] Is this then your Expedient? Is this your ſordid way of evading all Right and Juſtice? Go! you vile Scandal to the Board you ſit at; but you ſhall find that I have a ſuperior Senſe of Honour. And thus! thus! thus! I'll force you to be juſt. [*Tears the Bond.*

Fran. Confuſion!

Sir *Gilb.* Oons! Madam! what do you mean by this Outrage?

Lady *Wrang.* Now where's your Security? where is

your vile Evaſion now, Sir? what Trick? what Shift have you now to ſave you?

Sir *Gilb. Frankly*——ſtand by me.

Fran. Was ever ſuch a Devil?

Gran. Fear nothing——I'll warrant you——come, Sir, don't be diſhearten'd, your Security ſhall be renew'd to your Content: Let the Lawyer draw it up this Inſtant, and I give my Word of Honour to ſign it over again before all this Company.

Sir *Gilb.* Say'ſt thou ſo, my Lad; why then, odſheartlikins——*Frankly*, ſtand by me.

Fran. Generous *Granger!*

Lady *Wrang.* Let the Lawyer draw up any ſuch thing in my Houſe if he dares.

Gran. Nay, then, Madam I'll ſee who dares moleſt him.

Fran. I-gad, whoever does, ſhall have more than one to deal with.

Sir *Gilb.* Well ſaid, ſtand your Ground——write away, Man. [*To the Lawyer.*

Char. Now, Mr. *Witling.*

Wit. Nay, nay, if that's your Play, Gentlemen——come, come, I'll ſhew you a ſhorter way to make an end of this matter——and to let you ſee you are all in the wrong Box, and that now I am ſecure of the Lady's Inclination, I think it a Diſhonour to her Beauty to make uſe of any other Advantage, than the naked Merit of her humble Servant. There, Sir *Gilbert*, there's your Contract back again, tear it, cancel it, or light your Pipe with it——And Madam——

[*To* Charlotte.

Char. Ay now, Mr. *Witling*, you have made me the happieſt Creature living! And now, Mr. *Lawyer*——

Wit. Ay now, Gentlemen——

Char. Put in *Thomas Frankly*, Eſq;

Wit. Fire and Brimſtone!

Fran. Ay now, Mr. *Witling*——

Sir *Gilb.* Odſheart in with him——

Lady *Wrang.* Come, come, Mr. *Wrangle*——

Sir *Gilb.* Oons! Wife, be quiet——

Lady

Lady *Wrang.* Wife! What, am I abus'd! insulted then!

Sir *Gilb.* Ah *Charlotte!* let me hug thee! and buss thee! and bless thee to death! But here, Hussy! here's a pair of Lips that will make better Work with thee!

Wit. Bit, by the Powers!

Char. Nay, don't say that of me, Mr. *Witling*; 'twas even all your own doing: for you can't reproach me with having once told you I ever loved, or liked you: How then could you think of marrying me?

Wit. Not reproach you, Madam? Oons and Death! Did you not as good as——

Fran. Hold, Sir, when you speak to my Wife, I must beg you to soften the Tone of your Voice a little.

Wit. Heyday! what a Pox, must not Lovers have leave to speak neither?

Fran. No, no, my dear *Billy*, thou art no Lover at all; for you have made your Call, you see——and now have fairly had your Refusal too.

Wit. Ha! ha! that's pleasantly said however, I-gad! I can't help laughing at a good Thing though, tho' I am half ready to hang myself.

Fran. Nay then, *Witling*, henceforth I'll allow thee a Man of Parts, tho' at the same time you must grant me, there are no Fools like your Wits? But since thou hast Wit enough to laugh at thyself, I think nobody else ought to do it.

Wit. Why then, dear *Tom*, I give you Joy: for to say the truth, I believe I was a little over-hasty in this matter: But, as thou say'st, he that has not Wit enough to find himself sometimes a Fool, is in danger of being Fool enough, to have nobody think him a Wit but himself.

Fran. [*To* Lady *Wrang.*] And now, Madam, were it but possible to deserve your Pardon.

Lady *Wrang.* I see you know my Weakness——Submission must prevail upon a generous Nature——I forgive you.

Sir *Gilb.* Why, that's well said of all sides: And now you are part of my Family, Gentlemen, I'll tell you a Secret that concerns your Fortunes——Hark you——

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in one word——ſell——ſell out as faſt as you can: for (among Friends) the Game's up——aſk no Queſtions——but, I tell you, the Jeſt is over——but Money down! (dy'e obſerve me) Money down! don't meddle for Time: for the Time's a coming, when thoſe that buy will not be able to pay; and ſo the Devil take the hindmoſt, and Heaven bleſs you all together.

Gran. And now, *Sophronia*, ſet we forward to the promis'd Land of Love.

Soph. *In vain, againſt the Force of Nature's Law,*
Would rigid Morals keep our Hearts in awe;
All our loſt Labours of the Brain but prove,
In Life there's no Philoſophy like Love.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

THE Time is come the Roman *Bard foretold,*
A Brazen Year succeeds an Age of Gold;
An Age——
When ſpecious Books were open'd for Undoing,
And Engliſh *Hands, in Crouds ſubſcrib'd their Ruin.*
Some Months ago, who ever could ſuppoſe,
A Gooſequil Race of Rulers ſhould have roſe,
T'have made the warlike Britons *groan beneath their Blows?*
Evils, that never yet beheld the Sun,
To foreign-Arms, or Civil Jars, unknown,
Theſe trembling Miſcreants, by their Wiles have done.
Thus the fierce Lion, whom no Force could foil,
By Village-Curs is baited in the Toil.
Forgive the Muſe then, if her Scenes were laid
Before your fair Poſſeſſions were betray'd;
She took the ſlitting Form as Fame than ran,
While a Director *ſeem'd an honeſt Man:*
But were ſhe from his preſent Form to take him,
What a huge gorging Monſter muſt ſhe make him?
How would his Paunch with Golden Ruin ſwell?
Whole Families devouring at a Meal?
What motley Humour in a Scene might flow,
Were we theſe Upſtarts in their Arts to ſhow?
When their high Betters at their Gates have waited,
And all to beg the Favour to be Cheated;
Even that Favour, (or they're by Fame bely'd)
To raiſe the Value of the Cheat, deny'd.
And while Sir John *was airing on his Prancers,*
He'as left his Cookmaid to give Peers their Anſwers.
Then Clerks in Berlins, *purchas'd by their Cheats,*
That ſplaſh their walking Betters in the Streets.

EPILOGUE.

And while, by Fraud, their native Country's sold,
Cry, Drive, you Dog, and give your Horses Gold:
Even Jews *no Bounds of Luxury refrain,*
But boil their Chriſtian Hams in pure Champaign.
Till then, the Guilty, that have caus'd theſe Times,
Feel a ſuperior Cenſure for their Crimes,
Let all, whoſe Wrongs the Face of Mirth can bear,
Enjoy the Muſes Vengeance on them here.

THE

THE PROVOK'D HUSBAND; OR, A JOURNEY *to* LONDON.

A COMEDY.

——Vivit Tanquam Vicina Mariti. Juv. Sat. VI.

TO THE
QUEEN.

May it please Your Majesty,

THE *English Theatre* throws itself, with this Play, at Your MAJESTY's Feet, for Favour and Support.

As their Public Diversions are a strong Indication of the Genius of a People; the following Scenes are an Attempt to establish such, as are fit to entertain the Minds of a sensible Nation; and to wipe off that Aspersion of Barbarity, which the *Virtuosi* among our Neighbours have sometimes thrown upon our Taste.

The *Provok'd Husband*, is, at least, an Instance, that an *English* Comedy may, to an unusual number of Days, bring many Thousands of His Majesty's good Subjects together, to their Emolument and Delight, with Innocence. And however little Share of that Merit my unequal Pen may pretend to, yet I hope the just Admirers of Sir *John Vanbrugh* will allow I have, at worst, been a careful Guardian of his Orphan Muse, by leading it into Your Majesty's royal Protection.

The Design of this Play being chiefly to expose, and reform the licentious Irregularities that, too often break in upon the Peace and Happiness of the married State; Where could so hazardous and unpopular an Undertaking be secure, but in the Protection of a PRINCESS, whose exemplary conjugal Virtues have given such illustrious Proof, of what sublime Felicity that holy State is capable?

And

DEDICATION.

And though a Crown is no certain Title to Content; yet to the Honour of that Inſtitution be it ſaid, the royal Harmony of Hearts that now inchants us from the Throne, is a Reproach to the frequent Diſquiet of thoſe many inſenſible Subjects about it, (who, from His Majeſty's paternal Care of his People) have more leiſure to be happy: And 'tis our QUEEN's peculiar Glory, that we often ſee her as eminently rais'd above her Circle, in private Happineſs, as in Dignity.

Yet Heaven, MADAM, that has placed You on ſuch Height, to be the more conſpicuous Pattern of your Sex, had ſtill left your Happineſs imperfect, had it not given thoſe ineſtimable Treaſures of your Mind, and Perſon, to the only Prince on Earth, that could have deſerved them: A Crown receiv'd from any, but the happy Monarch's Hand, who inveſted you with this, which You now adorn, had only ſeem'd the Work of *Fortune:* But *Thus* beſtow'd, the World acknowledges it the due Reward of PROVIDENCE, for one You once ſo gloriouſly refus'd.

But as the Fame of ſuch elevated Virtue has lifted the plain Addreſſes of a whole Nation into Eloquence, the beſt repeated Eulogiums on that Theme, are but Intruſions on your Majeſty's greater Pleaſure of ſecretly deſerving them. I therefore beg leave to ſubſcribe myſelf,

May it pleaſe Your MAJESTY,

Your Majeſty's moſt devoted,
moſt obedient, and
moſt humble Servant,

COLLEY CIBBER.

TO

TO THE

READER.

HAVING taken upon me in the Prologue to this Play, to give the Auditors ſome ſhort Account of that Part of it which Sir *John Vanbrugh* left unfiniſh'd, and not thinking it adviſable, in that Place, to limit their Judgment by ſo high a Commendation as I thought it deſerv'd; I have therefore, for the Satisfaction of the Curious, printed the whole of what he wrote, ſeparately, under the ſingle Title he gave it, of *A Journey to London*, without preſuming to alter a Line.

Yet when I own, that in my laſt Converſation with him, (which chiefly turn'd upon what he had done towards a Comedy) he excus'd his not ſhewing it me, 'till he had review'd it, confeſſing the Scenes were yet undigeſted, too long, and irregular, particularly in the lower Characters, I have but one excuſe for publiſhing, what he never deſign'd ſhould come into the World, as it then was, *viz.* I had no other way of taking thoſe many Faults to *myſelf*, which may be juſtly found in my preſuming to finiſh it.

However, a judicious Reader will find in his Original Papers, that the Characters are ſtrongly drawn, new, ſpirited, and natural, taken from ſenſible Obſervations on high and lower Life, and from a juſt Indignation at the Follies in faſhion. All I could gather from him of what he intended in the *Cataſtrophe*, was, that the Conduct of his imaginary fine Lady had ſo provok'd him, that he deſign'd actually to have made her Husband turn her out of his Doors. But when his Perfor-

mance

mance came, after his Decease, to my Hands, I thought such violent Measures, however just they might be in real Life, were too severe for Comedy, and would want the proper Surprise, which is due to the End of a Play. Therefore with much ado (and 'twas as much as I could do with Probability) I preserv'd the Lady's Chastity, that the Sense of her Errors might make a Reconciliation not impracticable; and I hope the Mitigation of her Sentence has been since justified by its Success.

My Inclination to preserve as much as possible of Sir *John*, I soon saw had drawn the whole into an unusual length; the Reader will therefore find here a Scene or two of the Lower Humour, that were left out after the first Day's Presentation.

The Favour the Town has shewn to the higher Characters in this Play, is a Proof, that their Taste is not wholly vitiated, by the barbarous Entertainments that have been so expensively set off to corrupt it: But, while the Repetition of the best old Plays is apt to give Satiety, and good new ones so scarce a Commodity, we must not wonder, that the poor Actors are sometimes forced to trade in Trash for a Livelihood.

I cannot yet take leave of the Reader, without endeavouring to do Justice to those principal Actors, who have so evidently contributed to the Support of this Comedy: And I wish I could separate the Praises due to them, from the secret Vanity of an Author: For all I can say will still insinuate, that they could not have so highly excell'd, unless the Skill of the Writer had given them proper Occasion. However, as I had rather appear vain, than unthankful, I will venture to say of Mr. *Wilks*, that in the last Act, I never saw any Passion take so natural a Possession of an Actor, or any Actor take so tender a Possession of his Auditors——— Mr. *Mills* too, is confess'd by every Body, to have surpriz'd them, by so far excelling himself——— But there is no doing Right to Mrs. *Oldfield*, without putting People in mind of what others, of great Merit, have wanted, to come near her——— 'Tis not enough to say, she *Here Out-did* her usual *Excellence*. I might therefore justly

leave

leave her to the conſtant Admiration of thoſe Spectators, who have the Pleaſure of living while ſhe is an Actreſs. But as this is not the only time ſhe has been the Life of what I have given the Public, ſo perhaps my ſaying a little more of ſo memorable an Actreſs, may give this Play a Chance to be read, when the People of this Age ſhall be Anceſtors——May it therefore give Emulation to our Succeſſors of the Stage, to know, That to the ending of the Year 1727, a Cotemporary Comedian relates, that Mrs. *Oldfield* was, then, in her higheſt Excellence of Action, happy in all the rearly-found Requiſites, that meet in one Perſon to complete them for the Stage——She was in Stature juſt riſing to that Height, where the *Graceful* can only begin to ſhew itſelf; of a lively Aſpect, and a Command in her Mein, that like the principal Figure in the fineſt Paintings, firſt ſeizes, and longeſt delights the Eye of the Spectators. Her Voice was ſweet, ſtrong, piercing, and melodious: her Pronunciation voluble, diſtinct, and muſical; and her Emphaſis always placed where the Spirit of the Senſe, in her Periods, only demanded it. If She delighted more in the Higher Comic, than in the Tragic Strain, 'twas becauſe the laſt is too often written in a lofty diſregard of Nature. But in Characters of modern practis'd Life, ſhe found Occaſions to add the particular Air and Manner which diſtinguiſh'd the different Humours ſhe preſented. Whereas in Tragedy, the Manner of Speaking varies, as little, as the blank Verſe it is written in ——She had one peculiar Happineſs from Nature, ſhe look'd and maintain'd the *Agreeable* at a Time, when other fine Women only raiſe Admirers by their Underſtanding——The Spectator was always as much informed by her Eyes, as her Elocution; for the Look is the only Proof that an Actor rightly conceives what he utters, there being ſcarce an Inſtance, where the Eyes do their Part, that the Elocution is known to be faulty: The Qualities ſhe had *acquired*, were the *Genteel* and the *Elegant*. The one in her Air, and the other in her Dreſs, never had her Equal on the Stage; and the Ornaments ſhe herſelf provided (particularly in this Play)

Play) ſeem'd in all reſpects the *Paraphernalia* of a Woman of Quality. And of that Sort were the Characters ſhe chiefly excelled in; but her natural good Senſe and lively Turn of Converſation made her Way ſo eaſy to Ladies of the higheſt Rank, that it is a leſs Wonder, if on the Stage ſhe ſometimes *was*, what might have become the fineſt Woman in real Life to have ſupported.

Theatre-Royal,
Jan. 27,
$172\frac{7}{8}$

C. CIBBER.

PRO-

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. *Wilks*.

THIS Play took Birth from Principles of Truth,
To make amends for Errors paſt, of Youth.
A Bard, that's now no more, in riper Days,
Conſcious review'd the Licence of his Plays:
And though Applauſe his wanton Muſe had fed,
Himſelf condemn'd what ſenſual Minds admir'd.
At length, he own'd, that Plays ſhould let you ſee
Not only What you are, but ought to be;
Though Vice was natural, 'twas never meant,
The Stage ſhould ſhew it, but for Puniſhment!
Warm with that Thought, his Muſe once more took Flame,
Reſolv'd to bring licentious Life to Shame.
Such was the Piece his lateſt Pen deſign'd,
But left no Traces of his Plan behind.
Luxuriant Scenes, unprun'd or half contriv'd;
Yet, through the Maſs, his native Fire ſurviv'd:
Rough, as rich Ore, in Mines the Treaſure lay,
Yet ſtill 'twas rich, and forms at length a Play.
In which the bold Compiler boaſts no Merit,
But that his Pains have ſav'd your Scenes of Spirit.
Not Scenes, that would a noiſy Joy impart,
But ſuch as huſh the Mind and warm the Heart.
From Praiſe of Hands no ſure Account he draws,
But fixt Attention is ſincere Applauſe:
If then (for hard, you'll own the Taſk) his Art
Can to thoſe Embryon-Scenes new Life impart,
The Living proudly would exclude his Lays,
And to the buried Bard reſigns the Praiſe.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN

Lord *Townly*, of a Regular Life,	Mr. *Wilks*.
Mr. *Manly*, an Admirer of Lady *Grace*,	Mr. *Mills*, ſen.
Sir *Francis Wrongheaд*, A Country Gentleman,	Mr. *Cibber*, ſen.
Squire *Richard*, his Son, a mere Whelp,	Young *Wetherelt*.
Count *Baſſet*, a Gameſter,	Mr. *Bridgwater*.
John Moody, Servant to Sir *Francis*, an honeſt Clown,	Mr. *Miller*.

WOMEN.

Lady *Townly*, immoderate in her Purſuit of Pleaſures,	Mrs. *Oldfield*.
Lady *Grace*, Siſter to Lord *Townly*, of Exemplary Virtue,	Mrs. *Porter*.
Lady *Wrongheaд*, Wife to Sir *Francis*, inclin'd to be a fine Lady,	Mrs. *Thurmond*.
Miſs *Jenny* her Daughter, pert and forward,	Mrs. *Moore*.
Mrs. *Motherly*, one that lets Lodgings,	Mrs. *Creſs*.
Myrtilla, her Niece, ſeduc'd by the Count,	Mrs. *Grace*.
Mrs. *Truſty*, Lady *Townly*'s Woman,	Mrs. *Mills*.

Maſqueraders, Conſtable, Servants, &c.

The SCENE *Lord* Townly's *Houſe, and ſometimes Sir* Francis's *Lodgings.*

THE

THE PROVOK'D HUSBAND; OR, *A* JOURNEY *to* LONDON.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Lord* Townly's *Apartment.*

Lord Townly *ſolus.*

WHY did I marry!——Was it not evident, my plain, rational Scheme of Life was impracticable, with a Woman of ſo different a way of thinking?——Is there one Article of it, that ſhe has not broke in upon?——Yes,——let me do her Juſtice——her Reputation——That——I have no Reaſon to believe is in Queſtion——But then how long her profligate Courſe of Pleaſures may make her able to keep it——is a ſhocking Queſtion! and her Preſumption while ſhe keeps it——inſupportable! for on the Pride of that ſingle Virtue ſhe ſeems to lay it down, as a fundamental Point, that the free Indulgence of every other Vice, this fertile Town affords, is the Birth-right Prerogative of a Woman of Quality——Amazing! that a Creature ſo warm in the Purſuit of her Pleaſures, ſhould never caſt one Thought towards her Happineſs——Thus, while ſhe admits

mits no Lover, she thinks it a greater Merit still, in her Chastity not to care for her Husband; and while she herself is solacing in one continual Round of Cards and good Company, He, poor Wretch! is left at large, to take care of his own Contentment———'Tis time, indeed, some Care were taken, and speedily there shall be ——Yet let me not be rash——Perhaps this Disappointment of my Heart may make me too impatient; and some Tempers, when reproach'd, grow more untractable. ——Here she comes——Let me be calm a while.

Enter Lady Townly.

Going out so soon after Dinner, Madam?

Lady *Town.* Lard, my Lord! what can I possibly do at Home?

Lord *Town.* What does my Sister, Lady *Grace*, do at Home?

Lady *Town.* Why, that is to me amazing! Have you ever any Pleasure at Home!

Lord *Town.* It might be in your Power, Madam, I confess, to make it a little more comfortable to me.

Lady *Town.* Comfortable! and so, my good Lord, you would really have a Woman of my Rank and Spirit, stay at Home to comfort her Husband! Lord! what Notions of Life some Men have?

Lord *Town.* Don't you think, Madam, some Ladies Notions are full as extravagant?

Lady *Town.* Yes, my Lord, when the tame Doves live coop'd within the Penn of your Precepts, I do think 'em prodigious indeed!

Lord *Town.* And when they fly wild about this Town, Madam, pray what must the World think of 'em then?

Lady *Town.* Oh! this World is not so ill bred as to quarrel with any Woman for liking it.

Lord *Town.* Nor am I, Madam, a Husband so ill-bred, as to bear my Wife's being so fond of it; in short, the Life you lead, Madam——

Lady *Town.* Is, to me, the pleasantest Life in the World.

Lord *Town.* I should not dispute your Taste, Madam, if a Woman had a Right to please no body but herself.

Lady *Town.*

Lady *Town*. Why, whom would you have her pleaſe?

Lord *Town*. Sometimes her Husband.

Lady *Town*. And don't you think a Husband under the ſame Obligation?

Lord *Town*. Certainly.

Lady *Town*. Why then we are agreed, my Lord—— For if I never go abroad, 'till I am weary of being at home——which you know is the Caſe——is it not equally reaſonable, not to come home 'till one's weary of being abroad!

Lord *Town*. If this be your Rule of Life, Madam, 'tis time to ask you one ſerious Queſtion?

Lady *Town*. Don't let it be long a coming then—— for I am in haſte.

Lord *Town*. Madam, when I am ſerious, I expect a ſerious Anſwer.

Lady *Town*. Before I know the Queſtion?

Lord *Town*. Pſhah——have I Power, Madam, to make you ſerious by Intreaty.

Lady *Town*. You have.

Lord *Town*. And you promiſe to anſwer me ſincerely?

Lady *Town*. Sincerely.

Lord *Town*. Now then recollect your Thoughts, and tell me ſeriouſly, why you married me?

Lady *Town*. You inſiſt upon Truth, you ſay?

Lord *Town*. I think I have a Right to it.

Lady *Town*. Why then, my Lord, to give you, at once, a Proof of my Obedience and Sincerity—— I think——I married——to take off that Reſtraint, that lay upon my Pleaſures, while I was a ſingle Woman.

Lord *Town*. How, Madam! is any Woman under leſs Reſtraint after Marriage, than before it?

Lady *Town*. O my Lord! my Lord! they are quite different Creatures! Wives have infinite Liberties in Life, that would be terrible in an unmarried Woman to take.

Lord *Town*. Name one.

Lady *Town*. Fifty, if you pleaſe!——to begin then, in the Morning——A married Woman may have Men at her Toilet, invite them to Dinner, appoint them

them a Party, in a Stage Box at the Play; ingroſs the Converſation there, call 'em by their Chriſtian Names; talk louder than the Players;——From thence jaunt into the City——take a frolickſome Supper at an *India* Houſe——perhaps, in her *Gaieté du Cœur* toaſt a pretty Fellow—Then clatter again to this End of the Town, break, with the Morning, into an Aſſembly, crowd to the Hazard-Table, throw a familiar *Levant* upon ſome ſharp lurching Man of Quality, and if he demands his Money, turn it off with a loud Laugh, and cry——you'll owe it him, to vex him! ha! ha!

Lord *Town*. Prodigious! [*Aſide*.

Lady *Town*. Theſe now, my Lord, are ſome few of the many modiſh Amuſements, that diſtinguiſh the Privilege of a Wife, from that of a ſingle Woman.

Lord *Town*. Death! Madam, what Law has made theſe Liberties leſs ſcandalous in a Wife, than in an unmarried Woman?

Lady *Town*. Why, the ſtrongeſt Law in the World, Cuſtom——Cuſtom Time out of Mind, my Lord.

Lord *Town*. Cuſtom, Madam, is the Law of Fools: But it ſhall never govern me.

Lady *Town*. Nay then, my Lord, 'tis time for me to obſerve the Laws of Prudence.

Lord *Town*. I wiſh I could ſee an inſtance of it.

Lady *Town*. You ſhall have one this Moment, my Lord: For I think, when a Man begins to loſe his Temper at Home; if a Woman has any Prudence, why——ſhe'll go abroad 'till he comes to himſelf again. [*Going*.

Lord *Town*. Hold, Madam——I am amaz'd you are not more uneaſy at the Life you lead! You don't want Senſe! and yet ſeem void of all Humanity: For with a Bluſh I ſay it, I think, I have not wanted Love.

Lady *Town*. Oh! don't ſay that, my Lord, if you ſuppoſe I have my Senſes?

Lord *Town*. What is it I have done to you? what can you complain of?

Lady *Town*. Oh! nothing in the leaſt: 'Tis true, you have heard me ſay, I have owed my Lord *Lurcher* an Hundred

Hundred Pound these three Weeks——but what then ——a Husband is not liable to his Wife's Debts of Honour, you know,——and if a silly Woman will be uneasy about Money she can't be su'd for, what's that to him? as long as he loves her, to be sure, she can have nothing to complain of.

Lord *Town*. By Heav'n, if my whole Fortune thrown into your Lap, could make you delight in the chearful Duties of a Wife, I should think myself a Gainer by the Purchase.

Lady *Town*. That is, my Lord, I might receive your whole Estate, provided you were sure I would not spend a Shilling of it.

Lord *Town*. No, Madam; were I Master of your Heart, your Pleasures would be mine; but different, as they are, I'll feed even your Follies to deserve it—— Perhaps you may have some other trifling Debts of Honour abroad, that keep you out of Humour at Home ——at least it shall not be my Fault, if I have not more of your Company——There, there's a Bill of Five Hundred——and now, Madam——

Lady *Town*. And now, my Lord, down to the Ground I thank you—Now am I convinc'd, were I weak enough to love this Man, I should never get a single Guinea from him. [*Aside.*

Lord *Town*. If it be no Offence, Madam——

Lady *Town*. Say what you please, my Lord; I am in that Harmony of Spirits, it is impossible to put me out of Humour.

Lord *Town*. How long in Reason then, do you think that Sum ought to last you?

Lady *Town*. Oh, my dear, dear Lord! now you have spoil'd all again! How is it possible I should answer for an Event, that so utterly depends upon Fortune? But to shew you, that I am more inclin'd to get Money, than to throw it away——I have a strong Possession, that with this five hundred, I shall win five thousand.

Lord *Town*. Madam, if you were to win ten thousand, it would be no Satisfaction to me.

Lady *Town.* O! the Churl! ten thouſand! what! not ſo much as with I might win ten thouſand!——Ten thouſand! O! the charming Sum! what infinite pretty things might a Woman of Spirit do, with ten thouſand Guineas! O' my Conſcience, if ſhe were a Woman of true Spirit—ſhe—ſhe might loſe 'em all again.

Lord *Town.* And I had rather it ſhould be ſo, Madam; provided I could be ſure, that were the laſt you would loſe.

Lady *Town.* Well, my Lord, to let you ſee I deſign to play all the good Houſe-wife I can; I am now going to a Party at *Quadrille*, only to piddle with a little of it, at poor two Guineas a Fiſh, with the Dutcheſs of *Quiteright*. [*Exit Lady* Townly.

Lady *Town.* Inſenſible Creature! neither Reproaches, or Indulgence, Kindneſs, or Severity, can wake her to the leaſt Reflection! Continual Licence has lull'd her into ſuch a Lethargy of Care, that ſhe ſpeaks of her Exceſſes with the ſame eaſy Confidence, as if they were ſo many Virtues. What a turn has her Head taken!——But how to cure it——I am afraid the Phyſic muſt be ſtrong, that reaches her——Lenitives, I ſee, are to no purpoſe——take my Friend's Opinion——*Manly* will ſpeak freely——my Siſter with Tenderneſs to both ſides. They know my Caſe——I'll talk with 'em.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr. *Manly*, my Lord, has ſent to know, if your Lordſhip was at home.

Lord *Town.* They did not deny me?

Serv. No, my Lord.

Lord *Town.* Very well; ſtep up to my Siſter, and ſay, I deſire to ſpeak with her.

Serv. Lady *Grace* is here, my Lord. [*Exit Serv.*

Enter Lady Grace.

Lord *Town.* So, Lady fair; what pretty Weapon have you been killing your Time with!

Lady *Grace.*

Lady *Grace*. A huge Folio, that has almoſt kill'd me—I think I have half read my Eyes out.

Lord *Town*. O! you ſhould not pore ſo much juſt after Dinner, Child.

Lady *Grace*. That's true, but any Body's Thoughts are better than always one's own, you know.

Lord *Town*. Whoſe there?

Enter Servant.

Leave word at the Door, I am at home to no body but Mr. *Manly*.

Lady *Grace*. And why is he excepted, pray, my Lord?

Lord *Town*. I hope, Madam, you have no Objection to his Company?

Lady *Grace*. Your particular Orders, upon my being here, look, indeed, as if you thought I had not.

Lord *Town*. And your Ladyſhip's Enquiry into the Reaſon of thoſe Orders, ſhews at leaſt, it was not a Matter indifferent to you!

Lady *Grace*. Lord! You make the oddeſt Conſtructions, Brother!

Lord *Town*. Look you, my grave Lady *Grace*——in one ſerious Word——I wiſh you had him.

Lady *Grace*. I can't help that.

Lord *Town*. Ha! you can't help it! Ha! ha! ha! The flat Simplicity of that Reply was admirable!

Lady *Grace*. Pooh! you teaze one, Brother!

Lord *Town*. Come, I beg Pardon, Child——this is not a Point, I grant you, to triſle upon; therefore I hope you'll give me leave to be ſerious.

Lady *Grace*. If you deſire it, Brother! though upon my Word, as to Mr. *Manly*'s having any ſerious Thoughts of me——I know nothing of it.

Lord *Town*. Well————there's nothing Wrong, in your making a Doubt of it———But in ſhort, I find, by his Converſation of late, that he has been looking round the World for a Wife; and if you were to look round the World for a Husband, he's the firſt Man I would give to you.

Lady *Grace.* Then, whenever he makes me any Offer, Brother, I will certainly tell you of it.

Lord *Town.* O! that's the laſt thing he'll do; he'll never make you an Offer, 'till he's pretty ſure it won't be refus'd.

Lady *Grace.* Now you make me curious. Pray! did he ever make any Offer of that kind to you?

Lord *Town.* Not directly; but that imports nothing; he is a Man too well acquainted with the Female World, to be brought into a high Opinion of any one Woman, without ſome well-examin'd Proof of her Merit: Yet I have Reaſon to believe, that your good Senſe, your turn of Mind, and your way of Life, have brought him to ſo favourable a one of you, that a few Days will reduce him to talk plainly to me: Which as yet (notwithſtanding our Friendſhip) I have neither declin'd, nor encourag'd him to.

Lady *Grace.* I am mighty glad we are ſo near, in our way of thinking: For to tell you the Truth he is much upon the ſame Terms, with me: You know he has a ſatirical Turn; but never laſhes any Folly, without giving due Encomiums to its oppoſite Virtue: and upon ſuch Occaſions, he is ſometimes particular, in turning his Compliments upon me, which I don't receive, with any reſerve, leſt he ſhould imagine I take them to myſelf.

Lord *Town.* You are right, Child: When a Man of Merit makes his Addreſſes; good Senſe may give him an Anſwer, without Scorn, or Coquettry.

Lady *Grace.* Huſh! he's here——

Enter Mr. Manly.

Man. My Lord! your moſt obedient.

Lord *Town.* Dear *Manly!* yours——I was thinking to ſend to you.

Man. Then, I am glad I am here, my Lord——Lady *Grace,* I kiſs your Hands!——What, only you two! How many Viſits may a Man make, before he falls into ſuch unfaſhionable Company? A Brother and Siſter ſoberly ſitting at home, when the whole Town is

a

a gadding! I queſtion if there is ſo particular a *Tête à Tête*, again, in the whole Pariſh of St. *James*'s!

Lady *Grace*. Fy! fy! Mr. *Manly*; how cenſorious you are?

Man. I had not made the Reflection, Madam, but that I ſaw you an Exception to it—Where's my Lady?

Lord *Town*. That I believe is impoſſible to gueſs.

Man. Then I won't try, my Lord——

Lord *Town*. But, 'tis probable I may hear of her, by that time I have been four or five Hours in Bed.

Man. Now, if that were my Caſe, I believe I ſhould ——But I beg Pardon, my Lord.

Lord *Town*. Indeed, Sir, you ſhall not: You will oblige me, if you ſpeak out; for it was upon this Head, I wanted to ſee you.

Man. Why then, my Lord, ſince you oblige me to proceed——If that were my Caſe——I believe I ſhould certainly ſleep in another Houſe.

Lady *Grace*. How do you mean?

Man. Only a Compliment, Madam.

Lady *Grace*. A Compliment!

Man. Yes, Madam, in rather turning myſelf out of Doors than her.

Lady *Grace*. Don't you think, that would be going too far?

Man. I don't know but it might, Madam; for in ſtrict Juſtice, I think ſhe ought rather to go, than I.

Lady *Grace*. This is new Doctrine, Mr. *Manly*.

Man. As old, Madam, as, *Love*, *Honour*, and *Obey!* When a Woman will ſtop at nothing that's wrong, why ſhould a Man balance any thing that's right.

Lady *Grace*. Bleſs me, but this is fomenting things—

Man. Fomentations, Madam, are ſometimes neceſſary to diſpel Tumours: tho' I don't directly adviſe my Lord to do this——This is only what, upon the ſame Provocation, I would do myſelf.

Lady *Grace*. Ay! ay! You would do! Bachelors Wives, indeed, are finely govern'd.

Man. If the married Mens were as well——I am apt

to think we ſhould not ſee ſo many mutual Plagues taking the Air, in ſeparate Coaches!

Lady *Grace.* Well! but ſuppoſe it your own Caſe; would you part with a Wife, becauſe ſhe now and then ſtays out, in the beſt Company?

Lord *Town.* Well ſaid, Lady *Grace!* come, ſtand up for the Privilege of your Sex! This is like to be a warm Debate! I ſhall edify.

Man. Madam, I think a Wife, after Midnight, has no Occaſion to be in better Company than her Huſband's; and that frequent unreaſonable Hours make the beſt Company——the worſt Company ſhe can fall into.

Lady *Grace.* But if People of Condition are to keep company with one another; how is it poſſible to be done unleſs one conforms to their Hours?

Man. I can't find, that any Woman's good Breeding obliges her to conform to other People's Vices.

Lord *Town.* I doubt, Child, here we are got a little on the wrong ſide of the Queſtion.

Lady *Grace.* Why ſo, my Lord? I can't think the Caſe ſo bad, as Mr. *Manly* ſtates it——People of Quality are not ty'd down to the Rules of thoſe, who have their Fortunes to make.

Man. No People, Madam, are above being ty'd down to ſome Rules, that have Fortunes to loſe.

Lady *Grace.* Pooh! I'm ſure, if you were to take my ſide of the Argument, you would be able to ſay ſomething more for it.

Lord *Town.* Well, what ſay you to that, *Manly?*

Man. Why, 'troth my Lord, I have ſomething to ſay.

Lady *Grace.* Ay! that I ſhould be glad to hear now!

Lord *Town.* Out with it!

Man. Then in one Word, this, my Lord, I have often thought that the Miſ-conduct of my Lady has, in a great Meaſure, been owing to your Lordſhip's Treatment of her.

Lady *Grace.* Bleſs me!

Lord *Town.* My Treatment!

Man. Ay, my Lord, you ſo idoliz'd her before Marriage, that you even indulg'd her, like a Miſtreſs, after it:

it: In ſhort, you continu'd the Lover, when you ſhould have taken up the Huſband.

Lady *Grace.* O frightful! this is worſe than t'other! can a Huſband love a Wife too well!

Man. As eaſy, Madam, as a Wife may love her Husband too little.

Lord *Town.* So! you two are never like to agree, I find.

Lady *Grace.* Don't be poſitive, Brother;—I am afraid we are both of a Mind, already. [*Aſide.*] And do you, at this rate, ever hope to be married, Mr. *Manly?*

Man. Never, Madam; 'till I can meet with a Woman that likes my Doctrine.

Lady *Grace.* 'Tis pity but your Miſtreſs ſhould hear it.

Man. Pity me, Madam, when I marry the Woman that won't hear it.

Lady *Grace.* I think, at leaſt, he can't ſay, that's me. [*Aſide.*

Man. And ſo, my Lord, by giving her more Power than was needful, ſhe has none where ſhe wants it; having ſuch intire Poſſeſſion of you, ſhe is not Miſtreſs of herſelf! And, Mercy on us! how many fine Womens Heads have been turn'd upon the ſame Occaſion!

Lord *Town.* O *Manly!* 'tis too true! there's the Source of my Diſquiet! ſhe knows, and has abus'd her Power! Nay, I am ſtill ſo weak (with ſhame I ſpeak it) 'tis not an Hour ago, that in the midſt of my Impatience—I gave her another Bill for Five Hundred to throw away.

Man. Well—my Lord! to let you ſee I am ſometimes upon the ſide of Good-nature, I won't abſolutely blame you; for the greater your Indulgence, the more you have to reproach her with.

Lady *Grace.* Ay, Mr. *Manly!* here now, I begin to come in with you: Who knows, my Lord, you may have a good Account of your Kindneſs!

Man. That, I am afraid, we had not beſt depend upon: But ſince you have had ſo much Patience, my Lord, even go on with it a Day or two more! and upon her Ladyſhip's next Sally, be a little rounder in your Expoſtulation; if that don't work—drop her ſome cool

Hints of a determin'd Reformation, and leave her—— to breakfaſt upon 'em.

Lord *Town*. You are perfectly right! how valuable is a Friend, in our Anxiety!

Man. Therefore to divert that, my Lord, I beg, for the preſent, we may call another Cauſe.

Lady *Grace*. Ay! for Goodneſs ſake let's have done with this.

Lord *Town*. With all my Heart.

Lady *Grace*. Have you no News abroad, Mr. *Manly?*

Man. *A propos*——I have ſome, Madam; and I believe, my Lord, as extraordinary in its kind——

Lord *Town*. Pray let's have it.

Man. Do you know, that your Country Neighbour, and my wife Kinſman, Sir *Francis Wronghead*, is coming to Town with his whole Family?

Lord *Town*. The Fool! what can be his Buſineſs here?

Man. Oh! of the laſt Importance, I'll aſſure you—No leſs than the Buſineſs of the Nation.

Lord *Town*. Explain!

Man. He has carried his Election——againſt Sir *John Worthland*.

Lord *Town*. The Duce! what! for——for——

Man. The famous Borough of *Guzzledown!*

Lord *Town*. A proper Repreſentative, indeed.

Lady *Grace*. Pray Mr. *Manly*, don't I know him?

Man. You have din'd with him, Madam, when I was laſt down with my Lord, at *Bellmont*.

Lady *Grace*. Was not that he, that got a little merry before Dinner, and overſet the Tea-table, in making his Compliments to my Lady?

Man. The ſame.

Lady *Grace*. Pray what are his Circumſtances? I know but very little of him.

Man. Then he is worth your knowing, I can tell you, Madam. His Eſtate, if clear, I believe, might be a good two thouſand Pounds a Year: Though as it was left him, ſaddled with two Jointures, and two weighty Mortgages upon it, there is no ſaying what it is—But that he might be ſure never to mend it, he married a profuſe

fuſe young Huſſy, for Love, without a penny of Money! Thus having like his brave Anceſtors, provided Heirs for the Family (for his Dove breeds like a tame Pigeon) he now finds Children and Intereſt-Money make ſuch a bawling about his Ears, that, at laſt, he has taken the friendly Advice of his Kinſman, the good Lord *Dangleçurt*, to run his Eſtate two thouſand Pounds more in Debt, to put the whole Management of what's left into *Paul Pillage*'s Hands, that he may be at leiſure himſelf to retrieve his Affairs, by being a Parliament Man.

Lord *Town*. A moſt admirable Scheme indeed!

Man. And with this Politic Proſpect, he's now upon his Journey to *London* ——

Lord *Town*. What can it end in?

Man. Pooh! a Journey into the Country again.

Lord *Town*. Do you think he'll ſtir, 'till his Money's gone? or at leaſt, 'till the Seſſion is over?

Man. If my Intelligence is right, my Lord, he won't ſit long enough to give his Vote for a Turnpike.

Lord *Town*. How ſo?

Man. O! a bitter Buſineſs! he has ſcarce a Vote, in the whole Town, beſide the Returning Officer: Sir *John* will certainly have it heard at the Bar of the Houſe, and ſend him about his Buſineſs again.

Lord *Town*. Then he has made a fine Buſineſs of it indeed.

Man. Which, as far as my little Intereſt will go, ſhall be done in as few Days as poſſible.

Lady *Grace*. But why would you ruin the poor Gentman's Fortune, Mr. *Manly*?

Man. No, Madam, I would only ſpoil his Project, to ſave his Fortune.

Lady *Grace*. How are you concern'd enough, to do either?

Man. Why——I have ſome Obligations to the Family, Madam: I enjoy at this time a pretty Eſtate, which Sir *Francis* was Heir at Law to: But——by his being a Booby; the laſt Will of an obſtinate old Uncle gave it to me.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. [*to* Man.] Sir, here's one of your Servants from your Houſe, deſires to ſpeak with you.

Man. Will you give him leave to come in, my Lord?

Lord *Town.* Sir——the Ceremony's of your own making.

Enter Manly's *Servant*

Man. Well, *James!* what's the Matter now?

James. Sir, here's *John Moody*'s juſt come to Town; he ſays Sir *Francis*, and all the Family, will be here to-night, and is in a great Hurry to ſpeak with you.

Man. Where is he?

James. At our Houſe, Sir: He has been gaping and ſtumping about the Streets, in his dirty Boots, and aſking every one he meets, if they can tell him where he may have a good Lodging for a Parliament-Man, 'till he can hire a handſome whole Houſe, fit for all his Family, for the Winter.

Man. I am afraid, my Lord, I muſt wait upon Mr. *Moody*.

Lord *Town.* Pr'ythee! let's have him here: He will divert us.

Man. O my Lord! he's ſuch a Cub! Not but he's ſo near Common Senſe, that he paſſes for a Wit in the Family.

Lady *Grace.* I beg of all things, we may have him: I am in love with Nature, let her Dreſs be never ſo homely!

Man. Then deſire him to come hither, *James*.

[*Exit* James.

Lady *Grace.* Pray what may be Mr. *Moody*'s Poſt?

Man. Oh! his *Maître d'Hôtel*, his Butler, his Bailiff, his Hind, his Huntſman; and ſometimes——his Companion.

Lord *Town.* It runs in my Head, that the Moment this Knight has ſet him down in the Houſe, he will get up, to give them the earlieſt Proof, of what Importance he is to the Public, in his own Country.

Man.

Man. Yes, and when they have heard him, he will find, that his utmoſt Importance ſtands valued at——— ſometimes being invited to Dinner.

Lady *Grace.* And her Ladyſhip, I ſuppoſe, will make as conſiderable a Figure, in her Sphere too.

Man. That you may depend upon: For (if I don't miſtake) ſhe has ten times more of the Jade in her, than ſhe yet knows of: And ſhe will ſo improve in this rich Soil, in a Month, that ſhe will viſit all the Ladies, that will let her into their Houſes: And run in Debt to all the Shop-keepers that will let her into their Books: In ſhort, before her Important Spouſe has made five Pounds, by his Eloquence, at *Weſtminſter*; ſhe will have loſt five hundred at Dice and *Quadrille*, in the Pariſh of St. *James*'s.

Lord *Town.* So that; by that time he is declared unduly elected, a ſwarm of Duns will be ready for their Money; and his Worſhip——will be ready for a Jail.

Man. Yes, yes, that I reckon will cloſe the Account of this hopeful Journey to *London*——But ſee here comes the Fore-horſe of the Team!

Enter John Moody.

Oh! Honeſt *John!*

John Moody. Ad's waunds, and heart! Meaſter *Manly!* I'm glad I ha' fun ye. Lawd! lawd! give me a Buſs! Why that's friendly naw! Fleſh! I thought we ſhould never ha' got hither! Well! and how d'ye do, Meaſter? ——Good lack! I beg Pardon, for my Bawldneſs——— I did not ſee, 'at his Honour was here.

Lord *Town.* Mr. *Moody*, your Servant: I am glad to ſee you in *London.* I hope all the good Family is well.

John Moody. Thanks be prais'd your Honour, they are all in pretty good Heart; thof we have had a power of Croſſes upo' the Road.

Lady *Grace.* I hope my Lady has had no hurt, Mr. *Moody.*

John Moody. Noa, and pleaſe your Ladyſhip, ſhe was never in better Humour: There's Money enough ſtirring now.

Man. What has been the Matter, *John?*

John Moody. Why, we came up in ſuch a Hurry, you mun think; that our Tackle was not ſo tight as it ſhould be.

Man. Come, tell us all——Pray how do they travel?

John Moody. Why i'the awld Coach, Meaſter, and 'cauſe my Lady loves to do things handſom, to be ſure, ſhe would have a couple of Cart horſe clapt to th' four old Geldings, that Neighbours might ſee ſhe went up to *London* in her Coach and Six! And ſo *Giles Joulter*, the Plowman, rides Poſtilion!

Man. Very well! The Journey ſets out as it ſhould do. [*Aſide.*] What, do they bring all the Children with them too?

John Moody. Noa, noa, only the younk Squoire, and Miſs *Jenny*. The other Poive are all out at board, at half a Crown a Head, a Week, with *John Growſe* at *Smoke-Dunghill* Farm.

Man. Good-again! a right *Engliſh* Academy for younger Children!

John Moody. Anon, Sir. [*Not underſtanding him.*

Lady *Grace.* Poor Souls! what will become of 'em?

John Moody. Nay, nay, for that Matter, Madam, they are in very good Hands: *Joan* loves 'um as thof' they were all her own: For ſhe was Wet Nurſe to every Mother's Babe of 'um——Ay, ay, they'll ne'er want for a Belly-full there!

Lady *Grace.* What Simplicity!

Man. The Lud 'a Mercy upon all good Folks! What Work will theſe People make! [*Holding up his Hands.*

Lord *Town.* And when do you expect them here, *John?*

John Moody. Why we were in hopes to a' come Yeſterday, an' it had no' been, that th' owld Wheazebelly Horſe tyr'd: And then we were ſo cruelly loaden, that the two Fore-Wheels came craſh! down at once, in *Waggon-Rut Lane*, and there we loſt four Hours 'fore we cou'd get things to rights again.

Man. So they bring all their Baggage with the Coach then?

John Moody. Ay, ay, and good Store on't there is——

Why,

Why, my Lady's Geer alone were as much as fill'd four Portmantel Trunks, beſide the great Deal-Box, that heavy *Ralph* and the Monkey ſit upon behind.

Lord *Town*. Lady *Grace*. and *Man*. Ha! ha! ha!

Lady *Grace*. Well, Mr. *Moody*, and pray how many are they within the Coach?

John Moody. Why there's my Lady, and his Worſhip; and the young Squoire, and Miſs *Jenny*, and the fat Lap-Dog, and my Lady's Maid, Mrs. *Handy*, and *Doll Tripe* the Cook, that's all——Only *Doll* puked a little with riding backward, ſo they hoiſted her in o the Coach-Box——And then her Stomach was eaſy.

Lady *Grace*. Oh! I ſee 'em! I ſee 'em go by me. Ah! ha! [*Laughing*.

John Moody. Then you mun think, Meaſter, there was ſome Stowage for the Belly, as well as the Back too; Children are apt to be famiſht upo' the Road; ſo we had ſuch Cargoas of Plump-Cake, and Baſkets of Tongues, and Biſcuits, and Cheeſe, and cold boil'd Beef——And then, in caſe of Sickneſs, Bottles of Cherry Brandy, Plague water, Sack, Tent, and Strong Beer ſo plenty as made the owld Coach crack again! Mercy upon them! and ſend 'em all well to Town, I ſay.

Man. Ay! And well out on't again, *John*.

John Moody. Ods bud! Meaſter, you're a wiſe Man; and for that Matter, ſo am I——Whoam's whoam, I ſay: I'm ſure we ha' got but little Good, e'er ſin' we turn'd our Backs on't. Nothing but Miſchief! Some Devil's Trick or other plagued us, awth' Dey lung! Crack! goes one thing: Bawnce! goes another. Woa, ſays *Roger*——Then ſowſe! we are all ſet faſt in a Slough. Whaw! cries Miſs! Scream go the Maids! and bawl, juſt as thof' they were ſtuck! And ſo Mercy on us! this was the Trade from Morning to Night. But my Lady was in ſuch a murrain haſte to be here, that ſet out ſhe would, thof' I told her, it was *Childermas Day*.

Man. Theſe Ladies, theſe Ladies, *John*——

John Moody. Ah, Meaſter! I ha' ſeen a little of 'em; And I find that the beſt——when ſhe's mended, won't ha' much Goodneſs to ſpare.

Lord

Lord *Town*. Well ſaid, *John*. Ha! ha!

Man. I hope at leaſt, you and your good Woman agree ſtill.

John Moody. Ay! ay! much of a Murchneſs. *Bridget* ſticks to me: Tho' as for her Goodneſs—why, ſhe was willing to come to *London* too———But hawld a Bit! Noa, noa, ſays I, there may be Miſchief enough done, without you.

Man. Why that was bravely ſpoken, *John*, and like a Man.

John Moody. Ah, weaſt Heart, were Meaſter but hawf the Mon that I am——Ods wookers! thof he'll ſpeak ſtawtly too ſometimes———But then he conno' hawld it———no! he conno' hawld it.

Lord *Town*. Lady *Grace*, and *Man*. Ha! ha! ha!

John Moody. Ods fleſh! But I mun hye me whoam! th' Coach will be coming every Hour naw———but Meaſter chaſe'd me to find your Worſhip out; for he has hugey Buſineſs with you; and will certainly wait upon you, by that time he can put on a clean Neckcloth.

Man. O *John*! I'll wait upon him.

John Moody. Why you wonno' be ſo kind, wull ye?

Man. If you'll tell me where you lodge.

John Moody. Juſt i'th' Street next to where your Worſhip dwells, the Sign of the *Golden Ball*———It's Gold all over; where they ſell Ribbands and Flappets, and other ſort of Geer for Gentlewomen.

Man. A Milliner's?

John Moody. Ay, ay, one Mrs. *Motherly*: Waunds! ſhe has a Couple of clever Girls there ſtitching i'th' Fore-Room.

Man. Yes, yes, ſhe's a Woman of good Buſineſs, no doubt on't—Who recommended that Houſe to you, *John*?

John Moody. The greateſt good Fortune in the World ſure! For as I was gaping about Streets; who ſhould look out of the Window there, but the fine Gentleman, that was always riding by our Coach Side, at *York* Races ——Count——*Baſſet*; ay, that's he.

Man. *Baſſet*? Oh, I remember? I know him by Sight.

John Moody. Well! to be ſure, as civil a Gentleman, to ſee to—

Man.

Man. As any Sharper in Town. [*Aſide.*

John Moody. At *York*, he us'd to breakfaſt with my Lady every Morning.

Man. Yes, yes, and I ſuppoſe her Ladyſhip will return his Compliment here in Town. [*Aſide.*

John Moody. Well, Meaſter——

Lord *Town.* My Service to Sir *Francis*, and my Lady, *John*.

Lady *Grace.* And mine, pray Mr. *Moody*.

John Moody. Ay, your Honours, they'll be proud on't, I dare ſay.

Man. I'll bring my Compliments myſelf: So, honeſt *John*——

John Moody. Dear Meaſter *Manly?* the Goodneſs of Goodneſs bleſs and preſerve you. [*Exit* John Moody.

Lord *Town.* What a natural Creature 'tis?

Lady *Grace.* Well! I can't but think *John*, in a wet Afternoon in the Country, muſt be very good Company.

Lord *Town.* O! the *Tramontane!* If this were known at half the *Quadrille*-Tables in Town, they would lay down their Cards to laugh at you.

Lady *Grace.* And the Minute they took them up again they would do the ſame at the Lofers——But to let you ſee, that I think good Company may ſometimes waſt Cards to keep them together: what think you, if we three ſat ſoberly down, to kill an Hour at *Ombre?*

Man. I ſhall be too hard for you, Madam.

Lady *Grace.* No matter! I ſhall have as much Advantage of my Lord, as you have of me.

Lord *Town.* Say you ſo, Madam? Have at you, then! Here! Get the *Ombre*-Table, and Cards.

[*Exit Lord* Townly.

Lady *Grace.* Come, Mr. *Manly*——I know you don't forgive me now!

Man. I don't know whether I ought to forgive your thinking ſo, Madam. Where do you imagine I could paſs my Time ſo agreeably?

Lady *Grace.* I'm ſorry my Lord is not here to take his Share of the Compliment——But he'll wonder what's become of us!

Man.

Man. I'll follow in a Moment, Madam——

[*Exit Lady* Grace.

It must be ſo——She ſees I love her——yet with what unoffending Decency ſhe avoids an Explanation? How amiable is every Hour of her Conduct? What a vile Opinion have I had of the whole Sex, for theſe ten Years paſt, which this ſenſible Creature has recover'd in leſs than One? Such a Companion, ſure, might compenſate all the irkſome Diſappointments, that Pride, Folly, and Falſhood ever gave me!

Could Women regulate, like her, their Lives,
What *Halcyon* Days were in the Gift of Wives!
Vain Rovers, then, might envy what they hate;
And only Fools would mock the married State. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Mrs. Motherly's *Houſe.*

Enter Count Baſſet *and Mrs.* Motherly.

Count *Baſ.* I TELL you there is not ſuch a Family in *England*, for you! Do you think I would have gone out of your Lodgings for any Body, that was not ſure to make you eaſy for the Winter?

Moth. Nay, I ſee nothing againſt it, Sir, but the Gentleman's being a Parliament-Man; and when People may, as it were, think one Impertinent, or be out of Humour, you know, when a body comes to ask for one's own——

Count *Baſ.* Pſhah! Pr'ythee never trouble thy Head—His Pay is as good as the Bank!——Why, he has above two thouſand a Year!

Moth. Alas-a-day! that's nothing: Your People of ten thouſand a Year, have ten thouſand things to do with it.

Count

Count *Baſ.* Nay, if you are afraid of being out of your Money; what do you think of going a little with me, Mrs. *Motherly?*

Moth. As how?

Count *Baſ.* Why I have a Game in my Hand, in which if you'll croup me, that is, help me to play it, you ſhall go five hundred to nothing.

Moth. Say you ſo?——Why then, I go, Sir——and now pray let's ſee your Game.

Count *Baſ.* Look you in one Word, my Cards lie thus ——When I was down this Summer at *York*, I happen'd to lodge in the ſame Houſe with this Knight's Lady, that's now coming to lodge with you.

Moth. Did you ſo, Sir?

Count *Baſ.* And ſometimes had the Honour to Breakfaſt, and paſs an idle Hour with her.

Moth. Very good; and here I ſuppoſe you would have the Impudence to Sup, and be buſy with her.

Count *Baſ.* Pſhah! pr'ythee hear me!

Moth. Is this your Game? I would not give Sixpence for it! What, you have a Paſſion for her Pin-Money ——no, no, Country Ladies are not ſo fluſh of it!

Count *Baſ.* Nay, if you won't have Patience——

Moth. One had need have a good deal, I am ſure, to hear you talk at this rate! Is this your way of making my poor Niece *Myrtilla* eaſy?

Count *Baſ.* Death! I ſhall do it ſtill, if the Woman will but let me ſpeak——

Moth. Had not you a letter from her this Morning?

Count *Baſ.* I have it here in my Pocket—this is it.

[*Shews it and puts it up again.*

Moth. Ay, but I don't find you have made any Anſwer to it.

Count *Baſ.* How the Devil can I, if you won't hear me!

Moth. What! hear you talk of another Woman?

Count *Baſ.* O'lud! O'lud! I tell you, I'll make her Fortune——'Ounds! I'll marry her.

Moth. A likely matter! if you would not do it when ſhe was a Maid, your Stomach is not ſo ſharp ſet now, I preſume.

Count

Count *Baſ.* Hey day! why your Head begins to turn, my Dear! the Devil! you did not think I propos'd to marry her myſelf!

Moth. If you don't, who the Devil do you think will marry her?

Count *Baſ.* Why, a Fool——

Moth. Humph! there may be Senſe in that——

Count *Baſ.* Very good——One for t'other then; if I can help her to a Husband, why ſhould not you come into my Scheme of helping me to a Wife?

Moth. Your Pardon, Sir! ay! ay! in an honourable Affair, you know you may command me——but pray where is this bleſſed Wife and Husband to be had!

Count *Baſ.* Now have a little Patience——You muſt know then, this Country Knight, and his Lady, bring up, in the Coach with them, their eldeſt Son and a Daughter, to teach them to——waſh their Faces, and turn their Toes out.

Moth. Good!

Count *Baſ.* The Son is an unlick'd Whelp, about ſixteen, juſt taken from School; and begins to hanker after every Wench in the Family: the Daughter, much of the ſame Age, a pert, forward Huſſy, who having eight thouſand Pound left her by an old doting Grandmother, ſeems to have a deviliſh Mind to be doing in her Way too.

Moth. And your Deſign is, to put her into Buſineſs for Life?

Count *Baſ.* Look you, in ſhort, Mrs. *Motherly*, we Gentlemen, whoſe occaſional Chariots roll, only, upon the four Aces, are liable ſometimes, you know, to have a Wheel out of Order: Which, I confeſs, is ſo much my Caſe at preſent, that my Dapple Grays are reduc'd to a Pair of Ambling Chairmen: Now, if with your Aſſiſtence, I can whip up this young Jade into a Hackney-Coach, I may chance, in a Day or two after, to carry her in my own Chariot, *en famille*, to an Opera. Now what do you ſay to me?

Moth. Why, I ſhall not ſleep——for thinking of it. But how will you prevent the Family's ſmoking your Deſign?

Count

Count *Baſ.* By renewing my Addreſſes to the Mother.

Moth. And how will the Daughter like that, think you?

Count *Baſ.* Very well—whilſt it covers her own Affair.

Moth. That's true——it muſt do——but, as you ſay, one for t'other Sir, I ſtick to that—if you don't do my Niece's Buſineſs with the Son, I'll blow you with the Daughter, depend upon't.

Count *Baſ.* Done Bett—pay as we go, I tell you, and the five hundred ſhall be ſtak'd, in a third Hand.

Moth. That's honeſt—But here comes my Niece! ſhall we let her into the Secret?

Count *Baſ.* Time enough! may be, I may touch upon it.

Enter Myrtilla.

Moth. So Niece, are all the Rooms done out, and the Beds ſheeted?

Myr. Yes, Madam, but Mr. *Moody* tells us the Lady always burns Wax, in her own Chamber, and we have none in the Houſe.

Moth. Odſo! then I muſt beg your Pardon, Count; this is a buſy Time you know. [*Exit Mrs.* Motherly.

Count *Baſ. Myrtilla!* how doſt thou do, Child?

Myr. As well as a loſing Gameſter can.

Count *Baſ.* Why, what have you loſt?

Myr. What I ſhall never recover; and what's worſe, you that have won it, don't ſeem to be much the better for't.

Count *Baſ.* Why Child, doſt thou ever ſee any body over-joy'd for winning a deep Stake, ſix Months after 'tis over.

Myr. Would I had never play'd for it!

Count *Baſ.* Pſhah! Hang theſe melancholy Thoughts! we may be Friends ſtill.

Myr. Dull ones.

Count *Baſ.* Uſeful ones perhaps——ſuppoſe I ſhould help thee to a good Husband?

Myr. I ſuppoſe you'll think any one good enough, that will take me off o' your hands.

Count *Baſ.* What do you think of the young Country Squire, the Heir of the Family, that's coming to lodge here?

Myr.

Myr. How ſhould I know what to think of him?

Count *Baſ.* Nay, I only give you the Hint, Child; it may be worth your while, at leaſt, to look about you—Hark! what Buſtle's that without.

Enter Mrs. Motherly *in haſte.*

Moth. Sir! Sir! the Gentleman's Coach is at the Door! they are all come!

Count *Baſ.* What, already?

Moth. They are juſt getting out—won't you ſtep and lead in my Lady? Do you be in the way, Niece! I muſt run and receive them. [*Exit Mrs.* Motherly.

Count *Baſ.* And think of what I told you. [*Exit* Count.

Myr. Ay! ay! you have left me enough to think of, as long as I live——a faithleſs Fellow! I am ſure, I have been true to him: and for that only Reaſon, he wants to be rid of me: But while Women are weak, Men will be Rogues! And for a Bane to both their Joys and ours; when our Vanity indulges them, in ſuch innocent Favours as make them adore us; we can never be well, 'till we grant them the very one, that puts an end to their Devotion——But here comes my Aunt, and the Company.

Mrs. Motherly *returns, ſhewing in Lady* Wronghead, *led by Count* Baſſet.

Moth. If your Ladyſhip pleaſes to walk into this Parlour, Madam, only for the preſent, 'till your Servants have got all your Things in.

Lady *Wrong.* Well! dear Sir, this is ſo infinitely obliging!——I proteſt it gives me Pain tho', to turn you out of your Lodging thus!

Count *Baſ.* No Trouble in the leaſt, Madam; we ſingle Fellows are ſoon mov'd; beſides, Mrs. *Motherly*'s my old Acquaintance, and I could not be her Hindrance.

Moth. The Count is ſo well-bred, Madam, I dare ſay he would do a great deal more to accommodate your Ladyſhip.

Lady *Wrong.* O dear Madam!——A good well bred ſort of a Woman. [*Apart to the* Count.

Count

Count *Baſ.* O Madam, ſhe is very much among People of Quality, ſhe is ſeldom without them in her Houſe.

Lady *Wrong.* Are there a good many People of Quality in this Street, Mrs. *Motherly?*

Moth. Now your Ladyſhip is here, Madam, I don't believe there is a Houſe without them.

Lady *Wrong.* I am mighty glad of that: for really I think People of Quality ſhould always live among one another.

Count *Baſ.* 'Tis what one would chooſe indeed, Madam.

Lady *Wrong.* Bleſs me! but where are the Children all this while?

Moth. Sir *Francis*, Madam, I believe is taking care of them.

Sir *Fran.* [*within*] *John Moody!* ſtay you by the Coach, and ſee all our Things out——Come, Children.

Moth. Here they are, Madam.

Enter Sir Francis, *Squire* Richard, *and Miſs* Jenny.

Sir *Fran.* Well, Count! I mun ſay it, this was koynd, indeed!

Count *Baſ.* Sir *Francis?* give me leave to bid you welcome to *London.*

Sir *Fran.* Pſhah! how doſt do, Mon——Waunds I'm glad to ſee thee! a good ſort of a Houſe this!

Count *Baſ.* Is not that Maſter *Richard?*

Sir *Fran.* Ey! Ey! that's young hopeful——why doſt not baw, *Dick?*

Squ. *Rich.* So I do, Feyther.

Count *Baſ.* Sir I'm glad to ſee you——I proteſt Mrs. *Jane* is grown ſo, I ſhould not have known her.

Sir *Fran.* Come forward, *Jenny.*

Jenny. Sure, Papa, do you think I don't know how to behave myſelf?

Count *Baſ.* If I have Permiſſion to approach her, Sir *Francis.*

Jenny. Lord, Sir, I'm in ſuch a frightful Pickle—— [*Salute.*

Count *Baſ.* Every Dreſs that's proper muſt become you, Madam,——you have been a long Journey.

Jenny.

Jenny. I hope you will ſee me in a better to-morrow, Sir. [*Lady* Wrong. *whiſpers Mrs.* Moth. *pointing to* Myrtilla.

Moth. Only a Niece of mine, Madam, that lives with me: ſhe will be proud to give your Ladyſhip any Aſſiſtance in her Power.

Lady *Wrong.* A pretty ſort of a young Woman—— *Jenny*, you two muſt be acquainted.

Jenny. O, Mamma! I am never ſtrangely in a ſtrange Place! [*Salutes* Myrtilla.

Myr. You do me a great deal of Honour, Madam—— Madam, your Ladyſhip's welcome to *London.*

Jenny. Mamma! I like her prodigiouſly; ſhe call'd me my Ladyſhip.

Squ. *Rich.* Pray Mother, may'nt I be acquainted with her too!

Lady *Wrong.* You! you Clown! ſtay till you learn a little more Breeding firſt.

Sir *Fran.* Od's Heart! my Lady *Wronghead!* why do you balk the Lad? how ſhould he ever learn Breeding, if he does not put himſelf forward?

Squ. *Rich.* Why ay, Feather, does Moather think 'at I'd be uncivil to her?

Myr. Maſter has ſo much Good-humour, Madam, he would ſoon gain upon any Body. [*He kiſſes* Myr.

Squ. *Rich.* Lo' you there, Moather; and you would but be quiet, ſhe and I ſhould do well enough.

Lady *Wrong.* Why, how now, Sirrah! Boys muſt not be ſo familiar.

Squ. *Rich.* Why, 'an I know no body, haw the Murrain mun I paſs my Time here, in a ſtrange Place? Naw you and I, and Siſter, forſooth, ſometimes, in an Afternoon, may play at One and thirty Bone-Ace, purely.

Jenny. Speak for yourſelf, Sir! D'ye think I play at ſuch Clownish Games?

Squ. *Rich.* Why and you woant yo'ma' let it aloane; then ſhe, and I, mayhap will have a bawt at All-fours, without you.

Sir *Fran.* Noa! Noa! *Dick*, that won't do neither; you mun learn to make one at Ombre, here, Child.

Myr. If Maſter pleaſes, I'll ſhew it him.

Squ. *Rich.*

Squ. *Rich.* What! the *Humber!* Hoy day! why does our River run to this Tawn, Feather?

Sir *Fran.* Pooh! you filly Tony! Ombre is a Geam at Cards, that the better ſort of People play three together at.

Squ. *Rich.* Nay the moare the merrier, I ſay; but Siſter is always ſo croſs grain'd——

Jenny. Lord! this Boy is enough to deaf People—— and one has really been ſtuft up in a Coach ſo long, that——Pray Madam——could not I get a little Powder for my Hair?

Myr. If you pleaſe to come along with me, Madam.

[*Exeunt* Myr. *and* Jenny.

Squ. *Rich.* What has Siſter ta'en her away naw! meſs, I'll go and have a little game with 'em. [*Ex. after them.*

Lady *Wrong.* Well, Count, I hope you won't ſo far change your Lodgings, but you will come, and be at home here ſometimes?

Sir *Fran.* Ay, ay! pr'ythee come and take a bit of Mutton with us, naw and tan, when thouh'ſt nowght to do.

Count *Baſ.* Well, Sir *Francis*, you ſhall find I'll make but very little Ceremony.

Sir *Fran.* Why ay naw, that's hearty!

Moth. Will your Ladyſhip pleaſe to refreſh yourſelf, with a Diſh of Tea, after your Fatigue? I think I have pretty good.

Lady *Wrong.* If you pleaſe Mrs. *Motherly*; but I believe we had beſt have it above Stairs.

Moth. Very well, Madam; it ſhall be ready immediately. [*Exit Mrs.* Motherly.

Lady *Wrong.* Won't you walk up, Sir?

Sir *Fran. Moody!*

Count *Baſ.* Shan't we ſtay for Sir *Francis*, Madam?

Lady *Wrong.* Lard! don't mind him! he will come if he likes it.

Sir *Fran.* Ay, ay! ne'er heed me——I ha' things to look after. [*Exeunt Lady* Wrong. *and Count* Baſ.

Enter

Enter John Moody.

John Mood. Did your Worſhip want muh?

Sir *Fran.* Ay, is the Coach clear'd? and all our Things in?

John Moody. Aw but a few Band-boxes, and the Nook that's left o' th' Gooſe Poy——But a Plague on him, th' Monkey has gin us the ſlip, I think——I ſuppoſe he's goon to ſee his Relations; for here looks to be a Power of 'um in this Tawn——but heavy *Ralph* is ſkawer'd after him.

Sir *Fran.* Why, let him go to the Devil! no matter, and the Hawnds had had him a Month agoe——but I wiſh the Coach and Horſes were got ſafe to th' Inn! This is a ſharp Tawn, we mun look about us here, *John*, therefore I would have you go along with *Roger*, and ſee that nobody runs away with them before they get to the Stable.

John Moody. Alas-a-day, Sir: I believe our awld Cattle woant yeaſily be run away with to-night—but howſomdever, we'll ta' the beſt care we can of um, poor Sawls.

Sir *Fran.* Well, well! make haſte then——

[Moody *goes out, and returns.*

John Moody. Ods Fleſh! here's Maſter *Monly* come to wait upo' your Worſhip!

Sir *Fran.* Wheere is he?

John Moody. Juſt coming in at Threſhold.

Sir *Fran.* Then goa about your Buſineſs. [*Ex.* Moody.

Enter Manly.

Couſin *Monly!* Sir, I am your very humble Servant.

Man. I heard you were come, Sir *Francis*—and—

Sir *Fran.* Odſheart! this was ſo kindly done of you naw.

Man. I wiſh you may think it ſo, Couſin! for I confeſs, I ſhould have been better pleas'd to have ſeen you in any other Place.

Sir *Fran.* How ſoa, Sir?

Man. Nay, 'tis for your own ſake: I'm not concern'd.

Sir *Fran.* Look you, Couſin! thof' I know you wiſh me well; yet I don't queſtion I ſhall give you ſuch weighty

weighty Reaſons for what I have done, that you will ſay, Sir, this is the wiſeſt Journey that ever I made in my Life.

Man. I think it ought to be, Couſin; for I believe, you will find it the moſt expenſive one—your Election did not coſt you a Trifle, I ſuppoſe.

Sir *Fran.* Why ay! it's true! That—that did lick a little, but if a Man's wiſe, (and I han't fawn'd yet that I'm a Fool) there are ways, Couſin, to lick one's ſelf whole again.

Man. Nay if you have that Secret———

Sir *Fran.* Don't you be fearful, Couſin——you'll find that I know ſomething.

Man. If it be any thing for your good, I ſhould be glad to know it too.

Sir *Fran.* In ſhort then, I have a Friend in a Corner, that has let me a little into what's What, at *Weſtminſter* ——that's one Thing.

Man. Very well! but what Good is that to do you?

Sir *Fran.* Why not me, as much as it does other Folks?

Man. Other People, I doubt, have the Advantage of different Qualifications.

Sir *Fran.* Why ay! there's it naw! you'll ſay that I have liv'd all my Day's i'th' Country—what then——I'm o'the *Quorum*——I have been at Seſſions, and I have made Speeches there! ay, and at Veſtry too—and may hap they may find here,———that I have brought my Tongue up to Town with me! D'ye take me, naw?

Man. If I take your Caſe right, Couſin; I am afraid the firſt Occaſion you will have for your Eloquence here, will be, to ſhew that you have any Right to make uſe of it at all.

Sir *Fran.* How d'ye mean?

Man. That Sir *John Worthland* has lodg'd a Petition againſt you.

Sir *Fran.* Petition! why ay! there let it lie——we'll find a way to deal with that, I warrant you!———why, you forget, Couſin, Sir *John*'s o'the wrung ſide, Mon!

Man. I doubt, Sir *Francis*, that will do you but little Service; for in Caſes very notorious (which I take yours

to

to be) there is ſuch a Thing as a ſhort Day, and diſpatching them immediately.

Sir *Fran.* With all my Heart! the ſooner I ſend him home again the better.

Man. And this is the Scheme you have laid down, to repair your Fortune?

Sir *Fran.* In one word, Couſin, I think it my Duty! the *Wrongheads* have been a conſiderable Family, ever ſince *England* was *England*; and ſince the World knows I have Talents where-withal; they ſhan't ſay its my Fault, if I don't make as good a Figure as any that ever were at the Head on't.

Man. Nay! this Project as you have laid it, will come up to any thing your Anceſtors have done theſe five hundred Years.

Sir *Fran.* And let me alone to work it! mayhap I hav'n't told you all, neither———

Man. You aſtoniſh me! what! and is it full as practicable as what you have told me!

Sir *Fran.* Ay, thof' I ſay it——every whit, Couſin? you'll find that I have more Iron's i'the Fire than one! I doan't come of a Fool's Errand!

Man. Very well.

Sir *Fran.* In a word, my Wife has got a Friend at Court, as well as myſelf, and her Dowghter *Jenny* is naw pretty well grown up———

Man. [*Aſide.*]—And what in the Devil's Name would he do with the Dowdy?

Sir *Fran.* Naw, if I doan't lay in for a Husband for her, mayhap i'this Tawn, ſhe may be looking out for herſelf———

Man. Not unlikely.

Sir *Fran.* Therefore I have ſome Thoughts of getting her to be Maid of Honour.

Man. [*Aſide.*] Oh! he has taken my Breath away! but I muſt hear him out——Pray, Sir *Francis*, do you think her Education has yet qualified her for a Court?

Sir *Fran.* Why, the Girl is a little too mettleſome, it's true! but ſhe has Tongue enough: She woan't be daſht!

daſht! Then ſhe ſhall learn to dance forthwith, and that will ſoon teach her how to ſtand ſtill, you know.

Man. Very well; but when ſhe is thus accompliſht, you muſt ſtill wait for a Vacancy.

Sir *Fran.* Why I hope one has a good Chance for that every Day, Couſin! For if I take it right, that's a Poſt, that Folks are not more willing to get into, than they are to get out of—It's like an Orange-Tree, upon that accawnt—it will bear Bloſſoms, and Fruit that's ready to drop, at the ſame time.

Man. Well, Sir, you beſt know how to make good your Pretenſions! But pray where is my Lady, and my young Couſins? I ſhould be glad to ſee them too.

Sir *Fran.* She is but juſt taking a Diſh a Tea with the Count, and my Landlady—I'll call her dawn.

Man. No, no, if ſhe's engag'd, I ſhall call again.

Sir *Fran.* Ods-heart! but you mun ſee her naw, Couſin; what! the beſt Friend I have in the World! ——Here! Sweet-heart! [*To a Servant without.*] pr'ythee deſire my Lady, and the Gentleman to come down a bit; tell her here's Couſin *Manly* come to wait upon her.

Man. Pray, Sir, who may the Gentleman be?

Sir *Fran.* You mun know him to be ſure; why it's Count *Baſſet*.

Man. Oh! is it he?—Your Family will be infinitely happy in his Acquaintance.

Sir *Fran.* Troth! I think ſo too: He's the civileſt Man that ever I knew in my Life——why! here he would go out of his own Lodgings, at an Hour's Warning, purely to oblige my Family. Wasn't that kind naw?

Man. Extremely civil—the Family is in admirable Hands already!

Sir *Fran.* Then my Lady likes him hugely—all the Time of *York* Races, ſhe would never be without him.

Man. That was happy indeed! and a prudent Man, you know, ſhould always take care that his Wife may have innocent Company.

Sir *Fran.* Why ay! that's it! and I think there could not be ſuch another!

Man. Why truly, for her purpoſe, I think not.

Sir *Fran.* Only naw and tan, he—he ſtonds a leetle too much upon Ceremony; that's his Fault.

Man. O never fear! he'll mend that every Day—— Mercy on us! what a Head he has! [*Aſide.*

Sir *Fran.* So! here they come!

Enter Lady Wronghead, *Count* Baſſet, *and Mrs.* Motherly.

Lady *Wrong.* Couſin *Manly!* this is infinitely obliging! I am extremely glad to ſee you.

Man. Your moſt obedient Servant, Madam? I am glad to ſee your Ladyſhip look ſo well, after your Journey.

Lady *Wrong.* Why really! coming to *London* is apt to put a little more Life in one's Looks.

Man. Yet the way of living here is very apt to deaden the Complexion——and give me leave to tell you as a Friend, Madam, you are come to the worſt Place in the World, for a good Woman to grow better in.

Lady *Wrong.* Lord, Couſin! how ſhould People ever make any Figure in Life, that are always moap'd up in the Country?

Count *Baſ.* Your Ladyſhip certainly takes the Thing in a quite right Light, Madam: Mr. *Manly*, your humble Servant——a hem.

Man. Familiar Puppy. [*Aſide.*] Sir, your moſt obedient——I muſt be civil to the Raſcal, to cover my Suſpicion of him. [*Aſide.*

Count *Baſ.* Was you at *White*'s this Morning, Sir?

Man. Yes, Sir, I juſt called in.

Count *Baſ.* Pray——what——was there any thing done there?

Man. Much as uſual, Sir; the ſame daily Carcaſes, and the ſame Crows about them.

Count *Baſ.* The *Demoivre*-Baronet had a bloody Tumble yeſterday.

Man. I hope, Sir, you had your Share of him.

Count *Baſ.* No, faith! I came in when it was all over——I think I juſt made a couple of Bets with him, took up a cool hundred, and ſo went to the *King's Arms.*

Lady

Lady *Wrong*. What a genteel, eaſy Manner he has! [*Aſide.*

Man. A very hopeful Acquaintance I have made here. [*Aſide.*

Enter Squire Richard, *with a wet brown Paper on his Face.*

Sir *Fran*. How naw, *Dick!* what's the matter with thy Forehead, Lad?

Squ. *Rich*. I ha' gotten a knuck upon't.

Lady *Wrong*. And how did you come by it, you heedleſs Creature?

Squ. *Rich*. Why, I was but running after Siſter, and t'other young Woman, into a little Room juſt naw; and ſo with that, they flapt the Door full in my Feace, and gave me ſuch a whurr here——I thought they had beaten my Brains out? ſo I gut a dab of wet brown Paper here, to ſwage it a while.

Lady *Wrang*. They ſerv'd you right enough! will you never have done with your Horſe-play?

Sir *Fran*. Pooh? never heed it, Lad! it will be well by to-morrow—the Boy has a ſtrong Head!

Man. Yes, truly, his Scull ſeems to be of a comfortable Thickneſs. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Fran*. Come, *Dick*, here's Couſin *Manly*——Sir, this is your God-Son.

Lady *Wrong*. Oh! here's my Daughter too.

Enter Miſs Jenny.

Squ. *Rich*. Honour'd Gudfeyther! I crave leave to ask your Bleſſing.

Man. Thou haſt it, Child——and, if it will do thee any good, may it be to make thee, at leaſt, as wiſe a Man as thy Father.

Lady *Wrong*. Miſs *Jenny!* don't you ſee your Couſin, Child?

Man. And as for thee, my pretty Dear——[*Salutes her.*] may'ſt thou be, at leaſt, as good a Woman, as thy Mother.

Jenny. I wiſh I may ever be ſo handſom, Sir.

Man. Hah! Miſs Pert! Now that's a Thought, that

ſeems to have been hatcht in the Girl on this ſide *Highgate.* [*Aſide.*

Sir *Fran.* Her Tongue is a little nimble, Sir.

Lady *Wrong.* That's only from her Country Education, Sir *Francis.* You know ſhe has been kept too long there ——ſo I brought her to *London*, Sir, to learn a little more Reſerve and Modeſty.

Man. O, the beſt Place in the World for it—every Woman ſhe meets will teach her ſomething of it—— There's the good Gentlewoman of the Houſe, looks like a knowing Perſon; even ſhe perhaps will be ſo good as to ſhew her a little *London* Behaviour.

Moth. Alas, Sir, Miſs won't ſtand long in need of my Inſtruction.

Man. That I dare ſay: What thou can'ſt teach her, ſhe will ſoon be Miſtreſs of. [*Aſide.*

Moth. If ſhe does, Sir, they ſhall always be at her ſervice.

Lady *Wrong.* Very obliging indeed, Mrs. *Motherly.*

Sir *Fran.* Very kind and civil, truly——I think we are got into a mighty good Hawſe here.

Man. O yes, and very friendly Company.

Count *Baſ.* Humh! I'gad I don't like his Looks—— he ſeems a little ſmoky—I believe I had as good bruſh off—If I ſtay, I don't know but he may ask me ſome odd Queſtions.

Man. Well, Sir, I believe you and I do but hinder the Family.

Count *Baſ.* It's very true, Sir—I was juſt thinking of going—He don't care to leave me, I ſee: But it's no matter, we have time enough. [*Aſide.*] And ſo, Ladies, without Ceremony, your humble Servant.

[*Exit Count* Baſſet, *and drops a Letter.*

Lady *Wrong.* Ha! what Paper's this? Some Billet-doux I'll lay my Life, but this is no Place to examine it. [*Puts it in her Pocket.*

Sir *Fran.* Why in ſuch haſte, Couſin?

Man. O! my Lady muſt have a great many Affairs upon her Hands, after ſuch a Journey.

Lady

Lady *Wrong.* I believe, Sir, I ſhall not have much leſs every Day, while I ſtay in this Town, of one ſort or other.

Man. Why, truly, Ladies ſeldom want Employment here, Madam.

Jenny. And Mamma did not come to it to be idle, Sir.

Man. Nor you neither, I dare ſay, my young Miſtreſs.

Jenny. I hope not, Sir.

Man. Ha! Miſs Mettle!—Where are you going, Sir?

Sir *Fran.* Only to ſee you to the Door, Sir.

Man Oh! Sir *Francis*, I love to come and go, without Ceremony.

Sir *Fran.* Nay, Sir, I muſt do as you would have me—your humble Servant. [*Exit* Manly.

Jenny. This Couſin *Manly*, Papa, ſeems to be but of an odd ſort of a cruſty Humour——I don't like him half ſo well as the Count.

Sir *Fran.* Pooh! that's another thing, Child——Couſin is a little proud indeed! but however you muſt always be civil to him, for he has a deal of Money; and no body knows who he may give it to.

Lady *Wrong.* Pſhah; a Fig for his Money; you have ſo many Projects of late about Money, ſince you are a Parliament Man: What! we muſt make ourſelves Slaves to his impertinent Humours, eight, or ten Years perhaps, in hopes to be his Heirs, and then he will be juſt old enough to marry his Maid.

Moth. Nay, for that matter, Madam, the Town ſays he is going to be married already.

Sir *Fran.* Who? Couſin *Manly?*

Lady *Wrong.* To whom, pray?

Moth. Why, is it poſſible your Ladyſhip ſhould know nothing of it!—to my Lord *Townly*'s Siſter, Lady *Grace.*

Lady *Wrong.* Lady *Grace?*

Moth. Dear Madam, it has been in the News-Papers!

Lady *Wrong.* I don't like that neither.

Sir *Fran.* Naw, I do; for then it's likely it mayn't be true.

Lady *Wrong.* [*Aſide.*] If it is not too far gone; at leaſt it may be worth one's while to throw a rub in his way.

Squ. *Rich.* Pray, Feyther, haw lung will it be to Supper?

Sir *Fran.* Odſo! that's true! ſtep to the Cook, Lad, and ask what ſhe can get us?

Moth. If you pleaſe, Sir, I'll order one of my Maids to ſhew her where ſhe may have any thing you have a mind to.

Sir *Fran.* Thank you kindly, Mrs. *Motherly.*

Squ. *Rich.* Ods-fleſh! what is it not i'the Hawſe yet ——I ſhall be famiſht——but howld! I'll go an ask *Doll,* an there's none o'the Gooſe Poy left.

Sir *Fran.* Do ſo, and do'ſt hear, *Dick*——ſee if there's e'er a Bottle o'th' ſtrong Beer that came i'th' Coach with us——if there be, clap a Toaſt in it, and bring it up.

Squ. *Rich.* With a little Nutmeg and Sugar, ſhawn't I Feyther?

Sir *Fran.* Ay! ay! as thee and I always drink it for Breakfaſt—Go thy Ways!—and I'll fill a Pipe i'th' mean while. [*Takes one from a Pocket-Caſe, and fills it.*

[*Exit Squ.* Rich.

Lady *Wrong.* This Boy is always thinking of his Belly!

Sir *Fran.* Why, my Dear, you may allow him to be a little hungry after his Journey.

Lady *Wrong.* Nay, ev'n breed him your own way—— He has been cramming in or out of the Coach all this Day I am ſure—I wiſh my poor Girl could eat a quarter as much.

Jenny O as for that I could eat a great deal more, Mamma; but then mayhap, I ſhould grow coarſe, like him, and ſpoil my ſhape.

Lady *Wrong.* Ay, ſo thou would'ſt, my Dear.

Enter Squire Richard *with a full Tankard.*

Squ. *Rich.* Here, Feyther, I ha' browght it——it's well I went as I did; for our *Doll* had juſt bak'd a Toaſt, and was going to drink it herſelf.

Sir *Fran.* Why then, here's to thee, *Dick!* [*Drinks.*

Squ. *Rich.* Thonk yow, Feyther.

Lady *Wrong.* Lord! Sir *Francis!* I wonder you can encourage

encourage the Boy to ſwill ſo much of that lubberly Liquor——it's enough to make him quite ſtupid.

Squ. *Rich.* Why it never hurts me, Mother; and I ſleep like a Hawnd after it. [*Drinks.*

Sir *Fran.* I am ſure I ha' drunk it theſe thirty Years, and by your Leave, Madam, I don't know that I want Wit: Ha! ha!

Jenny. But you might have had a great deal more, Papa, if you would have been govern'd by my Mother.

Sir *Fran.* Daughter he that is govern'd by his Wife, has no Wit at all.

Jenny. Then I hope I ſhall marry a Fool, Sir; for I love to govern dearly.

Sir *Fran.* You are too pert, Child; it don't do well in a young Woman.

Lady *Wrong.* Pray, Sir *Francis*, don't ſnub her; ſhe has a fine growing Spirit, and if you check her ſo, you will make her as dull as her Brother there.

Squ. *Rich.* [*After a long Draught.*] Indeed, Mother, I think my Siſter is too forward.

Jenny. You! you think I'm too forward! ſure! Brother Mud! your Head's too heavy to think of any think but your Belly.

Lady *Wrong.* Well ſaid, Miſs; he's none of your Maſter, tho' he is your elder Brother.

Squ. *Rich.* No, nor ſhe ſhawn't be my Miſtreſs, while ſhe's younger Siſter!

Sir *Fran.* Well ſaid *Dick!* ſhew 'em that ſtawt Liquor makes a ſtawt Heart, Lad!

Squ. *Rich.* So I will! and I'll drink ageen, for all her! [*Drinks.*

Enter John Moody.

Sir *Fran.* So *John!* how are the Horſes!

John Moody. Troth, Sir, I ha' noa good Opinion o' this Tawn. It's made up o' Miſchief, I think!

Sir *Fran.* What's the matter naw?

John Moody. Why I'll tell your Worſhip—before we were gotten to th' Street End, with the Coach, here, a great Luggerheaded Cart, with Wheels as thick as a

brick Wall, laid hawld on't, and has poo'd it aw to Bits; Crack! went the Perch! Down goes the Coach! and Whang! says the Glasses, all to Shivers! Marcy upon us! and this be *London!* would we were aw weell in the Country ageen!

Jenny. What have you to do, to with us all in the Country again, Mr. Lubber? I hope we shall not go into the Country again these seven Years, Mamma; let twenty Coaches be pull'd to pieces.

Sir *Fran.* Hold your Tongue, *Jenny!*——Was *Roger* in no Fault, in all this?

John Moody. Noa, Sir, nor I, noather——are not yow asheam'd, says *Roger* to the Carter, to do such an unkind thing by Strangers? Noa, says he, you Bumkin. Sir, he did the thing on very Purpose! and so the Folks said that stood by——Very well, says *Roger*, yow shall see what our Meyster will say to ye! Your Meyster? says he; your Meyster may kiss my——and so he clapt his Hand just there, and like your Worship. Flesh! I thought they had better Breeding in this Tawn.

Sir *Fran.* I'll teach this Rascal some, I'll warrant him! Odsbud! if I take him in Hand, I'll play the Devil with him.

Squ. *Rich.* Ay do, Feyther; have him before the Parliament.

Sir *Fran.* Odsbud! and so I will——I will make him know who I am! Where does he live?

John Moody. I believe in *London*, Sir.

Sir *Fran.* What's the Rascal's Name?

John Moody. I think I heard somebody call him *Dick.*

Squ. *Rich.* What, my Name!

Sir *Fran.* Where did he go!

John Moody. Sir, he went home.

Sir *Fran.* Were's that?

John Moody. By my Troth, Sir, I doant know! I heard him say he would cross the same Street again to-morrow; and if we had a mind to stond in his way, he wou'd poo us over and over again.

Sir *Fran.* Will he so! Odszooks! get me a Constable.

Lady *Wrong.* Pooh! get you a good Supper. Come,

Sr

Sir *Francis*, don't put yourſelf in a Heat for what can't be helpt. Accidents will happen to People that travel abroad to ſee the World——For my part, I think it a Mercy it was not over-turn'd before we were all out on't.

Sir *Fran.* Why ay, that's true again, my Dear.

Lady *Wrong.* Therefore ſee to-morrow if we can buy one at Second-hand, for preſent Uſe; ſo beſpeak a new one, and then all's eaſy.

John Moody. Why troth, Sir, I doant think this could have held you above a Day longer.

Sir *Fran.* D'ye think ſo, *John?*

John Moody. Why you ha' had it, ever ſince your Worſhip were High Sheriff.

Sir *Fran.* Why then go and ſee what *Doll* has got us for Supper——and come and get off my Boots.

[*Exit Sir* Fran.

Lady *Wrong.* In the mean time, Miſs, do you ſtep to *Handy*, and bid her get me ſome freſh Night-clothes.

[*Exit Lady* Wrong.

Jenny. Yes, Mamma, and ſome for myſelf too.

[*Exit* Jenny.

Squ. *Rich.* Odsfleſh! and what mun I do all alone?
I'll e'en ſeek out where t'other pratty Miſs is,
And ſhe and I'll go play at Cards for Kiſſes. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Lord* Townly's *Houſe.*

Enter Lord Townly, *a Servant attending.*

Lord *Town.* WHO's there!

Serv. My Lord.

Lord *Town.* Bid them get Dinner——Lady *Grace*, your Servant.

Enter Lady Grace.

Lady *Grace.* What, is the Houſe up already? My Lady is not dreſt yet!

Lord *Town.* No matter—it's three o'Clock—ſhe may break my Reſt, but ſhe ſhall not alter my Hours.

Lady *Grace.* Nay, you need not fear that now, for ſhe dines abroad.

Lord *Town.* That, I ſuppoſe, is only an Excuſe for her not being ready yet.

Lady *Grace.* No, upon my Word, ſhe is engaged in Company.

Lord *Town.* Where, pray?

Lady *Grace.* At my Lady *Revel's*; and you know they never dine 'till Supper-time.

Lord *Town.* No, truly——ſhe is one of thoſe orderly Ladies, who never let the Sun ſhine upon any of their Vices!——But pr'ythee, Siſter, what Humour is ſhe in to day?

Lady *Grace.* O! in tip-top Spirits, I can aſſure you ——ſhe won a good deal, laſt Night.

Lord *Town.* I know no Difference between her Winning or Loſing, while ſhe continues her courſe of Life.

Lady *Grace.* However ſhe is better in good Humour, than bad.

Lord *Town.* Much alike: When ſhe is in good Humour, other People only are the better for it: When in a very ill Humour, then, indeed, I ſeldom fail to have my Share of her.

Lady *Grace.* Well, we won't talk of that now—— Does any Body dine here?

Lord *Town. Manly* promis'd me—by the way, Madam, what do you think of his laſt Converſation?

Lady *Grace.* ——I am a little at a Stand about it.

Lord *Town.* How ſo?

Lady *Grace.* Why——I don't know how he can ever have any Thoughts of me, that could lay down ſuch ſevere Rules upon Wives, in my hearing.

Lord *Town.* Did you think his Rules unreaſonable?

Lady

Lady *Grace.* I can't ſay I did: But he might have had a little more Complaiſance before me, at leaſt.

Lord *Town.* Complaiſance is only a Proof of good Breeding: But his Plainneſs was a certain Proof of his Honeſty; nay, of his good Opinion of you: for he would never have open'd himſelf ſo freely, but in confidence that your good Senſe could not be diſobliged at it.

Lady *Grace.* My good Opinion of him, Brother, has hitherto been guided by yours: But I have receiv'd a Letter this Morning that ſhews him a very different Man from what I thought him.

Lord *Town.* A Letter from whom?

Lady *Grace.* That I don't know, but there it is.

[*Gives a Letter.*

Lord *Town.* Pray let's ſee. [*Reads.*

The Inclos'd, Madam, fell accidentally into my Hands; if it no way concerns you, you will only have the trouble of reading this, from your ſincere Friend and humble Servant, Unknown, &c.

Lady *Grace.* And this was the inclos'd. [*Giving another.*

Lord *Town.* [*Reads.*] *To* Charles Manly, *Eſq;*

Your manner of living with me of late, convinces me, that I now grow as painful to you, as to myſelf: but however, though you can love me no longer, I hope, you will not let me live worſe than I did, before I left an honeſt Income, for the vain Hopes of being ever Yours.

Myrtilla Dupe.

P. S. *'Tis above four Months ſince I receiv'd a Shilling from you.*

Lady *Grace.* What think you now?

Lord *Town.* I am conſidering——

Lady *Grace.* You ſee it's directed to him——

Lord *Town.* That's true! but the Poſtſcript ſeems to be a Reproach, that I think he is not capable of deſerving.

Lady *Grace.* But who could have Concern enough, to ſend it to me?

Lord *Town.* I have obſerved that theſe ſort of Letters from unknown Friends, generally come from ſecret Enemies.

Lady *Grace.*

Lady *Grace.* What would you have me to do in it?

Lord *Town.* What I think you ought to do—fairly ſhew it him, and ſay I adviſ'd you to it.

Lady *Grace.* Will not that have a very odd Look, from me?

Lord *Town.* Not at all, if you uſe my Name in it; if he is innocent, his Impatience to appear ſo, will diſcover his Regard to you: If he is Guilty, it will be your beſt way of preventing his Addreſſes.

Lady *Grace.* But what Pretence have I to put him out of Countenance?

Lord *Town.* I can't think there's any fear of that.

Lady *Grace.* Pray what is't you do think then?

Lord *Town.* Why certainly, that it's much more probable, this Letter may be all an Artifice, than that he is in the leaſt concern'd in it———

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr. *Manly*, my Lord.

Lord *Town.* Do you receive him; while I ſtep a Minute in to my Lady. [*Exit* Lord Townly.

Enter Manly.

Man. Madam, your moſt Obedient; they told me, my Lord was here.

Lady *Grace.* He will be here preſently: He is but juſt gone in to my Siſter.

Man. So! then my Lady dines with us.

Lady *Grace.* No; ſhe is engag'd.

Man. I hope you are not of her Party, Madam?

Lady *Grace.* Not till after Dinner.

Man. And pray how may ſhe have diſpos'd of the reſt of the Day?

Lady *Grace.* Much as uſual! ſhe has Viſits 'till about eight; after that 'till Court time, ſhe is to be at Quadrille, at Mrs. *Idle's*: After the Drawing room, ſhe takes a ſhort Supper with my Lady *Moonlight*. And from thence, they go together to my Lord *Noble's* Aſſembly.

Man. And are you to do all this with her, Madam?

Lady

Lady *Grace*. Only a few of the Visits; I would indeed have drawn her to the Play; but I doubt we have so much upon our Hands, that it will not be practicable.

Man. But how can you forbear all the rest of it?

Lady *Grace*. There's no great Merit in forbearing what one is not charm'd with.

Man. And yet I have found that very difficult in my time.

Lady *Grace*. How do you mean?

Man. Why, I have pass'd a great deal of my Life, in the hurry of the Ladies, though I was generally better pleas'd when I was at quiet without 'em.

Lady *Grace*. What induc'd you, then, to be with them?

Man. Idleness, and the Fashion.

Lady *Grace*. No Mistresses in the case?

Man. To speak honestly—Yes—being often in the Toyshop, there was no forbearing the Bawbles.

Lady *Grace*. And of course, I suppose sometimes you were tempted to pay for them, twice as much as they were worth.

Man. Why really, where Fancy only makes the Choice, Madam, no wonder if we are generally bubbled, in those sort of Bargains, which I confess has been often my Case: For I had constantly some Coquette, or other, upon my Hands, whom I could love perhaps just enough, to put it in her power to plague me.

Lady *Grace*. And that's a Power I doubt, commonly made use of.

Man. The Amours of a Coquette, Madam, seldom have any other View! I look upon them, and Prudes, to be Nusances, just alike; tho' they seem very different: The first are always plaguing the Men; and the other are always abusing the Women.

Lady *Grace*. And yet both of them do it for the same vain Ends; to establish a false Character of being Virtuous.

Man. Of being Chaste, they mean; for they know no other Virtue: and, upon the Credit of that, they traffick in every thing else, that's Vicious: They (even against Nature) keep their Chastity, only because they find

find they have more Power to do Miſchief with it, than they could poſſibly put in practice without it.

Lady *Grace*. Hold! Mr. *Manly*: I am afraid this ſevere Opinion of the Sex, is owing to the ill Choice you have made of your Miſtreſſes.

Man. In a great Meaſure, it may be ſo; but, Madam, if both theſe Characters are ſo odious; how vaſtly valuable is that Woman, who has attain'd all they aim at without the Aid of the Folly, or Vice of either?

Lady *Grace*. I believe thoſe ſort of Women to be as ſcarce, Sir, as the Men, that believe there are any ſuch: or that allowing ſuch have Virtue enough to deſerve them.

Man. That *could* deſerve them then——had been a more favourable Reflection!

Lady *Grace*. Nay, I ſpeak only from my little Experience: for (I'll be free with you, Mr. *Manly*) I don't know a Man in the World, that in Appearance, might better pretend to a Woman of the firſt Merit, than yourſelf: And yet I have a Reaſon, in my Hand, here, to think you have your Failings.

Man. I have infinite, Madam; but I am ſure, the want of an implicit Reſpect for you, is not among the Number——pray, what is in your Hand, Madam?

Lady *Grace*. Nay, Sir, I have no Title to it; for the Direction is to you. [*Gives him a Letter.*

Man. To me! I don't remember the Hand——

[*Reads to himſelf.*

Lady *Grace*. I can't perceive any change of Guilt in him! and his Surpriſe ſeems Natural! [*Aſide.*]—— Give me leave to tell you one thing by the way, Mr. *Manly*; That I ſhould never have ſhewn you this, but that my Brother enjoin'd me to it.

Man. I take that to proceed from my Lord's good Opinion of me, Madam.

Lady *Grace*. I hope, at leaſt, it will ſtand as an Excuſe for my taking this Liberty.

Man. I never yet ſaw you do any thing, Madam, that wanted an Excuſe; and, I hope, you will not give me an

an Inſtance to the contrary, by refuſing the Favour I am going to aſk.

Lady *Grace.* I don't believe I ſhall refuſe any, that you think proper to aſk.

Man. Only this, Madam, to indulge me ſo far, as to let me know how this Letter came into your Hands.

Lady *Grace.* Inclos'd to me, in this without a Name,

Man. If there be no Secret in the Contents, Madam——

Lady *Grace.* Why——there is an impertinent Inſinuation in it: But as I know your good Senſe will think it ſo too, I will venture to truſt you.

Man. You'll oblige me, Madam.

[*He takes the other Letter and reads.*

Lady *Grace.* [*Aſide.*] Now am I in the oddeſt Situation! methinks our Converſation grows terribly Critical? This muſt produce ſomething:——O lud! would it were over!

Man. Now, Madam, I begin to have ſome Light into the poor Project that is at the Bottom of all this.

Lady *Grace.* I have no Notion of what could be propoſed by it!

Man. A little Patience, Madam——Firſt, as to the Inſinuation you mention——

Lady *Grace.* O! what is he going to ſay now! [*Aſide.*

Man. Tho' my Intimacy with my Lord may have allow'd my Viſits to have been very frequent here of late: Yet, in ſuch a talking Town as this, you muſt not wonder, if a great many of thoſe Viſits are plac'd to your Account: And this taken for granted, I ſuppoſe has been told to my Lady *Wronghead* as a piece of News, ſince her Arrival, not improbably without many more imaginary Circumſtances.

Lady *Grace.* My Lady *Wronghead!*

Man. Ay, Madam, for I am poſitive this is her Hand!

Lady *Grace.* What View could ſhe have in writing it?

Man. To interrupt any Treaty of Marriage, ſhe may have heard I am engaged in: Becauſe if I die without Heirs, her Family expects that ſome part of my Eſtate may return to them again. But, I hope, ſhe is ſo far

miſtaken, that if this Letter has given you the leaſt Uneaſineſs,——I ſhall think that the happieſt Moment of my Life.

Lady *Grace*. That does not carry your uſual Complaiſance, Mr. *Manly*.

Man. Yes, Madam, becauſe I am ſure I can convince you of my Innocence.

Lady *Grace*. I am ſure I have no right to inquire into it.

Man. Suppoſe you may not, Madam; yet you may very innocently have ſo much Curioſity.

Lady *Grace*. With what an artful Gentleneſs he ſteals into my Opinion? [*Aſide*.] Well, Sir, I won't pretend to have ſo little of the Woman in me, as to want Curioſity——But pray, do you ſuppoſe then, this *Myrtilla* is a real, or a fictitious Name?

Man. Now I recollect, Madam, there is a young Woman, in the Houſe, where my Lady *Wronghead* lodges, that I heard ſomebody call *Myrtilla*: This Letter may be written by her——but how it came directed to me, I confeſs is a Myſtery; that before I ever preſume to ſee your Ladyſhip again, I think myſelf oblig'd, in Honour to find out. [*Going*.

Lady *Grace*. Mr. *Manly*——you are not going?

Man. 'Tis but to the next Street, Madam; I ſhall be back in ten Minutes.

Lady *Grace*. Nay! but Dinner's juſt coming up.

Man. Madam, I can neither eat, nor reſt, till I ſee an end of this Affair!

Lady *Grace*. But this is ſo odd! why ſhould any ſilly Curioſity of mine drive you away?

Man. Since you won't ſuffer it to be yours, Madam, then it ſhall be only to ſatisfy my own Curioſity——

[*Exit* Manly.

Lady *Grace*. Well——and now, what am I to think of all this? Or ſuppoſe an indifferent Perſon had heard every Word we have ſaid to one another, what would they have thought on't? Would it have been very abſurd to conclude, he is ſeriouſly inclined to paſs the reſt of his Life with me?——I hope not——for I am

ſure,

ſure, the Caſe is terribly clear on my Side! and why may not I, without Vanity, ſuppoſe my——unaccountable ſomewhat——has done as much Execution upon him?——why——becauſe he never told me ſo——nay, he has not ſo much as mentioned the Word Love, or ever ſaid one civil thing to my Perſon——well——but he has ſaid a thouſand to my good Opinion, and has certainly got it——had he ſpoke firſt to my Perſon, he had paid a very ill Compliment to my Underſtanding——I ſhould have thought him Impertinent, and never have troubled my Head about him; but as he has manag'd the Matter, at leaſt I am ſure of one thing; that let his Thoughts be what they will, I ſhall never trouble my Head about any other Man, as long as I live.

Enter Mrs. Truſty.

Well, Mrs. *Truſty*, is my Siſter dreſs'd yet?

Truſty. Yes, Madam; but my Lord has been courting her ſo, I think, till they are both out of Humour.

Lady *Grace.* How ſo?

Truſty. Why, it begun, Madam; with his Lordſhip's deſiring her Ladyſhip to dine at home to-day——upon which my Lady ſaid ſhe could not be ready; upon that, my Lord order'd them to ſtay the Dinner, and then my Lady order'd the Coach; then my Lord took her ſhort, and ſaid, he had order'd the Coachman to ſet up: Then my Lady made him a great Curt'ſy, and ſaid, ſhe would wait 'till his Lordſhip's Horſes had din'd, and was mighty pleaſant: But for fear of the worſt, Madam, ſhe whiſper'd me——to get her Chair ready. [*Exit* Truſty.

Lady *Grace.* O! here they come; and, by their Looks, ſeem a little unfit for Company. [*Exit Lady* Grace.

Enter Lady Townly, *Lord* Townly *following.*

Lady *Town.* Well! look you, my Lord; I can bear it no longer! nothing ſtill but about my Faults, my Faults! an agreeable Subject truly!

Lord *Town.* Why, Madam, if you won't hear of them; how can I ever hope to ſee you mend them?

Lady *Town.* Why, I don't intend to mend them——I can't

can't mend them——you know I have try'd to do it an hundred times, and—it hurts me ſo—I can't bear it!

Lord *Town*. And I, Madam, can't bear this daily licentious Abuſe of your Time and Character.

Lady *Town*. Abuſe! aſtoniſhing! when the Univerſe knows, I am never better Company, than when I am doing what I have a mind to! But to ſee this World! that Men can never get over that ſilly Spirit of Contradiction——why but laſt *Thurſday* now——there you wiſely amended one of my Faults as you call them——you inſiſted upon my not going to the Maſquerade——and pray, what was the Conſequence! was not I as croſs as the Devil, all the Night after! was not I forc'd to get Company at home! and was not it almoſt three o'Clock in the Morning, before I was able to come to myſelf again? and then the Fault is not mended neither,——for next time, I ſhall only have twice the Inclination to go: ſo that all this mending, and mending, you ſee, is but darning an old Ruffle, to make it worſe than it was before.

Lord *Town*. Well, the manner of Womens living, of late, is inſupportable; and one way or other——

Lady *Town*. It's to be mended, I ſuppoſe! why ſo it may; but then, my dear Lord, you muſt give one Time——and when things are at worſt, you know, they may mend themſelves! ha! ha!

Lord *Town*. Madam, I am not in a Humour, now, to trifle.

Lady *Town*. Why then, my Lord, one Word of fair Argument—to talk with you, your own way now——You complain of my late Hours, and I of your early ones——ſo far are we even, you'll allow——but pray which gives us the beſt Figure in the Eye of the polite World? my active, ſpirited Three in the Morning, or your dull, drowſy eleven at Night? Now, I think One has the Air of a Woman of Quality, and t'other of a plodding Mechanic, that goes to Bed betimes, that he may riſe early, to open his Shop!—Faugh!

Lord *Town*. Fy, fy, Madam! is this your way of Reaſoning? 'tis time to wake you then——'tis not your ill

ill Hours alone, that diſturb me, but as often the ill Company, that occaſion thoſe ill Hours.

Lady *Town.* Sure I don't underſtand you now, my Lord; what ill Company do I keep?

Lord *Town.* Why, at beſt, Women that loſe their Money, and Men that win it! Or, perhaps, Men that are voluntary Bubbles at one Game, in hopes a Lady will give them fair play at another. Then that unavoidable mixture with known Rakes, conceal'd Thieves, and Sharpers in Embroidery——or what, to me, is ſtill more ſhocking, that Herd of familiar chattering crop-ear'd Coxcombs, who are ſo often like Monkeys, there would be no knowing them aſunder, but that their Tails hang from their Head, and the Monkey's grows where it ſhould do.

Lady *Town.* And a Huſband muſt give eminent Proof of his Senſe, that thinks their Powder-puffs dangerous.

Lord *Town.* Their being Fools, Madam, is not always the Huſband's Security: Or if it were, Fortune, ſometimes, gives them Advantages might make a thinking Woman tremble.

Lady *Town.* What do you mean!

Lord *Town.* That Women, ſometimes, loſe more than they are able to pay; and if a Creditor be a little preſſing, the Lady may be reduc'd to try if, inſtead of Gold, the Gentleman will accept of a Trinket.

Lady *Town.* My Lord you grow ſcurrilous; you'll make me hate you. I'll have you to know, I keep Company with the politeſt People in Town, and the Aſſemblies I frequent are full of ſuch.

Lord *Town.* So are the Churches——now and then.

Lady *Town.* My Friends frequent them too, as well as the Aſſemblies.

Lord *Town.* Yes, and would do it oftner, if a Groom of the Chambers were there allowed to furniſh Cards to the Company.

Lady *Town.* I ſee what you drive at all this while; you would lay an Imputation on my Fame, to cover your own Avarice! I might take any Pleaſures, I find, that were not expenſive.

Lord

Lord *Town.* Have a Care, Madam; don't let me think you only value your Chaſtity, to make me reproachable for not indulging you in every thing elſe, that's vicious——I, Madam, have a Reputation too, to guard, that's dear to me, as yours——The Follies of an ungovern'd Wife may make the wiſeſt Man uneaſy; but 'tis his own Fault, if ever they make him contemptible.

Lady *Town.* My Lord—you would make a Woman mad!

Lord *Town.* You'd make a Man a Fool.

Lady *Town.* If Heav'n has made you otherwiſe, that won't be in my Power.

Lord *Town.* Whatever may be in your Inclination, Madam; I'll prevent your making me a Beggar at leaſt.

Lady *Town.* A Beggar! *Cræſus!* I'm out of Patience! I won't come home 'till four to-morrow Morning.

Lord *Town.* That may be, Madam; but I'll order the Doors to be lock'd at twelve.

Lady *Town.* Then I won't come home 'till to-morrow Night.

Lord *Town.* Then, Madam;—You ſhall never come home again. [*Exit Lord* Townly.

Lady *Town.* What does he mean! I never heard ſuch a Word from him in my Life before! the Man always us'd to have Manners in his worſt Humours! there's ſomething, that I don't ſee, at the Bottom of all this ——but his Head's always upon ſome impracticable Scheme or other, ſo I won't trouble mine any longer about him. Mr. *Manly*, your Servant.

Enter Manly.

Man. I aſk Pardon for my Intruſion, Madam; but I hope my Buſineſs with my Lord will excuſe it.

Lady *Town.* I believe you'll find him in the next Room, Sir.

Man. Will you give me Leave, Madam?

Lady *Town.* Sir——you have my Leave, tho' you were a Lady.

Man. [*Aſide.*] What a well-bred Age do we live in! [*Exit* Manly.

Enter

Enter Lady Grace.

Lady *Town.* O! my dear Lady *Grace!* how could you leave me ſo unmercifully alone all this while?

Lady *Grace.* I thought my Lord had been with you.

Lady *Town.* Why yes——and therefore I wanted your Relief; for he has been in ſuch a Fluſter here——

Lady *Grace.* Bleſs me! for what?

Lady *Town.* Only our uſual Breakfaſt; we have each of us had our Diſh of Matrimonial Comfort, this Morning! we have been charming Company!

Lady *Grace.* I am mighty glad of it! ſure it muſt be a vaſt Happineſs, when a Man and a Wife can give themſelves the ſame turn of Converſation!

Lady *Town.* O! the prettieſt thing in the World!

Lady *Grace.* Now I ſhould be afraid, that where two People are every Day together ſo, they muſt often be in want of ſomething to talk upon.

Lady *Town.* O my Dear, you are the moſt miſtaken in the World! married People have things to talk of, Child, that never enter into the Imagination of others. ——Why, here's my Lord and I now, we have not been married above two ſhort Years, you know, and we have already eight or ten things conſtantly in Bank, that whenever we want Company, we can take up any one of them for two Hours together, and the Subject never the flatter: nay, if we have Occaſion for it, it will be as freſh next Day too, as it was the firſt Hour it entertain'd us.

Lady *Grace.* Certainly that muſt be vaſtly pretty.

Lady *Town.* O! there's no Life like it! why t'other Day for Example, when you din'd abroad; my Lord and I, after a pretty chearful *téte à téte* Meal, ſat us down by the Fire-ſide, in an eaſy indolent, pick-tooth Way, for about a Quarter of an Hour, as if we had not thought of any other's being in the Room——at laſt, ſtretching himſelf, and yawning——My Dear, ſays he, ——aw——you came home very late laſt Night ——'Twas but juſt turn'd of Two, ſays I—I was in bed ——aw—by Eleven, ſays he; ſo you are every Night, ſays I—Well, ſays he, I am amazed, you can ſit up ſo late—

late——How can you be amaz'd, says I, at a Thing that happens ſo often?——upon which we enter'd into a Converſation——and tho' this is a Point has entertain'd us above fifty times already, we always find ſo many pretty new Things to ſay upon it, that I believe in my Soul, it will laſt as long as we live.

Lady *Grace*. But pray! in ſuch ſort of Family Dialogues (tho' extremely well for paſſing the Time) don't there, now and then, enter ſome little witty ſort of Bitterneſs?

Lady *Town*. O yes! which does not do amiſs at all! A ſmart Repartee, with a Zeſt of Recrimination at the Head of it, makes the prettieſt Sherbet; *Ay, ay!* if we did not mix a little of the Acid with it, a matrimonial Society would be ſo luſcious, that nothing but an old liquoriſh Prude would be able to bear it.

Lady *Grace*. Well,——certainly you have the moſt elegant Taſte——

Lady *Town*. Tho' to tell you the Truth, my Dear, I rather think we ſqueez'd a little too much Lemon into it, this Bout; for it grew ſo ſour at laſt, that——I think ——I almoſt told him, he was a Fool——and he again——talk'd ſomething odly of——turning me out of Doors.

Lady *Grace*. O! have a care of that!

Lady *Town*. Nay, if he ſhould, I may thank my own wiſe Father for that——

Lady *Grace*. How ſo?

Lady *Town*. Why——when my good Lord firſt open'd his honourable Trenches before me, my unaccountable Papa, in whoſe Hands I then was, gave me up at Diſcretion.

Lady *Grace*. How do you mean?

Lady *Town*. He ſaid, the Wives of this Age were come to that paſs, that he would not deſire even his own Daughter ſhould be truſted with Pin-money; ſo that my whole Train of ſeparate Inclinations are left entirely at the Mercy of an Huſband's odd Humours.

Lady *Grace*. Why, that, indeed, is enough to make a Woman of Spirit look about her!

Lady

Lady *Town.* Nay, but to be ſerious, my Dear; what would you really have a Woman do in my Caſe?

Lady *Grace.* Why—if I had a ſober Huſband as you have, I would make myſelf the happieſt Wife in the World, by being as ſober as he.

Lady *Town.* O! you wicked Thing! how can you teize one at this rate? when you know he is ſo very ſober, that (except giving me Money) there is not one thing in the World he can do to pleaſe me! And I at the ſame time, partly by Nature, and partly, perhaps, by keeping the beſt Company, do with my Soul love almoſt every thing he hates! I doat upon Aſſemblies! my Heart bounds at a Ball; and at an Opera——I expire! then I love Play to Diſtraction! Cards inchant me! and Dice——put me out of my little Wits! Dear! dear Hazard! oh! what a Flow of Spirits it gives one! Do you never play at Hazard, Child?

Lady *Grace.* Oh! never! I don't think it ſits well upon Women; there's ſomething ſo maſculine, ſo much the Air of a Rake in it! you ſee how it makes the Men ſwear and curſe! and when a Woman is thrown into the ſame Paſſion—why—

Lady *Town.* That's very true! one is a little put to it ſometimes, not to make uſe of the ſame Words to expreſs it.

Lady *Grace.* Well—and, upon ill Luck, pray what Words are you really forc'd to make uſe of?

Lady *Town.* Why upon a very hard Caſe, indeed, when a ſad wrong Word is riſing, juſt to one's Tongue's End, I give a great Gulp—and ſwallow it.

Lady *Grace.* Well—and is not that enough to make you forſwear play, as long as you live?

Lady *Town.* O yes! I have forſworn it.

Lady *Grace.* Seriouſly?

Lady *Town.* Solemnly! a thouſand times; but then one is conſtantly forſworn.

Lady *Grace.* And how can you anſwer that?

Lady *Town.* My Dear, what we ſay, when we are Loſers, we look upon to be no more binding than a Lover's Oath, or a Great Man's Promiſe. But I beg pardon

don, Child; I ſhould not lead you ſo far into the World, you are a Prude, and deſign to live ſoberly.

Lady *Grace.* Why, I confeſs my Nature, and my Education do, in a good degree, incline me that way.

Lady *Town.* Well! how a Woman of Spirit, (for you don't want that, Child) can dream of living ſoberly, is to me inconceivable! for you will marry, I ſuppoſe.

Lady *Grace.* I can't tell but I may.

Lady *Town.* And won't you live in Town?

Lady *Grace.* Half the Year, I ſhould like it very well.

Lady *Town.* My Stars! and you would really live in *London* half the Year to be ſober in it?

Lady *Grace.* Why not?

Lady *Town.* Why can't you as well go, and be ſober in the Country?

Lady *Grace.* So I would——t'other half Year.

Lady *Town.* And pray, what comfortable Scheme of Life would you form now, for your Summer and Winter ſober Entertainments?

Lady *Grace.* A Scheme, that I think might very well content us.

Lady *Town.* O! of all things let's hear it.

Lady *Grace.* Why, in Summer, I could paſs my leiſure Hours in Riding, in Reading, walking by a Canal, or ſitting at the End of it under a great Tree; in dreſſing, dining, chatting with an agreeable Friend, perhaps, hearing a little Muſic, taking a Diſh of Tea, or a Game of Cards, ſoberly! Managing my Family, looking into its Accounts, playing with my Children (if I had any) or in a thouſand other innocent Amuſements ——ſoberly! and poſſibly, by theſe means, I might induce my Huſband to be as ſober as myſelf——

Lady *Town.* Well, my Dear, thou art an aſtoniſhing Creature! For ſure ſuch primitive antediluvian Notions of Life, have not been in any Head theſe thouſand Years —Under a great Tree! O my Soul!—But I beg we may have the ſober Town-ſcheme too——for I am charm'd with the Country one!——

Lady *Grace.* You ſhall, and I'll try to ſtick to my Sobriety there too.

Lady

Lady *Town*. Well, tho' I'm ſure it will give me the Vapours, I muſt hear it however.

Lady *Grace*. Why then, for fear of your fainting, Madam, I will firſt ſo far come into the Faſhion, that I would never be dreſs'd out of it——but ſtill it ſhould be ſoberly. For I can't think it any Diſgrace to a Woman of my private Fortune, not to wear her Lace as fine as the Wedding-ſuit of a firſt Dutcheſs. Tho' there is one Extravagance I would venture to come up to.

Lady *Town*. Ay, now for it——

Lady *Grace*. I would every Day be as clean as a Bride.

Lady *Town*. Why the Men ſay, that's a great Step to be made one——Well, now you are dreſs——pray let's ſee to what Purpoſe?

Lady *Grace*. I would viſit——that is, my real Friends; but as little for Form as poſſible.——I would go to Court; ſometimes to an Aſſembly, nay, play at *Quadrille*——ſoberly: I would ſee all the good Plays; and, (becauſe 'tis the Faſhion) now and then an Opera——but I would not Expire there, for fear I ſhould never go again: And laſtly, I can't ſay, but for Curioſity, if I lik'd my Company, I might be drawn in once to a Maſquerade! And this, I think, is as far as any Woman can go——ſoberly.

Lady *Town*. Well! if it had not been for that laſt Piece of Sobriety, I was juſt going to call for ſome Surfeit-water.

Lady *Grace*. Why, don't you think, with the farther Aid of Breakfaſting, Dining, taking the Air, Supping, Sleeping, not to ſay a Word of Devotion, the four and twenty Hours might roll over in a tolerable Manner?

Lady *Town*. Tolerable? Deplorable! Why, Child, all you propoſe, is but to endure Life, now I want to Enjoy it——

Enter Mrs. Truſty.

Truſ. Madam, your Ladyſhip's Chair is ready.

Lady *Town*. Have the Footmen their white Flambeaux yet? For laſt Night I was poiſon'd.

Truſ. Yes, Madam: there were ſome come in this Morning. [*Exit* Truſty.

Lady *Town.* My Dear, you will excuſe me; but you know my Time is ſo precious——

Lady *Grace.* That I beg I may not hinder your leaſt Enjoyment of it.

Lady *Town.* You will call on me at Lady *Revel's*?

Lady *Grace.* Certainly.

Lady *Town.* But I am ſo afraid it will break into your Scheme, my Dear!

Lady *Grace.* When it does, I will——ſoberly break from you.

Lady *Town.* Why then, 'till we meet again, dear Siſter, I wiſh you all tolerable Happineſs. [*Exit Lady* Town.

Lady *Grace.* There ſhe goes—Daſh! into a Stream of Pleaſures! poor Woman! ſhe is really a fine Creature! and ſometimes infinitely agreeable! nay, take her out of the madneſs of this Town, rational in her Notions, and eaſy to live with: But ſhe is ſo borne down by this Torrent of Vanity in vogue, ſhe thinks every Hour of her Life is loſt that ſhe does not lead at the Head of it. What it will end in, I tremble to imagine!——Ha! my Brother, and *Manly* with him! I gueſs what they have been talking of——I ſhall hear it in my turn, I ſuppoſe, but it won't become me to be inquiſitive. [*Exit Lady* Grace.

Enter Lord Townly *and* Manly.

Lord *Town.* I did not think my Lady *Wrongheaded* had ſuch a notable Brain: Tho' I can't ſay ſhe was very wiſe, in truſting this ſilly Girl you call *Myrtilla*, with the Secret.

Man. No, my Lord, you miſtake me, had the Girl been in the Secret, perhaps I had never come at it myſelf.

Lord *Town.* Why I thought you ſaid the Girl writ this Letter to you, and that my Lady *Wrongheaded* ſent it inclos'd to my Siſter?

Man. If you pleaſe to give me Leave, my Lord—— the Fact is thus——This inclos'd Letter to Lady *Grace* was a real Original one, written by this Girl to the

Count

Count we have been talking of: The Count drops it, and my Lady *Wronghead* finds it: Then only changing the Cover, ſhe ſeals it up as a Letter of Buſineſs, juſt written by herſelf, to me: And pretending to be in a Hurry, gets this innocent Girl to write the Direction, for her.

Lord *Town.* Oh! then the Girl did not know ſhe was ſuperſcribing a Billet-doux of her own to you?

Man. No, my Lord; for when I firſt queſtion'd her about the Direction, ſhe own'd it immediately: But when I ſhew'd her that her Letter to the Count was within it, and told her how it came into my Hands, the poor Creature was amaz'd, and thought herſelf betray'd both by the Count and my Lady——in ſhort, upon this Diſcovery the Girl and I grew ſo gracious, that ſhe has let me into ſome Tranſactions, in my Lady *Wronghead*'s Family, which, with my having a careful Eye over them, may prevent the Ruin of it.

Lord *Town.* You are very generous to be ſo ſolicitous for a Lady that has given you ſo much Uneaſineſs.

Man. But I will be moſt unmercifully reveng'd of her: for I will do her the greateſt Friendſhip in the World——againſt her Will.

Lord *Town.* What an uncommon Philoſophy art thou Maſter of? to make even thy Malice a Virtue!

Man. Yet, my Lord, I aſſure you, there is no one Action of my Life gives me more Pleaſure than your Approbation of it.

Lord *Town.* Dear *Charles!* my Heart's impatient 'till thou art nearer to me: And as a Proof that I have long wiſh'd thee ſo: While your daily Conduct has choſen rather to deſerve than aſk my Siſter's Favour; I have been as ſecretly induſtrious to make her ſenſible of your Merit: And ſince on this Occaſion you have open'd your whole Heart to me, 'tis now with equal Pleaſure, I aſſure you, we have both ſucceeded——ſhe is as firmly yours——

Man. Impoſſible! you flatter me!

Lord *Town.* I'm glad you think it Flattery: But ſhe herſelf ſhall prove it none: She dines with us alone:

When the Servants are withdrawn, I'll open a Converſation, that ſhall excuſe my leaving you together——O! *Charles!* had I, like thee, been cautious in my Choice, what melancholy Hours had this Heart avoided!

Man. No more of that, I beg, my Lord——

Lord *Town.* But 'twill, at leaſt, be ſome Relief to my Anxiety (however barren of Content the State has been to me) to ſee ſo near a Friend and Siſter happy in it: Your Harmony of Life will be an Inſtance how much the Choice of Temper is preferable to Beauty,

While your ſoft Hours in mutual Kindneſs move,
You'll reach by Virtue what I left by Love. [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Mrs.* Motherly's *Houſe.*

Enter Mrs. Motherly, *meeting Myrtilla.*

Moth. SO! Niece! where is it poſſible you can have been theſe ſix Hours?

Myr. O! Madam! I have ſuch a terrible Story to tell you!

Moth. A Story! Ods my Life! What have you done with the Count's Note of five hundred Pound, I ſent you about? is it ſafe? is it good? is it Security?

Myr. Yes, yes, it is ſafe: But for its Goodneſs——Mercy on us! I have been in a fair Way to be hang'd about it?

Moth. The dickens! has the Rogue of a Count play'd us another Trick then?

Myr. You ſhall hear, Madam; when I came to Mr. *Caſh*, the Banker's, and ſhewed him his Note for five hundred Pounds, payable to the Count, or Order, in two Months——he look'd earneſtly upon it, and deſired me to ſtep into the inner Room, while he examin'd his Books—

Book?——after I had ſtaid about ten Minutes, he came in to me——claps to the Door, and charges me with a Conſtable for Forgery.

Moth. Ah poor Soul! and how didſt thou get off?

Myr. While I was ready to ſink in this Condition, I begg'd him to have a little Patience, 'till I could ſend for Mr. *Manly*, whom he knew to be a Gentleman of Worth and Honour, and who, I was ſure, would convince him, whatever Fraud might be in the Note, that I was myſelf an innocent abus'd Woman——and as good Luck would have it, in leſs than half an Hour Mr. *Manly* came——ſo, without mincing the Matter, I fairly told him upon what Deſign the Count had lodg'd that Note in your Hands, and in ſhort, laid open the whole Scheme he had drawn us into, to make our Fortune.

Moth. The Devil you did!

Myr. Why how do you think it was poſſible I could any otherways make Mr. *Manly* my Friend, to help me out of this Scrape I was in? To conclude, he ſoon made Mr. *Caſh* eaſy, and ſent away the Conſtable; nay, further he promis'd me, if I would truſt the Note in his Hands, he would take care it ſhould be fully paid before it was due, and at the ſame time would give me an ample Revenge upon the Count; ſo that all you have to conſider now, Madam, is, whether you think yourſelf ſafer in the Count's Hands, or Mr. *Manly*'s.

Moth. Nay, nay, Child; there is no Choice in the matter! Mr. *Manly* may be a Friend indeed, if any thing in our Power can make him ſo.

Myr. Well, Madam, and now pray, how ſtand Matters at home, here? What has the Count done with the Ladies?

Moth. Why every thing he has a mind to do, by this time, I ſuppoſe. He is in as high Favour with Miſs, as he is with my Lady.

Myr. Pray, where are Ladies?

Moth. Rattling abroad in their own Coach, and the well-bred Count along with them: They have been ſcouring all the Shops in Town over, buying fine things

and new Clothes from Morning to Night: They have made one Voyage already, and have brought home ſuch a Cargo of Bawbles and Trumpery——Mercy on the poor Man that's to pay for them!

Myr. Did not the young Squire go with them!

Moth. No, no; Miſs ſaid, truly he would but diſgrace their Party; ſo they even left him aſleep by the Kitchen Fire.

Myr. Has not he aſked after me all this while? For I had a ſort of an Aſſignation with him.

Moth. O yes! he has been in a bitter Taking about it. At laſt his Diſappointment grew ſo uneaſy, that he fairly fell a crying; ſo to quiet him, I ſent one of the Maids and *John Moody* abroad with him to ſhew him——the Lions and the Monument. Ods me! there he is, juſt come home again——you may have Buſineſs with him——ſo I'll even turn you together. [*Exit.*

Enter Squire Richard.]

Squ. *Rich.* Soah! ſoah! Mrs. *Myrtilla*, where han yow been aw this Day, forſooth?

Myr. Nay, if you go to that, Squire, where have you been, pray?

Squ. *Rich.* Why, when I fun' at yow were no Joikly to come whoam, I were ready to hong my Sel——ſo *John Moody*, and I, and one o' your Laſſes have been ——Lord knows where——a ſeeing o' the Soights.

Myr. Well, and pray what have you ſeen, Sir?

Squ. *Rich.* Fleſh! I cawnt tell, not I——ſeen every thing I think. Firſt there we went o' top o' the what d'ye call it? there, the great huge ſtone Poſt, up the rawnd and rawnd Stairs, that twine and twine about, juſt an as thof it was a Cork Screw.

Myr. O, the Monument! well, and was it not a fine Sight from the Top of it?

Squ. *Rich.* Sight, Miſs! I know no'——I ſaw nought but Smoak and brick Houſen, and Steeple Tops——then there was ſuch a mortal Ting-tang of Bells, and Rumbling of Carts and Coaches, and then the Folks under one look'd ſo ſmall, and made ſuch a Hum, and

a Buz, it put me in mind of my Mother's great glaſs Bee-hive in our Garden in the Country.

Myr. I think, Maſter, you give a very good Account of it.

Squ. *Rich.* Ay! but I did no' like it: for my Head—my Head—began to turn—ſo I trundled me dawn Stairs agen like a round Trencher.

Myr. Well! but this was not all you ſaw, I ſuppoſe?

Squ. *Rich.* Noa! noa! we went after that, and ſaw the Lions, and I lik'd them better by hawlf; they are pure grim Devils; hoh, hoh! I touke a Stick, and gave one of them ſuch a Poke o' the Noaſe—I believe he would ha' ſnapt my Head off, an he could ha' got me. Hoh! hoh! hoh!

Myr. Well, Maſter, when you and I go abroad, I'll ſhew you prettier Sights than theſe——there's a Maſquerade to-morrow.

Squ. *Rich.* O Laud! ay! they ſay that's a pure thing for *Merry Andrews*, and thoſe ſort of comical Mummers——and the Count tells me, that there Lads and Laſſes may jig their Tails, and eat, and drink, without grudging, all Night-lung.

Myr. What would you ſay now, if I ſhould get you a Ticket, and go along with you?

Squ. *Rich.* Ah dear!

Myr. But have a care, Squire, the fine Ladies there are terribly tempting; look well to your Heart, or ads me! they'll whip it up in the Trip of a Minute.

Squ. *Rich.* Ay, but they cawnt thoa—ſoa let 'um look to themſelves, an' ony of 'um falls in love with me—mayhap they had as good be quet.

Myr. Why ſure you would not refuſe a fine Lady, would you?

Squ. *Rich.* Ay, but I would tho' unleſs it were—one at I know of.

Myr. Oh! oh! then you have left your Heart in the Country, I find?

Squ. *Rich.* Noa, noa, my Heart——eh——my Heart e'nt awt o' this Room.

Myr. I am glad you have it about you, however.

Squ. *Rich.* Nay, mayhap not ſoa noather, ſomebody elſe may have it, 'at you little think of.

Myr. I can't imagine what you mean!

Squ. *Rich.* Noa! why doan't you know how many Folks there is in this Room, naw?

Myr. Very fine, Maſter, I ſee you have learnt the Town Gallantry already.

Squ. *Rich.* Why doan't you believe 'at I have a Kindneſs for you then?

Myr. Fy! fy! Maſter, how you talk! beſide you are too young to think of a Wife.

Squ. *Rich.* Ay! but I caunt help thinking o' yow, for all that.

Myr. How! why ſure, Sir, you don't pretend to think of me in a diſhonourable way?

Squ. *Rich.* Nay, that's as you ſee good—I did no' think 'at you would ha' thowght of me for a Husband, mayhap; unleſs I had Means, in my own Hands; and Feyther allows me but hauif a Crown a Week, as yet a while.

Myr. Oh! when I like any Body, 'tis not want of Money will make me refuſe them.

Squ. *Rich.* Well, that's juſt my mind now; for an I like a Girl, Miſs, I would take her in her Smuck.

Myr. Ay, Maſter, now you ſpeak like a Man of Honour: This ſhews ſomething of a true Heart in you.

Squ. *Rich.* Ay, and a true Heart you'll find me; try when you will.

Myr. Huſh! huſh! here's your Papa come home and my Aunt with him.

Squ. *Rich.* A Devil rive 'em, what do they come naw for?

Myr. When you and I get to the Maſquerade, you ſhall ſee what I'll ſay to you.

Squ. *Rich.* Well, Hands upon't then——

Myr. There——

Squ. *Rich.* One Buſs, and a Bargain. [*Kiſſes her.*] Ads wauntlikins! as ſoft and plump as a Marrow-Pudding. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Sir Francis Wronghead *and Mrs.* Motherly.

Sir *Fran.* What! my Wife and Daughter abroad, ſay you?

Moth.

Moth. O dear Sir, they have been mighty buſy all the Day long; they juſt came home to ſnap up a ſhort Dinner, and ſo went out again.

Sir *Fran.* Well, well, I ſhan't ſtay Supper for 'em I can tell 'em that: For Ods-heart! I have had nothing in me, but a Toaſt and Tankard, ſince Morning.

Moth. I am afraid, Sir, theſe late Parliament Hours won't agree with you.

Sir *Fran.* Why, truly, Mrs. *Motherly*, they don't do right with us Country Gentlemen; to loſe one Meal out of three, is a hard Tax upon a good Stomach.

Moth. It is ſo indeed, Sir.

Sir *Fran.* But, hawſomever, Mrs. *Motherly*, when we conſider, that what we ſuffer is for the Good of our Country——

Moth. Why truly, Sir, that is ſomething.

Sir *Fran.* Oh! there's a great deal to be ſaid for't—the Good of ones Country is above all Things——A true hearted *Engliſhman* thinks nothing too much for it ——I have heard of ſome honeſt Gentlemen ſo very zealous, that for the good of their Country——they would ſometimes go to Dinner at Midnight.

Moth. O! the Goodneſs of 'em! ſure their Country muſt have a vaſt Eſteem for them?

Sir *Fran.* So they have, Mrs. *Motherly*; they are ſo reſpected when they come home to their Boroughs after a Seſſion, and ſo belov'd——that their Country will come and dine with them every Day in the Week.

Moth. Dear me! What a fine thing 'tis to be ſo populous?

Sir *Fran.* It is a great Comfort, indeed! and I can aſſure you, you are a good ſenſible Woman, Mrs. *Motherly*.

Moth. O, dear Sir, your Honour's pleas'd to Compliment.

Sir *Fran.* No, no, I ſee you know how to value People of Conſequence.

Moth. Good lack! here's Company, Sir; will you give me leave to get you a little ſomething 'till the Ladies come home, Sir?

Sir *Fran.* Why troth, I don't think it would be amiſs.

Moth. It ſhall be done in Moment, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Manly.

Man. Sir *Francis*, your Servant.

Sir *Fran.* Couſin *Manly*.

Man. I am come to ſee how the Family goes on here.

Sir *Fran.* Troth! all as buſy as Bees; I have been upon the Wing ever ſince Eight o'clock this Morning.

Man. By your early Hour, then, I ſuppoſe you have been making your Court to ſome of the Great Men.

Sir *Fran.* Why, faith! you have hit it, Sir —— I was adviſ'd to loſe no Time: So I e'en went ſtraight forward, to one great Man I had never ſeen in my Life before.

Man. Right! that was doing Buſineſs: But who had you got to introduce you?

Sir *Fran.* Why, no Body——I remember'd I had heard a wiſe Man ſay—My Son, be bold—ſo troth! I introduc'd myſelf.

Man. As how, pray?

Sir *Fran.* Why, thus——Look ye——Pleaſe your Lordſhip, ſays I, I am Sir *Francis Wrongheaд* of *Bumper-Hall*, and Member of Parliament for the Borough of *Guzzledown*——Sir, your humble Servant, ſays my Lord; thof' I have not the Honour to know your Perſon, I have heard you are a very honeſt Gentleman, and I am glad your Borough has made choice of ſo worthy a Repreſentative; and ſo, ſays he, Sir *Francis*, have you any Service to command me? Naw, Couſin! thoſe laſt Words, you may be ſure gave me no ſmall Encouragement. And thof' I know, Sir, you have no extraordinary Opinion of my Parts, yet I believe, you won't ſay I miſt it naw!

Man. Well, I hope I ſhall have no Cauſe.

Sir *Fran.* So when I found him ſo courteous—— My Lord, ſays I, I did not think to ha' troubled your Lordſhip with Buſineſs upon my firſt Viſit: But ſince your Lordſhip is pleas'd not to ſtond upon Ceremony —— why truly, ſays I, I think naw is as good as another Time.

Man. Right! there you puſh'd him home.

Sir *Fran.* Ay, ay, I had a mind to let him ſee that I was none of your mealy-mouth'd ones.

Man. Very good!

Sir *Fran.* So, in ſhort, my Lord, ſays I, I have a good Eſtate—but—a—its a little awt at Elbows: and as I deſire to ſerve my King, as well as my Country, I ſhall be very willing to accept of a Place at Court.

Man. So, this was making ſhort Work on't.

Sir *Fran.* I'cod! I ſhot him flying, Couſin: Some of your Hauſf-witted Ones naw, would ha' humm'd and haw'd, and dangled a Month or two after him, before they durſt open their Mouths about a Place, and mayhap, not ha' got it at laſt neither.

Man. Oh! I am glad you're ſo ſure on't——

Sir *Fran.* You ſhall hear, Couſin——Sir *Francis*, ſays my Lord, pray what ſort of a Place, may you ha' turn'd your Thoughts upon? My Lord, ſays I, Beggars muſt not be Chuſers; but ony Place, ſays I, about a thouſand a Year, will be well enough to be doing with 'till ſomething better falls in——for I thowght it would not look well to ſtond haggling with him at firſt.

Man. No, no, your Buſineſs was to get Footing any way.

Sir *Fran.* Right! there's it! ay Couſin, I ſee you know the World!

Man. Yes, yes, one ſees more of it every Day—— well! but what ſaid my Lord to all this?

Sir *Fran.* Sir *Francis*, ſays he, I ſhall be glad to ſerve you any way, that lies in my Power; ſo he gave me a Squeeze by the Hond, as much as to ſay, Give yourſelf no Trouble——I'll do your Buſineſs; with that he turn'd him abawt to ſomebody with a colour'd Ribbon acroſs here, that look'd in my Thowghts, as if he came for a Place too.

Man. Ha! ſo, upon theſe Hopes, you are to make your Fortune!

Sir *Fran.* Why, do you think there's ony Doubt of it, Sir?

Man. Oh no, I have not the leaſt Doubt about it——

for

for juſt as you have done, I made my Fortune ten Years ago.

Sir *Fran.* Why, I never knew you had a Place, Couſin.

Man. Nor I neither upon my Faith, Couſin. But you, perhaps, may have better Fortune: For I ſuppoſe my Lord has heard of what Importance you were in the Debate to-day——You have been ſince down at the Houſe, I preſume!

Sir *Fran.* O yes! I would not neglect the Houſe for ever ſo much.

Man. Well, and pray what have they done there?

Sir *Fran.* Why, troth! I can't well tell you, what they have done, but I can tell you what I did: and I think pretty well in the main; only I happen'd to make a little Miſtake at laſt, indeed.

Man. How was that?

Sir *Fran.* Why, they were all got there, into a ſort of a puzzling Debate, about the good of the Nation ——and I were always for that, you know——but in ſhort, the Arguments were ſo long-winded o'both ſides, that, waunds! I did no well underſtand 'um: Hawſomever, I was convinc'd, and ſo reſolv'd to vote right, according to my Conſcience——ſo when they came to put the Queſtion, as they call it,——I don't know haw 'twas——but I doubt I cry'd Ay! when I ſhould ha' cry'd No!

Man. How came that about?

Sir *Fran.* Why, by a Miſtake, as I tell you——for there was a good-humour'd ſort of a Gentleman, one Mr. *Totherſide* I think they call him, that ſat next me, as ſoon as I had cry'd Ay! gives me a hearty ſhake by the Hand! Sir, ſays he, you are a Man of Honour, and a true *Engliſhman!* and I ſhould be proud to be better acquainted with you——and ſo with that, he takes me by the Sleeve, along with the Crowd into the Lobby ——ſo, I knew nowght——but Ods-fleſh! I was got o'the wrong ſide the Poſt——for I were told, afterwards, I ſhould have ſtaid where I was.

Man. And ſo, if you had not quite made your Fortune

Tune before, you have clench'd it now!——Ah! thou Head of the *Wrongheads*. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Fran.* Odſo! here's my Lady come home at laſt ——I hope, Couſin, you will be ſo kind, as to take a Family Supper with us?

Man. Another time, Sir *Francis*; but to-night, I am engag'd!

Enter Lady Wronghead, *Miſs* Jenny, and *Count* Baſſet.

Lady *Wrong.* Couſin! your Servant; I hope you will pardon my Rudeneſs: But we have really been in ſuch a continual Hurry here, that we have not had a leiſure Moment to return your laſt Viſit.

Man. O Madam! I am a Man of no Ceremony; you ſee that has not hinder'd my coming again.

Lady *Wrong.* You are infinitely obliging: but I'll redeem my Credit with you.

Man. At your own time, Madam.

Count *Baſ.* I muſt ſay that for Mr. *Manly*, Madam; if making People eaſy is the Rule of Good-Breeding, he is certainly the beſt-bred Man in the World.

Man. Soh! I am not to drop my Acquaintance, I find—[*Aſide.*] I am afraid, Sir, I ſhall grow vain upon your good Opinion.

Count *Baſ.* I don't know that, Sir; but I am ſure, what you are pleas'd to ſay, makes me ſo.

Man. The moſt impudent Modeſty that ever I met with. [*Aſide.*

Lady *Wrong.* Lard! how ready his Wit is? [*Aſide.*

Sir *Fran.* Don't you think, Sir, the Count's a very fine Gentleman?

Man. O! among the Ladies, certainly.

Sir *Fran.* And yet he's as ſtout as a Lion: Waund, he'll ſtorm any thing. } *Apart.*

Man. Will he ſo? Why then, Sir, take care of your Citadel.

Sir *Fran.* Ah! you are a Wag, Couſin.

Man. I hope, Ladies, the Town Air continues to agree with you?

Jenny. O! perfectly well, Sir! We have been abroad in our new Coach all Day long——and we have bought an

an Ocean of fine Things. And to-morrow we go to the Maſquerade! and on *Friday* to the Play! and on *Saturday* to the Opera! and on *Sunday*, we are to be at the what-d'ye call it——Aſſembly, and ſee the Ladies play at Quadrille, at Piquet and Ombre, and Hazard! and Baſſet! and on *Monday*, we are to ſee the King! and ſo on *Tueſday*——

Lady *Wrong*. Hold, hold, Miſs! you muſt not let your Tongue run ſo faſt, Child——you forget! you know I brought you hither to learn Modeſty.

Man. Yes, yes! and ſhe is improv'd with a Vengeance—— [*Aſide*.

Jenny. Lawrd! Mama, I am ſure I did not ſay any harm! and if one muſt not ſpeak in ones Turn, one may be kept under as long as one lives, for ought I ſee.

Lady *Wrong*. O' my Conſcience, this Girl grows ſo Headſtrong——

Sir *Fran*. Ay, ay, there's your fine growing Spirit for you! Now tack it dawn, an' you can.

Jenny. All I ſaid, Papa, was only to entertain my Couſin *Manly*.

Man. My pretty Dear, I am mightily oblig'd to you.

Jenny. Look you there now, Madam.

Lady *Wrong*. Hold your Tongue, I ſay.

Jenny. [*Turning away and glowting*.] I declare it, I won't bear it, ſhe is always ſnubbing me before you, Sir!——I know why ſhe does it, well enough—— [*Aſide to the Count*.

Count *Baſ*. Huſh! huſh, my Dear! don't be uneaſy at that! ſhe'll ſuſpect us. [*Aſide*.

Jenny. Let her ſuſpect, what do I care——I don't know, but I have as much Reaſon to ſuſpect, as ſhe—— tho' perhaps I'm not ſo 'afraid of her.

Count *Baſ*. [*Aſide*.] I'gad, if I don't keep a tight Hand on my Tit, here, ſhe'll run away with my Project before I can bring it to bear.

Lady *Wrong*. [*Aſide*.] Perpetually hanging upon him! The young Harlot is certainly in love with him; but I muſt not let them ſee I think ſo——and yet I can't

fear

bear it; Upon my Life, Count, you'll ſpoil that forward Girl——you ſhould not encourage her ſo.

Count *Baſ.* Pardon me, Madam, I was only adviſing her to obſerve what your Ladyſhip ſaid to her.

Man. Yes, truly, her Obſervations have been ſomething particular. [*Aſide.*

Count *Baſ.* In one Word, Madam, ſhe has a Jealouſy of your Ladyſhip, and I am forc'd to encourage her, to blind it; 'twill be better to take no Notice of her Behaviour to me.

Lady *Wrong.* You are right, I will be more cautious. } *Apart.*

Count *Baſ.* To-morrow at the Maſquerade, we may loſe her.

Lady *Wrong.* We ſhall be obſerv'd. I'll ſend you a Note, and ſettle that Affair——go on with the Girl, and don't mind me.

Count *Baſ.* I have been taking your Part, my little Angel.

Lady *Wrong.* *Jenny!* come hither Child——you muſt not be ſo haſty, my Dear—I only adviſe you for your good.

Jenny. Yes, Mama; but when I am told of a thing before Company, it always makes me worſe, you know.

Man. If I have any ſkill in the fair Sex; Miſs, and her Mama, have only quarrel'd, becauſe they are both of a Mind. This facetious Count ſeems to have made a very genteel Step into the Family. [*Aſide.*

Enter Myrtilla. [Manly *talks apart with her.*]

Lady *Wrong.* Well, Sir *Francis*, and what News have you brought us from *Weſtminſter*, to-day?

Sir *Fran.* News, Madam? I'cod! I have ſome——and ſuch as does not come every Day, I can tell you——a word in your Ear——I have got a Promiſe of a Place at Court of a thouſand Pawnd a Year already.

Lady *Wrong.* Have you ſo, Sir? And pray who may you thank for't? Now! who's in the right? Is not this better than throwing ſo much away, after a ſtinking Pack of Fox-hounds, in the Country? Now your Family may be the better for it!

Sir *Fran.* Nay! that's what perſuaded me to come up, my Dove.

Lady

Lady *Wrong*. Mighty well——come——let me have another hundred Pound then.

Sir *Fran*. Another! Child? Waunds! you have had one hundred this Morning, pray what's become of that, my Dear?

Lady *Wrong*. What's become of it? why I'll shew you, my Love! *Jenny!* have you the Bills about you?

Jenny. Yes, Mama.

Lady *Wrong*. What's become of it? why laid out, my Dear, with fifty more to it, that I was fore'd to borrow of the Count here.

Jenny. Yes, indeed, Papa, and that would hardly do neither——There's the Account.

Sir *Fran*. [*Turning over the Bills.*] Let's see! let's see! what the Devil have we got here?

Man. Then you have sounded your Aunt you say, and she readily comes into all I propos'd to you?

Myr. Sir, I'll answer, with my Life, she is most thankfully yours in every Article: She mightily desires to see you, Sir. } *Apart.*

Man. I am going home, directly: Bring her to my House in half an Hour; and if she makes good what you tell me, you shall both find your Account in it.

Myr. Sir, she shall not fail you.

Sir *Fran*. Ods-life? Madam, here's nothing but Toys and Trinkets, and Fans, and Clock-Stockings, by wholesale.

Lady *Wrong*. There's nothing but what's proper, and for your Credit, Sir *Francis*,——Nay, you see I am so good a Housewife, that in Necessaries for myself, I have scarce laid out a Shilling.

Sir *Fran*. No, by my troth, so it seems; for the Devil o' one thing's here, that I can see you have any occasion for!

Lady *Wrong*. My Dear? do you think I came hither to live out of the Fashion? why, the greatest Distinction of a fine Lady in this Town is in the variety of pretty Things that she has no Occasion for.

Jenny.

Jenny. Sure, Papa, could you imagine, that Women of Quality wanted nothing but Stays and Petticoats?

Lady *Wrong.* Now, that's ſo ſo like him!

Man. So! the Family comes on finely. [*Aſide.*

Lady *Wrong.* Lard, if Men were always to govern, what Dowdies would they reduce their Wives to!

Sir *Fran.* An hundred Pound in the Morning, and want another afore Night! Waunds and Fire! the Lord Mayor of *London* could not hold it at this rate!

Man. O! do you feel it, Sir? [*Aſide.*

Lady *Wrong.* My Dear, you ſeem uneaſy; let me have the hundred Pound, and compoſe yourſelf,

Sir *Fran.* Compoſe the Devil, Madam! why, do you conſider what a hundred Pound a Day comes to in a Year?

Lady *Wrong.* My Life, if I account with you from one Day to another, that's really all my Head is able to bear at a time——But I'll tell you what I conſider ——I conſider that my Advice has got you a thouſand Pound a Year this Morning——That now methinks you might conſider, Sir.

Sir *Fran.* A thouſand a Year? Wounds, Madam, but I have not touch'd a Penny of it yet!

Man. Nor ever will, I'll anſwer for him. [*Aſide.*

Enter Squire Richard.

Squ. *Rich.* Feyther, an you doan't come quickly, the Meat will be coal'd: and I'd fain pick a bit with you.

Lady *Wrong.* Bleſs me, Sir *Francis!* you are not going to ſup by yourſelf!

Sir *Fran.* No, but I'm going to dine by myſelf, and that's pretty near the Matter, Madam.

Lady *Wrong.* Had not you as good ſtay a little, my Dear? we ſhall all eat in half an Hour; and I was thinking to ask my Couſin *Manly* to take a Family Morſel with us.

Sir *Fran.* Nay, for my Couſin's good Company, I don't care if I ride a Day's Journey without Baiting.

Man. By no means, Sir *Francis.* I am going upon a little Buſineſs.

Sir *Fran.* Well, Sir, I know you don't love Compliments.

Man. You'll excuſe me, Madam——

Lady

Lady *Wrong*. Since you have Buſineſs, Sir——

[*Exit* Manly.

Enter Mrs. Motherly.

O, Mrs. *Motherly*! you were ſaying this Morning, you had ſome very fine Lace to ſhew me——can't I ſee it now? [*Sir* Francis *ſtares.*

Moth. Why, really Madam, I had made a ſort of a Promiſe to let the Counteſs of *Nicely* have the firſt Sight of it for the Birth-day: But your Ladyſhip——

Lady *Wrong*. O! I die if I don't ſee it before her.

Squ. *Rich.* Woan't you goa, Feyther?

Sir *Fran.* Waunds! Lad, I ſhall ha' noa Stomach at this Rate! } [*Apart.*

Moth. Well, Madam, though I ſay it, 'tis the ſweeteſt Pattern that ever came over——and for Fineneſs——no Cobweb comes up to it!

Sir *Fran.* Ods Guts and Gizard, Madam! Lace as fine as a Cobweb! why, what the Devil's that to coſt now?

Moth. Nay, if Sir *Francis* does not like of it, Madam——

Lady *Wrong*. He like it! Dear Mrs. *Motherly*, he is not to wear it.

Sir *Fran.* Fleſh, Madam, but I ſuppoſe I am to pay for it.

Lady *Wrong*. No doubt on't! Think of your thouſand a Year, and who got it you, go! eat your Dinner, and be thankful, go. [*Driving him to the Door.*] Come, Mrs. *Motherly*. [*Exit Lady* Wronghead, *with Mrs.* Motherly.

Sir *Fran.* Very fine! ſo here I mun faſt, 'till I am almoſt famiſh'd for the Good of my Country; while Madam is laying me out an hundred Pound a Day in Lace, as fine as a Cobweb, for the Honour of my Family! Ods-fleſh! things had need go well at this rate!

Squ. *Rich.* Nay, nay——come, Feyther.

[*Exit Sir* Francis.

Enter Mrs. Motherly.

Moth. Madam, my Lady deſires you and the Count will pleaſe to come and aſſiſt her Fancy in ſome of the new Laces.

Count

Count *Baſ.* We'll wait upon her—[*Exit Mrs.* Motherly.

Jenny So! I told you how it was! you ſee ſhe can't bear to leave us together.

Count *Baſ.* No matter, my Dear: You know ſhe has ask'd me to ſtay Supper: So, when your Papa and ſhe are a-bed, Mrs. *Myrtilla* will let me into the Houſe again; then you may ſteal into her Chamber, and we'll have a pretty Sneaker of Punch together.

Myr. Ay, ay, Madam, you may command me any thing.

Jenny. Well! that will be pure!

Count *Baſ.* But you had beſt go to her alone, my Life, it will look better if I come after you.

Jenny. Ay, ſo it will: And to-morrow you know at the Maſquerade. And then!——

OH, I'll have a Husband! ay, marry;
For why ſhould I longer tarry,
For why ſhould I longer tarry
Than other briſk Girls have done?
For if I ſtay, 'till I grow gray,
They'll call me old Maid, and muſty old jade;
So I'll no longer tarry;
But I'll have a Husband, ay, marry,
If Money can buy me One.

My Mother ſhe ſays I'm too coming;
And ſtill in my Ears ſhe is drumming,
And ſtill in my Ears ſhe is drumming,
That I ſuch vain Thoughts ſhou'd ſhun.
My Siſters they cry, Oh fy! and Oh fy!
But yet I can ſee, they're as coming as me;
So let me have Husbands in plenty:
I'd rather have twenty times twenty,
Than die an old Maid undone. [*Exit ſinging.*

Myr. So, Sir! am not I very *commode* to you?

Count *Baſ.* Well, Child! and don't you find your Account in it? did not I tell you we might ſtill be of uſe to one another.

Myr. Well, but how ſtands your Affair with Miſs, in the main?

Count

Count *Baſ.* O ſhe's mad for the Maſquerade: it drives like a Nail, we want nothing now but a Parſon, to clinch it. Did not your Aunt ſay ſhe could get one at a ſhort Warning.

Myr. Yes, yes, my Lord *Townly*'s Chaplain is her Couſin you know; he'll do your Buſineſs and mine, at the ſame time.

Count *Baſ.* O! it's true! but where ſhall we appoint him?

Myr. Why, you know my Lady *Townly*'s Houſe is always open to the Maſques upon a Ball-night, before they go to the *Hay-market*.

Count *Baſ.* Good.

Myr. Now the Doctor purpoſes, we ſhould all come thither in our Habits, and when the Rooms are full, we may ſteal up into his Chamber, he ſays, and there——crack——he'll give us all Canonical Commiſſion to go to-bed together.

Count *Baſ.* Admirable! Well, the Devil fetch me, if I ſhall not be heartily glad to ſee thee well ſettled, Child.

Myr. And may the black Gentleman tuck me under his Arm at the ſame time, if I ſhall not think myſelf oblig'd to you, as long as I live.

Count *Baſ.* One Kiſs for old Acquaintance ſake—— I'gad I ſhall want to be buſy again!

Myr. O you'll have one ſhortly will find you Employment: But I muſt run to my Squire.

Count *Baſ.* And I to the Ladies——ſo your humble Servant, ſweet Mrs. *Wronghead*.

Myr. Yours, as in Duty bound, moſt noble Count *Baſſet*. [*Exit* Myr.

Count *Baſ.* Why ay! Count! That Title has been of ſome Uſe to me indeed! not that I have any more Pretence to it, than I have to a blue Ribband. Yet, I have made a pretty conſiderable Figure in Life with it: I have loſt'd in my own Chariot, dealt at Aſſemblies, din'd with Ambaſſadors, and made one at Quadrille, with the firſt Women of Quality——But——*Tempora mutantur*——ſince that damn'd Squadron at *White*'s have left me out of their laſt Secret, I am reduced to trade upon

upon my own Stock of Induſtry, and make my laſt Puſh upon a Wife: If my Card comes up right (which I think can't fail) I ſhall once more cut a Figure, and cock my Hat in the Face of the beſt of them! for ſince our modern Men of Fortune are grown wiſe enough to be Sharpers: I think Sharpers are Fools that don't take up the Airs of Men of Quality. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Lord* Townly's *Houſe.*

Enter Manly *and Lady* Grace.

Man. THERE's ſomething, Madam, hangs upon your Mind, to-day: Is it unfit to truſt me with it.

Lady *Grace.* Since you will know—my Siſter then—unhappy Woman!

Man. What of her?

Lady *Grace.* I fear is on the Brink of Ruin!

Man. I am ſorry for it—what has happened!

Lady *Grace.* Nothing ſo very new! but the continual Repetition of it, at laſt has rais'd my Brother to an Intemperance that I tremble at.

Man. Have they had any Words upon it?

Lady *Grace.* He has not ſeen her ſince Yeſterday.

Man. What! not at home all Night!

Lady *Grace.* About five this Morning in ſhe came! but with ſuch Looks, and ſuch an Equipage of Misfortunes at her Heels—what can become of her?

Man. Has not my Lord ſeen her, ſay you?

Lady *Grace.* No! he chang'd his Bed laſt Night—I ſat with him alone till twelve, in Expectation of her: But when the Clock ſtruck, he ſtarted from his Chair, and grew incens'd to that Degree, that had I not, almoſt on my Knees, diſſuaded him, he had ordered the Doors that Inſtant, to have been lock'd againſt her.

Man.

Man. How terrible is his Situation? when the moſt juſtifiable Severities he can uſe againſt her, are liable to be the Mirth of all the diſſolute Card-Tables in Town!

Lady *Grace.* 'Tis that, I know, has made him bear ſo long: But you that feel for him, Mr. *Manly*, will aſſiſt him to ſupport his Honour, and, if poſſible, preſerve his Quiet! therefore I beg you don't leave the Houſe, 'till one or both of them can be wrought to better Temper.

Man. How amiable is this Concern, in you!

Lady *Grace.* For Heaven's ſake don't mind me, but think on ſomething to preſerve us all.

Man. I ſhall not take the Merit of obeying your Commands, Madam, to ſerve my Lord——but pray, Madam, let me into all that has paſt, ſince Yeſternight.

Lady *Grace.* When my Intreaties had prevail'd upon my Lord, not to make a Story for the Town, by ſo publick a Violence, as ſhutting her at once out of his Doors; he order'd the next Apartment to my Lady's to be made ready for him——while that was doing——I try'd by all the little Arts I was Miſtreſs of, to amuſe him into Temper; in ſhort, a ſilent Grief was all I could reduce him to——on this, we took our Leaves, and parted to our Repoſe: What his was, I imagine by my own: For I ne'er clos'd my Eyes. About five, as I told you, I heard my Lady at the Door; ſo I ſlipt on a Gown, and ſat almoſt an Hour with her in her own Chamber.

Man. What ſaid ſhe, when ſhe did not find my Lord there?

Lady *Grace.* O! ſo far from being ſhock'd or alarm'd at it; that ſhe bleſs'd the Occaſion! and ſaid, that in her Condition, the Chat of a Female Friend was far preferable to the beſt Husband's Company in the World.

Man. Where has ſhe Spirits to ſupport ſo much Inſenſibility?

Lady *Grace.* Nay! 'tis incredible! for though ſhe had loſt every Shilling ſhe had in the World, and ſtretch'd her Credit ev'n to breaking; ſhe rallied her own Follies with ſuch Vivacity, and painted the Penance ſhe knows ſhe muſt undergo for them, in ſuch ridiculous

Lights,

Lights, that had not my Concern for a Brother been too ſtrong for her Wit, ſhe had almoſt diſarm'd my Anger.

Man. Her mind may have another Caſt by this time: The moſt fragrant Diſpoſitions have their Hours of Anguiſh; which their Pride conceals from Company; But pray, Madam, how could ſhe avoid coming down to dine?

Lady *Grace.* O! ſhe took care of that before ſhe went to bed; by ordering her Woman, whenever ſhe was ask'd for, to ſay, ſhe was not well.

Man. You have ſeen her ſince ſhe was up, I preſume?

Lady *Grace.* Up! I queſtion whether ſhe be awake yet.

Man. Terrible! What a Figure does ſhe make now! That Nature ſhould throw away ſo much Beauty upon a Creature, to make ſuch a flatterny Uſe of it?

Lady *Grace.* O fy! there is not a more elegant Beauty in Town, when ſhe's dreſt.

Man. In my Eye, Madam, ſhe that's early dreſt, has ten times her Elegance.

Lady *Grace.* But ſhe won't be long now, I believe: For I think I ſee her Chocolate going up——Mrs. *Truſty*, ——a hem!

Mrs. Truſty *comes to the Door.*

Man. [*Aſide.*] Five o'Clock in the Afternoon, for a Lady of Quality's Breakfaſt, is an elegant Hour indeed! which to ſhew her more polite way of living too, I preſume, ſhe eats in her Bed.

Lady *Grace.* [*To Mrs.* Truſty.] And when ſhe is up, I would be glad ſhe would let me come to her Toilet ——That's all, Mrs. *Truſty.*

Truſty. I will be ſure to let her Ladyſhip know, Madam. [*Exit Mrs.* Truſty.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir *Francis Wronghead*, Sir, deſires to ſpeak with you.

Man. He comes unſeaſonably——what ſhall I do with him!

Lady *Grace.* O ſee him by all means, we ſhall have time enough; in the mean while I'll ſtep in, and have

an

an Eye upon my Brother. Nay, don't mind me—you have Buſineſs——

Man. You muſt be obey'd——

[*Retreating while Lady* Grace *goes out.*

Deſire Sir *Francis* to walk in—— [*Exit Servant.*

I ſuppoſe by this time his wiſe Worſhip begins to find, that the Balance of his Journey to *London* is on the wrong ſide.

Enter Sir Francis.

Sir *Francis*, your Servant; how came I by the Favour of this extraordinary Viſit?

Sir *Fran.* Ah! Couſin!

Man. Why that ſorrowful Face, Man?

Sir *Fran.* I have no Friend alive but you——

Man. I am ſorry for that——but what's the Matter?

Sir *Fran.* I have play'd the Fool by this Journey, I ſee now——for my bitter Wife——

Man. What of her?

Sir *Fran.* Is playing the Devil!

Man. Why truly, that's a part that moſt of your fine Ladies begin with, as ſoon as they get to *London*.

Sir *Fran.* If I am a living Man, Couſin, ſhe has made away with above two hundred and fifty Pounds ſince Yeſterday Morning!

Man. Hah! I ſee a good Houſewife will do a great deal of Work in a little time.

Sir *Fran.* Work do they call it! Fine Work indeed!

Man. Well, but how do you mean made away with it? What, ſhe has laid it out, may be—but I ſuppoſe you have an Account of it.

Sir *Fran.* Yes, yes, I have had the Account indeed; but I mun needs ſay, it's a very ſorry one.

Man. Pray, let's hear.

Sir *Fran.* Why, firſt I let her have an hundred and fifty, to get things handſom about her, to let the World ſee that I was Some-body! and I thought that Sum was very genteel.

Man. Indeed I think ſo; and in the Country, might have ſerv'd her a Twelve-month.

Sir *Fran.* Why ſo it might——but here in this fine

Town

Tawn, forſooth! it could not get through four and twenty Hours——for in half that time, it was all ſquander'd away in Bawbles, and new-faſhion'd Trumpery.

Man. O! for Ladies in *London*, Sir *Francis*, all this might be neceſſary.

Sir *Fran.* Noa! theere's the Plague on't! the Devil o' one uſeful Thing do I ſee for it, but two pair of lac'd Shoes, and thoſe ſtond me in three Pound three Shillings a Pair too.

Man. Dear Sir! this is nothing! Why we have City Wives here, that while their good Man is ſelling three Penny worth of Sugar, will give you twenty Pounds for a ſhort Apron.

Sir *Fran.* Mercy on us! What a mortal poor Devil is a Husband!

Man. Well, but I hope, you have nothing elſe to complain of?

Sir *Fran.* Ah! would I could ſay ſo too——but there's another hundred behind yet, that goes more to my Heart, than all that went before it.

Man. And how might that be diſpos'd of?

Sir *Fran.* Troth I am almoſt aſham'd to tell you.

Man. Out with it.

Sir *Fran.* Why ſhe has been at an Aſſembly.

Man. What, ſince I ſaw you! I thought you had all ſupt at home laſt Night?

Sir *Fran.* Why, ſo we did——and all as merry as Grigs——I'cod! my Heart was ſo open, that I tofs'd another hundred into her Apron, to go out early this Morning with——But the Cloth was no ſooner taken away, than in comes my Lady *Townly* here, (——who between you and I—mum! has had the Devil to pay yonder——) with another rantipole Dame of Quality, and out they muſt have her, they ſaid, to introduce her at my Lady *Noble's* Aſſembly forſooth——a few Words, you may be ſure, made the Bargain——ſo, bawnce! and away they drive as if the Devil had got into the Coach-box—ſo about four or five in the Morning——home comes Madam, with her Eyes a Foot deep in her

Head——and my poor hundred Pound left behind her at the Hazard-Table.

Man. All loſt at Dice!

Sir *Fran.* Every Shilling——among a Parcel of Pig-tail Puppies, and pale-fac'd Women of Quality.

Man. But pray, Sir *Francis*, how came you, after you found her ſo ill an Houſewife of one Sum, ſo ſoon to truſt her with another?

Sir *Fran.* Why truly, I mun ſay that was partly my own Fault: For if I had not been a Blab of my Tongue. I believe that laſt hundred might have been ſav'd.

Man. How ſo?

Sir *Fran.* Why, like an Owl as I was, out of Good-will, forſooth, partly to keep her in Humour, I muſt needs tell her of the thouſand Pound a Year, I had juſt got the Promiſe of——I'cod! ſhe lays her Claws upon it that Moment——ſaid it was all owing to her Advice, and truly ſhe would have her Share on't.

Man. What, before you had it yourſelf?

Sir *Fran.* Why ay! that's what I told her——My Dear, ſaid I, mayhap I mayn't receive the firſt Quarter on't this half Year.

Man. Sir *Francis*, I have heard you with a great deal of Patience, and I really feel Compaſſion for you.

Sir *Fran.* Truly, and well you may, Couſin, for I don't ſee that my Wife's Goodneſs is a bit the better, for bringing to *London*.

Man. If you remember I gave you a Hint of it.

Sir *Fran.* Why ay, it's true you did ſo: But the Devil himſelf could not have believ'd ſhe would have rid Poſt to him.

Man. Sir, if you ſtay but a Fortnight in this Town, you will every Day ſee hundreds as faſt upon the Gallop, as ſhe is.

Sir *Fran.* Ah! this *London* is a baſe Place indeed——wounds, if Things ſhould happen to go wrong with me at *Weſtminſter*, at this rate, how the Devil ſhall I keep out of a Jail?

Man. Why truly, there ſeems to me but one way to avoid it.

Sir *Fran.*

Sir *Fran.* Ah! would you could tell me that, Couſin.

Man. The way lies plain before you, Sir; the ſame Road that brought you hither will carry you ſafe home again.

Sir *Fran.* Ods fleſh! Couſin, what! and leave a thouſand Pound a Year behind me?

Man. Pooh! pooh! leave any thing behind you, but your Family, and you are a Saver by it.

Sir *Fran.* Ay, but conſider, Couſin, what a ſcurvy Figure ſhall I make in the Country, if I come dawn withawt it!

Man. You will make a much more lamentable Figure In a Jail without it.

Sir *Fran.* Mayhap 'at yow have no great Opinion of it then, Couſin?

Man. Sir *Francis,* to do you the Service of a real Friend, I muſt ſpeak very plainly to you: You don't yet ſee half the Ruin that's before you?

Sir *Fran.* Good-lack! how may yow mean, Couſin?

Man. In one Word, your whole Affairs ſtand thus ——In a Week you'll loſe your Seat at *Weſtminſter:* In a Fortnight my Lady will run you into Jail, by keeping the beſt Company——In four and twenty Hours, your Daughter will run away with a Sharper, becauſe ſhe han't been us'd to better Company: And your Son will ſteal into Marriage with a Caſt-Miſtreſs, becauſe he has not been uſed to any Company at all.

Sir *Fran.* I' th' Name o' Goodneſs why ſhould you think all this?

Man. Becauſe I have Proof of it; in ſhort, I know ſo much of their Secrets, that if all this is not prevented to-night, it will be out of your Power to do it to-morrow Morning.

Sir *Fran.* Mercy upon us! you frighten me——Well, Sir, I will be govern'd by yow: But what am I to do in this Caſe?

Man. I have not time here to give you proper Inſtructions: But about eight this Evening, I'll call at your Lodgings; and there you ſhall have full Conviction, how much I have it at Heart to ſerve you.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord desires to speak with you.

Man. I'll wait upon him.

Sir *Fran.* Well then, I'll go straight home, naw.

Man. At Eight depend upon me.

Sir *Fran.* Ah! dear Cousin! I shall be bound to you as long as I live. Mercy deliver us! what a terrible Journey have I made on't! [*Exeunt severally.*

The SCENE *opens to a Dressing Room. Lady* Townly, *as just up, walks to her Toilet, leaning on Mrs.* Trusty.

Trust. Dear Madam, what should make your Ladyship so out of order!

Lady *Town.* How is it possible to be well, where one is kill'd for want of Sleep?

Trusty. Dear me! it was so long before you rung, Madam, I was in hopes your Ladyship had been finely compos'd.

Lady *Town.* Compos'd! why I have lain in an Inn here! this House is worse than an Inn with ten Stage-Coaches! What between my Lord's impertinent People of Business in a Morning, and the intolerable thick Shoes of Footmen at Noon, one has not a wink all Night.

Trusty. Indeed, Madam, it's a great pity my Lord can't be persuaded into the Hours of People of Quality ——Though I must say that, Madam, your Ladyship is certainly the best Matrimonial Manager in Town.

Lady *Town.* Oh! you are quite mistaken, *Trusty!* I manage very ill! for notwithstanding all the Power I have, by never being over-fond of my Lord——yet I want Money infinitely oftner than he is willing to give it me.

Trusty. Ah, if his Lordship could but be brought to play himself, Madam, then he might feel what it is to want Money.

Lady

Lady *Town.* Oh! don't talk of it! do you know that I am undone, *Trusty?*

Trusty. Mercy forbid, Madam!

Lady *Town.* Broke! ruin'd! plunder'd!——ſtripp'd, even to a Confiſcation of my laſt Guinea.

Trusty. You don't tell me ſo, Madam!

Lady *Town.* And where to raiſe ten Pound in the World—What is to be done, *Trusty?*

Trusty. Truſty, I wiſh I were wiſe enough to tell you, Madam: But may be your Ladyſhip may have a run of better Fortune, upon ſome of the good Company that comes here to-night.

Lady *Town.* But I have not a ſingle Guinea to try my Fortune!

Trusty. Ha! that's a bad Buſineſs indeed, Madam——Adad! I have a Thought in my Head, Madam, if it is not too late——

Lady *Town.* Out with it quickly then, I beſeech thee?

Trusty. Has not the Steward ſomething of fifty Pound, Madam, that you left in his hands, to pay ſomebody about this time?

Lady *Town.* O! ay! I had forgot—'twas to—a—what's his filthy Name?

Trusty. Now I remember, Madam, 'twas to Mr. *Lute-ſtring* your old Mercer, that your Ladyſhip turn'd off, about a Year ago, becauſe he would truſt you no longer.

Lady *Town.* The very Wretch! if he has not paid it, run quickly, Dear *Trusty*, and bid him bring it hither immediately——[*Exit* Truſty.] Well! ſure mortal Woman never had ſuch Fortune! Five! Five, and Nine, againſt poor Seven for ever!——No! after that horrid Bar of my Chance, that Lady *Wrongheaд*'s fatal red Fiſt upon the Table, I ſaw it was impoſſible, ever, to win another Stake——Sit up all Night! loſe all one's Money! dream of winning Thouſands! wake without a Shilling! and Then——how like a Hag I look! In ſhort——the Pleaſures of Life, are not worth this Diſorder! If it were not for Shame now, I could almoſt think, Lady *Grace*'s ſober Scheme not quite ſo ridiculous——If my wiſe Lord could but hold his Tongue

for a Week, 'tis odds, but I ſhould hate the Town in a Fortnight——But I will not be driven out of it, that's poſitive! [Truſty *returns.*

Truſty. O Madam! there is no bearing it! Mr. *Luteſtring* was juſt let in at the Door, as I came to the Stair-Foot; and the Steward is now actually paying him the Money in the Hall.

Lady *Town.* Run to the Stair-caſe Head, again——and ſcream to him, that I muſt ſpeak with him this Inſtant. [Truſty *runs out, and ſpeaks.*

Truſt. Mr. *Poundage*——a hem! Mr. *Poundage*, a word with you quickly.

Pound. [*within.*] I'll come to you preſently.

Truſty. Preſently won't do, Man, you muſt come this Minute. } *without.*

Pound. I am but juſt paying a little Money, here.

Truſty. Cod's my Life! paying Money? is the Man diſtracted? Come here I tell you, to my Lady, this Moment, quick! }

[Truſty *returns.*

Lady *Town.* Will the Monſter come or no?——

Truſty. Yes, I hear him now, Madam, he is hobling up, as faſt as he can.

Lady *Town.* Don't let him come in—for he will keep ſuch a babbling about his Accounts,——my Brain is not able to bear him.

[Poundage *comes to the Door with a Money-bag in his Hand.*

Truſty. O! it's well you are come, Sir! where's the fifty Pound?

Pound. Why here it is; if you had not been in ſuch haſte, I ſhould have paid it by this time——the Man's now writing a Receipt, below, for it.

Truſty. No matter! my Lady ſays, you muſt not pay him with that Money, there is not enough, it ſeems; there's a Piſtole, and a Guinea, that is not good in it, ——beſides there is a miſtake in the Account too——[*Twitching the Bag from him.*] But ſhe is not at leiſ-

to examine it now; ſo you muſt bid Mr. What-d'ye-call-um call another time.

Lady *Town.* What is all that Noiſe there?

Pound. Why and it pleaſe your Ladyſhip——

Lady *Town.* Pr'ythee! don't plague me now, but do as you were order'd.

Pound. Nay, what your Ladyſhip pleaſes, Madam——

[*Exit* Poundage.

Truſty. There they are, Madam——[*Pours the Money out of the Bag.*] The pretty Things——were ſo near falling into a naſty Tradeſman's hands, I proteſt it made me tremble for them—I fancy your Ladyſhip had as good give me that bad Guinea, for luck's ſake—thank you, Madam. [*Takes a Guinea.*

Lady *Town.* Why, I did not bid you take it.

Truſty. No, but your Ladyſhip look'd as if you were juſt going to bid me, and ſo I was willing to ſave you the trouble of ſpeaking, Madam.

Lady *Town.* Well! thou haſt deſerv'd it, and ſo, for once——but hark! don't I hear the Man making a noiſe yonder? Though I think now we may compound for a little of his ill Humour——

Truſty. I'll liſten.

Lady *Town.* Pr'ythee do. [Truſty *goes to the Door.*

Truſty. Ay! they are at it, Madam—he's in a bitter Paſſion, with poor *Poundage*——bleſs me! I believe he'll beat him——mercy on us; how the Wretch ſwears!

Lady *Town.* And a ſober Citizen too! that's a ſhame!

Truſty. Ha! I think all's ſilent, of a ſudden——may be the Porter has knock'd him down—I'll ſtep and ſee—— [*Exit* Truſty.

Lady *Town.* Thoſe Trades-people are the troubleſomeſt Creatures! no Words will ſatisfy them!

[Truſty *returns.*

Truſty. O Madam! undone! undone! My Lord has juſt bolted out upon the Man, and is hearing all his pitiful Story over——if your Ladyſhip pleaſes to come hither, you may hear him yourſelf?

Lady *Town.* No matter: It will come round preſently:

I ſhall have it from my Lord; without loſing a Word by the Way, I'll warrant you.

Trufty. O lud! Madam! here's my Lord juſt coming in.

Lady *Town.* Do you get out of the way then. [*Exit Trufty.*] I am afraid I want Spirits! but he will ſoon give 'em me.

Enter Lord Townly.

Lord *Town.* How comes it, Madam, that a Tradeſman dares be clamorous in my Houſe, for Money due to him from you.

Lady *Town.* You don't expect, my Lord, that I ſhould anſwer for other Peoples Impertinence!

Lord *Town.* I expect, Madam, you ſhould anſwer for your own Extravagances, that are the occaſion of it—— I thought I had given you Money three Months ago, to ſatisfy all theſe ſort of People!

Lady *Town.* Yes, but you ſee they never are to be ſatisfied.

Lord *Town.* No am I, Madam, longer to be abus'd thus! what's become of the laſt five hundred I gave you?

Lady *Town.* Gone.

Lord *Town.* Gone! what way, Madam?

Lady *Town.* Half the Town over, I believe, by this time.

Lord *Town.* 'Tis well! I ſee Ruin will make no Impreſſion, 'till it falls upon you.

Lady *Town.* In ſhort, my Lord, if Money is always the ſubject of our Converſation, I ſhall make you no Anſwer.

Lord *Town.* Madam, Madam! I will be heard, and make you Anſwer.

Lady *Town.* Make me! then I muſt tell you, my Lord, this is a Language I have not been us'd to, and I won't bear it.

Lord *Town.* Come! come, Madam, you ſhall bear a great deal more, before I part with you.

Lady *Town.* My Lord, if you inſult me, you will have as much to bear, on your ſide, I can aſſure you.

Lord *Town.*

Lord *Town*. Pooh! your Spirit grows ridiculous——— you have neither Honour, Worth, or Innocence, to support it.

Lady *Town*. You'll find, at leaſt, I have Reſentment! and do you look well to the Provocation!

Lord *Town*. After thoſe you have given me, Madam, 'tis almoſt infamous, to talk with you.

Lady *Town*. I ſcorn your Imputation, and your Menaces! The Narrowneſs of your Heart's your Monitor! 'tis there! there, my Lord, you are wounded; you have leſs to complain of than many Husbands of an equal Rank to you.

Lord *Town*. Death, Madam! do you preſume upon your Corporal Merit! that your Perſon's leſs tainted, than your Mind! is it there! there alone an honeſt Husband can be injur'd? Have you not every other Vice that can debaſe your Birth, or ſtain the Heart of Woman? Is not your Health, your Beauty, Husband, Fortune, Family diſclaim'd, for Nights conſum'd in Riot and Extravagance? The Wanton does no more; if ſhe conceals her Shame, does leſs: And ſure the Diſſolute avow'd, as ſorely wrongs my Honour, and my Quiet.

Lady *Town*. I ſee, my Lord, what ſort of Wife might pleaſe you.

Lord *Town*. Ungrateful Woman! could you have ſeen yourſelf, you in yourſelf had ſeen her——I am amaz'd our Legiſlature has left no Precedent of a Divorce for this more viſible Injury, this Adultery of the Mind, as well as that of the Perſon! when a Woman's whole Heart is alienated to Pleaſures I have no Share in, what is't to me, whether a black Ace, or a powder'd Coxcomb has Poſſeſſion of it?

Lady *Town*. If you have not found it yet, my Lord, this is not the way to get Poſſeſſion, of mine, depend upon it.

Lord *Town*. That, Madam, I have long deſpair'd of; and ſince our Happineſs cannot be mutual, 'tis fit, that with our Hearts, our Perſons too ſhould ſeparate.——— This Houſe you ſleep no more in! Tho' your Content

might grossly feed upon the Dishonour of a Husband, yet my Desires would starve upon the Features of a Wife.

Lady Town. Your Stile, my Lord, is much of the same Delicacy with your Sentiments of Honour.

Lord *Town.* Madam, Madam! this is no time for Compliments——I have done with you.

Lady *Town.* If we had never met, my Lord, I had not broke my Heart for it! but have a care! I may not, perhaps, be so easily recall'd as you imagine.

Lord *Town.* Recall'd!—Who's there! [*Enter a Servant.*] Desire my Sister and Mr. *Manly* to walk up.

Lady *Town.* My Lord, you may proceed as you please, but pray what Indiscretions have I committed, that are not daily practis'd by a hundred other Women of Quality.

Lord *Town.* 'Tis not the Number of ill Wives, Madam, that makes the Patience of a Husband less contemptible: and tho' a bad one may be the best Man's Lot, yet he'll make a better figure in the World, that keeps his Misfortunes out of Doors, than he that tamely keeps them Within.

Lady *Town.* I don't know what Figure you may make, my Lord, but I shall have no Reason to be asham'd of mine, in whatever Company I may meet you.

Lord *Town.* Be sparing of your Spirit, Madam, you'll need it to support you.

Enter Lady Grace *and* Manly.

Mr. *Manly*, I have an Act of Friendship to beg of you, which wants more Apologies, than Words can make for it.

Man. Then pray make none, my Lord, that I may have the greater Merit in obliging you.

Lord *Town.* Sister, I have the same Excuse to intreat of you too.

Lady *Grace.* To your Request, I beg, my Lord.

Lord *Town.* Thus then—as you both were present at my ill consider'd Marriage, I now desire you each will be a Witness of my determin'd Separation——I know, Sir, your Good-nature, and my Sister's must be shock'd at the Office I impose on you! But, as I don't ask your

Justificat-

Juſtification of my Cauſe; ſo I hope you are conſcious —that an ill Woman can't reproach you, if you are ſilent upon her ſide.

Man. My Lord, I never thought, 'till now, it could be difficult to oblige you.

Lady *Grace.* [*Aſide.*] Heavens! how I tremble!

Lord *Town.* For you, my Lady *Townly*, I need not here repeat the Provocations of my parting with you—the World, I fear, is too well inform'd of them—For the good Lord, your dead Father's ſake, I will ſtill ſupport you, as his Daughter——As the Lord *Townly*'s Wife, you have had every thing a fond Huſband could beſtow, and (to our mutual Shame I ſpeak it) more than happy Wives deſire—But thoſe Indulgences muſt end! State, Equipage and Splendor, but ill become the Vices that miſuſe 'em——The decent Neceſſaries of Life ſhall be ſupply'd——but not one Article to Luxury! Not even the Coach, that waits to carry you from hence, ſhall you ever uſe again! Your tender Aunt, my Lady *Lovemore*, with Tears, this Morning, has conſented to receive you; where if Time, and your Condition, brings you to a due Reflection, your Allowance ſhall be increas'd——But, if you ſtill are laviſh of your little, or pine for paſt licentious Pleaſures, that little ſhall be leſs! nor will I call that Soul my Friend, that names you in my Hearing!

Lady *Grace.* My Heart bleeds for her! [*Aſide.*

Lord *Town.* O *Manly!* look there! turn back thy Thoughts with me, and witneſs to my growing Love? there was a time when I believ'd that Form incapable of Vice or of Decay! There I propoſed the Partner of an eaſy Home! There! I, for ever, hoped to find, a chearful Companion, an agreeable Intimate, a faithful Friend, a uſeful Help-mate, and tender Mother—But oh! how bitter now the Diſappointment!

Man. The World is different in its Senſe of Happineſs: Offended as you are, I know you will ſtill be juſt.

Lord *Town.* Fear me not.

Man. The laſt Reproach, I ſee, has ſtruck her. [*Aſide.*

Lord

Lord *Town*. No, let me not (though I this Moment caſt her from my Heart for ever) let me not urge her Puniſhment beyond her Crimes———I know the World is fond of any Tale that feeds its appetite of Scandal: And as I am conſcious, Severities of this kind ſeldom fail of Imputations too groſs to mention, I here, before you both, acquit her of the leaſt Suſpicion rais'd againſt the Honour of my Bed. Therefore, when abroad her Conduct may be queſtion'd, do her Fame that Juſtice.

Lady *Town*. O Siſter! [*Turns to Lady* Grace *weeping*.

Lord *Town*. When I am ſpoken of, where without Favour this Action may be canvaſs'd, relate but half my Provocations, and give me up to Cenſure. [*Going*.

Lady *Town*. Support me! ſave me! hide me from the World! [*Falls on Lady* Grace's *Neck*.

Lord *Town*. [*Returning*.]——I had forgot me——You have no Share in my Reſentment, therefore as you have liv'd in Friendſhip with her, Your Parting may admit of gentler Terms than ſuit the Honour of an injur'd Husband. [*Offers to go out*.

Man. [*Interpoſing*.] My Lord, you muſt not, ſhall not leave her thus! One Moment's Stay can do your Cauſe no wrong! If Looks can ſpeak the Anguiſh of the Heart, I'll anſwer with my Life, there's ſomething labouring in her Mind, that would you bear the hearing, might deſerve it.

Lord *Town*. Conſider! ſince we no more can meet, preſs not my Staying, to inſult her.

Lady *Town*. Yet ſtay, my Lord——the little I would ſay, will not deſerve an Inſult; and undeſerv'd, I know your Nature gives it not. But as you've call'd in Friends, to witneſs your Reſentment, let them be equal Hearers of my laſt Reply.

Lord *Town*. I ſhan't refuſe you that, Madam——be it ſo.

Lady *Town*. My Lord, you never have complain'd I wanted Love; but as you kindly have allowed I never gave it to another; ſo when you hear the Story of my Heart, though you may ſtill complain, you will not wonder at my Coldneſs.

Lady

Lady *Grace*. This promiſes a reverſe of Temper.
[*Apart.*

Man. This, my Lord, you are concern'd to hear.

Lord *Town*. Proceed, I am attentive.

Lady *Town*. Before I was your Bride, my Lord, the flattering World had talk'd me into Beauty; which, at my Glaſs, my youthful Vanity confirm'd: Wild with that Fame, I thought Mankind my Slaves, I triumph'd over Hearts while all my Pleaſure was their Pain: Yet was my own ſo equally inſenſible to all, that when a Father's firm Commands enjoin'd me to make choice of One; I even there declin'd the Liberty he gave, and to his own Election yielded up my Youth——his tender Care, my Lord, directed him to You——Our Hands were join'd? But ſtill my Heart was wedded to its Folly! My only Joy was Power, Command, Society, Profuſeneſs, and to lead in Pleaſures! The Huſband's Right to Rule, I thought a vulgar Law, which only the Deform'd or Meanly-ſpirited obey'd! I knew no Directors, but my Paſſions; no Maſter, but my Will! Even you, my Lord, ſome time o'ercome by Love, was pleas'd with my Delights; nor, then, foreſaw this mad Miſuſe of your Indulgence——And, though I call myſelf ungrateful, while I own it, yet, as a Truth, it cannot be deny'd——That kind Indulgence has undone me! It added Strength to my habitual Failings, and in a Heart thus warm, in wild unthinking Life, no wonder if the gentler Senſe of Love was loſt.

Lord *Town*. O *Manly!* where has this Creature's Heart been buried?

Man. If yet recoverable——How vaſt a Treaſure?
Apart.

Lady *Town*. What I have ſaid, my Lord, is not my Excuſe, but my Confeſſion! my Errors (give 'em if you pleaſe a harder Name) cannot be defended! No! What's in its Nature Wrong, no Words can paliate, no Plea can alter! What then remains in my Condition, but Reſignation to your Pleaſure? Time only can convince you of my future Conduct: Therefore, 'till I have liv'd an Object of Forgiveneſs, I dare not hope for Pardon——

The

The Penance of a lonely contrite Life were little to the Innocent; but to have deserv'd this Separation, will strow perpetual Thorns upon my Pillow.

Lady *Grace.* O happy, heavenly Hearing!

Lady *Town.* Sister, Farewel! [*Kissing her.*] Your Virtue needs no Warning from the Shame that falls on me: But when you think I have aton'd my Follies past ——perſuade your injur'd Brother to forgive them.

Lord *Town.* No, Madam! Your Errors thus renounc'd, this Inſtant are forgotten! So deep, ſo due a Senſe of them, has made you, what my utmoſt Wiſhes form'd, and all my Heart has ſigh'd for.

Lady *Town.* [*Turning to Lady* Grace.] How odious does this Goodneſs make me!

Lady *Grace.* How amiable your thinking ſo?

Lord *Town.* Long-parted Friends, that paſs through eaſy Voyages of Life, receive but common Gladneſs in their Meeting: But from a Shipwreck ſav'd, we mingle Tears with our Embraces! [*Embracing Lady* Townly.

Lady *Town.* What Words! what Love! what Duty can repay ſuch Obligations?

Lord *Town.* Preſerve but this Deſire to pleaſe, your Power is endleſs!

Lady *Town.* Oh!——'till this Moment, never did I know, my Lord, I had a Heart to give you!

Lord *Town.* By Heav'n! this yielding Hand, when firſt it gave you to my Wiſhes, preſented not a Treaſure more deſirable! O *Manly!* Sister! as you have often ſhar'd in my Diſquiet, partake of my Felicity! my new-born Joy! ſee here the Bride of my Deſires! This may be called my Wedding-day.

Lady *Grace.* Sister! (for now methinks that Name is dearer to my Heart than ever) let me congratulate the Happineſs that opens to you.

Man. Long, long, and mutual may it flow——

Lord *Town.* To make our Happineſs compleat, my Dear, join here with me to give a Hand, that amply will repay the Obligation.

Lady *Town.* Sister! a Day like this——

Lady

Lady *Grace.* Admits of no Excuſe againſt the general Joy. [*Gives her Hand to* Manly.

Man. A Joy like mine——deſpairs of Words to ſpeak it.

Lord *Town.* O *Manly!* how the Name of Friend endears the Brother! [*Embracing him.*

Man. Your Words, my Lord, will warm me, to deſerve them.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, the Apartments are full of Maſqueraders——And ſome People of Quality there deſire to ſee your Lordſhip, and my Lady.

Lady *Town.* I thought, my Lord, your Orders had forbid this Revelling?

Lord *Town.* No, my Dear, *Manly* has deſir'd their Admittance to-night, it ſeems upon a particular Occaſion——Say we will wait upon them inſtantly.

[*Exit Servant.*

Lady *Town.* I ſhall be but ill Company to them.

Lord *Town.* No matter: not to ſee them, would on a ſudden be too particular. Lady *Grace* will aſſiſt you to entertain them.

Lady *Town.* With her, my Lord, I ſhall be always eaſy——Siſter, to your unerring Virtue, I now commit the Guidance of my future Days——

Never the Paths of Pleaſure more to tread,
But where your guarded Innocence ſhall lead.
For in the Marriage-ſtate the World muſt own,
Divided Happineſs was never known.
To make it mutual, Nature points the Way:
Let Huſbands govern: Gentle Wives obey. [*Exit.*

The

The SCENE *opening to another Apartment discovers a great number of People in Maſquerade talking all together, and playing upon one another: Lady* Wrong-head *as a Shepherdeſs;* Jenny *as a Nun; the Squire as a running Footman; and the Count in a* Domino. *After ſome time, Lord and Lady* Townly, *with Lady* Grace, *enter to them unmaſk'd.*

Lord *Town.* So! here's a great deal of Company.

Lady *Grace.* A great many People, my Lord, but no Company——as you'll find——for here's one now, that ſeems to have a mind to entertain us.

[*A Maſk, after ſome affected Geſture, makes up to Lady* Townly.

Maſk. Well, dear Lady *Townly*, ſhan't we ſee you, by and-by?

Lady *Town.* I don't know you, Madam.

Maſk. Don't you ſeriouſly? [*In a ſqueaking Tone.*

Lady *Town.* Not I, indeed,

Maſk. Well, that's charming; but can't you gueſs?

Lady *Town.* Yes, I could gueſs wrong, I believe.

Maſk. That's what I'd have you do.

Lady *Town.* But, Madam, if I don't know you at all, is not that as well?

Maſk. Ay, but you do know me.

Lady *Town.* Dear Siſter, take her off o' my Hands; there's no bearing this. [*Apart.*

Lady *Grace.* I fancy I know you, Madam.

Maſk. I fancy you don't; What makes you think you do?

Lady *Grace.* Becauſe I have heard you talk.

Maſk. Ay, but you don't know my Voice, I'm ſure.

Lady *Grace.* There is ſomething in your Wit and Humour, Madam, ſo very much your own, it is impoſſible you can be any Body but my Lady *Trifle*.

Maſk. [*Unmaſking.*] Dear Lady *Grace*, thou art a charming Creature.

Lady *Grace.* Is there no Body elſe we know here?

Maſk. O dear yes! I have found out fifty already.

Lady

Lady *Grace*. Pray, who are they?

Maſk. O, charming Company! there's Lady *Ramble* ——Lady *Riot*——Lady *Kill-Care*——Lady *Squander*——Lady *Strip*——Lady *Pawn*—— and the Dutcheſs of *Single-Guinea*.

Lord *Town*. Is it not hard, my Dear! that People of Senſe and Probity are ſometimes forc'd to ſeem fond of ſuch Company? *Apart.*

Lady *Town*. My Lord, it will always give me pain to remember their Acquaintance, but none to drop it immediately.

Lady *Grace*. But you have given us no Account of the Men, Madam. Are they good for any thing?

Maſk. O yes! you muſt know, I always find out them by their Endeavours to find out me.

Lady *Grace*. Pray who are they?

Maſk. Why, for your Men of Tip-top Wit and Pleaſure, about Town, there's my Lord——*Bite*—— Lord *Arch-wag*——Young *Brazen-wit*——Lord *Timberdown*——Lord *Joint-Life*——and——— Lord *Mortgage*. Then for your pretty Fellows only—— there's Sir *Powder-Peacock*——Lord *Lapwing*,——*Billy Magpye*——Beau *Frightful*——Sir *Paul Plaiſter-crown*, and the Marquis of *Monkey-man*.

Lady *Grace*. Right! and theſe are the fine Gentlemen that never want Elbow-room at an Aſſembly.

Maſk. The reſt I ſuppoſe, by their tawdry hired Habits, are Tradeſmens Wives, Inns-of-Court Beaux, *Jews*, and kept Miſtreſſes.

Lord *Town*. An Admirable Collection!

Lady *Grace*. Well, of all our Public Diverſions, I am amaz'd how this that is ſo very expenſive, and has ſo little to ſhew for it, can draw ſo much Company together.

Lord *Town*. O! if it were not expenſive, the better ſort would not come into it: And becauſe Money can purchaſe it, the common People ſcorn to be kept out of it.

Maſk. Right my Lord; Poor Lady *Grace!* I ſuppoſe you

you are under the ſame Aſtoniſhment, that an Opera ſhould draw ſo much good Company.

Lady *Grace*. Not at all, Madam: it's an eaſier matter ſure to gratify the Ear, than the Underſtanding. But have you no Notion, Madam, of receiving Pleaſure and Profit at the ſame time?

Maſk. Oh! quite none! unleſs it be ſometimes winning a great Stake; laying down a *Vole, ſans prendre* may come up, to the profitable Pleaſure you were ſpeaking of.

Lord *Town*. You ſeem attentive, my Dear?

Lady *Town*. I am, my Lord; and amaz'd at my own Follies, ſo ſtrongly painted in another Woman. *Apart.*

Lady *Grace*. But ſee, my Lord, we had beſt adjourn our Debate, I believe, for here are ſome Maſks that ſeem to have a mind to divert other People as well as themſelves.

Lord *Town*. The leaſt we can do is to give them a clear Stage then.

[*A Dance of Maſks here in various Characters.*

This was a Favour extraordinary.

Enter Manly.

O *Manly!* I thought we had loſt you.

Man. I aſk Pardon, my Lord; but I have been oblig'd to look a little after my Country Family.

Lord *Town*. Well, pray, what have you done with them?

Man. They are all in the Houſe here, among the Maſks, my Lord; if your Lordſhip has Curioſity enough, to ſtep into a lower Apartment, in three Minutes I'll give you an ample Account of them.

Lord *Town*. O! by all means: We will wait upon you. [*The Scene ſhuts upon the Maſks to* [illegible] *ſmaller Apartment.*

Manly *re-enters with Sir* Francis W[illegible]ead.

Sir *Fran*. Well, Couſin, you have [illegible] my very Hair ſtood on End! Waunds! if what [illegible] tell me be true,

true, I'll ſtuff my whole Family into a Stage-Coach, and trundle them into the Country again on *Monday* Morning.

Man. Stick to that, Sir, and we may yet find a Way to redeem all: In the mean time, place yourſelf behind this Screen, and for the Truth of what I have told you, take the Evidence of your own Senſes: But be ſure you keep cloſe till I give you the Signal.

Sir *Fran.* Sir! I'll warrant you——Ah! my Lady, my Lady *Wronghead!* What a bitter Buſineſs have you drawn me into?

Man. Huſh! to your Poſt; here comes one Couple already.

Sir Francis *retires behind the Screen.* [*Exit* Manly.

Enter Myrtilla *with Squire* Richard.

Squ. *Rich.* What! is this the Doctor's Chamber?

Myr. Yes, yes; ſpeak ſoftly.

Squ. *Rich.* Well, but where is he?

Myr. He'll be ready for us preſently, but he ſays he can't do us the good Turn, without Witneſſes: So, when the Count and your Siſter come, you know he and you may be Fathers for one another.

Squ. *Rich.* Well, well, Tit for Tat! ay, ay, that will be friendly.

Myr. And ſee! here they come.

Enter Count Baſſet, *and Miſs* Jenny.

Count *Baſ.* So, ſo, here's your Brother, and his Bride, before us, my Dear.

Jenny. Well, I vow my Heart's at my Mouth ſtill! I thought I ſhould never have got rid of Mama! but while ſhe ſtood gaping upon the Dance, I gave her the ſlip: Lawd! do but feel how it beats here.

Count *Baſ.* O the pretty Flutterer! I proteſt, my Dear, you have put mine into the ſame Palpitation!

Jenny. Ah! you ſay ſo——but let's ſee now——O Lud! I vow it thumps purely——well, well, I ſee it will do, and ſo where's the Parſon?

Count

Count *Baſ.* Mrs. *Myrtilla*, will you be ſo good as to ſee if the Doctor's ready for us?

Myr. He only ſtaid for you, Sir: I'll fetch him immediately.

Jenny. Pray, Sir, am not I to take Place of Mama, when I'm a Counteſs?

Count *Baſ.* No doubt on't, my Dear.

Jenny. O Lud! how her Back will be up then, when ſhe meets me at an Aſſembly? or you and I in our Coach and Six, at *Hyde-Park* together?

Count *Baſ.* Ay, or when ſhe hears the Box-keepers, at an Opera, call out—*The Counteſs of* Baſſet's *Servants!*

Jenny. Well, I ſay it, that will be delicious! And then, mayhap, to have a fine Gentleman with a Star and what-dye-call um Ribbon, lead me to my Chair, with his Hat under his Arm all the Way! Hold up, ſays the Chairman, and ſo, ſays I, my Lord, your humble Servant. I ſuppoſe, Madam, ſays he, we ſhall ſee you at my Lady *Quadrille*'s! Ay, ay, to be ſure my Lord, ſays I———So in ſwops me, with my Hoop ſtuff'd up to my Forehead! and away they trot, ſwing! ſwang! with my Taſſels dangling, and my Flambeaux blazing, and —Oh! its a charming thing to be a Woman of Quality!

Count *Baſ.* Well! I ſee that plainly, my Dear, there's ne'er a Dutcheſs of 'em all will become an Equipage like you.

Jenny. Well, well, do you find Equipage, and I'll find Airs, I warrant you.

WHAT tho' they call me Country Laſs,
I read it plainly in my Glaſs,
That for a Dutcheſs I might paſs:
Oh, could I ſee the Day!
Would Fortune but attend my Call,
At Park, at Play, at Ring and Ball,
I'd brave the proudeſt of them all,
With a *Stand by*——*Clear the Way.*

II.

Surrounded by a Crowd of Beaux,
With ſmart Toupees, and powder'd Cloaths,
At Rivals I'll turn up my Noſe;

Oh,

Oh, cou'd I ſee the Day!
I'll dart ſuch Glances from theſe Eyes,
Shall make ſome Lord or Duke my Prize;
And then, Oh! how I'll tyrannize,
With a *Stand by*——*Clear the Way.*

III.

Oh! then for ev'ry new Delight,
For Equipage and Diamonds bright,
Quadrille, and Plays, and Balls all Night;
Oh, could I ſee the Day!
Of Love and Joy I'd take my Fill,
The tedious Hours of Life to kill,
In ev'ry thing I'd have my Will,
With a *Stand by*——*Clear the Way.*

Squ. *Rich.* Troth! I think this Maſquerading's the merrieſt Game that ever I ſaw in my Life! Thof, in my mind, and there were but a little Wreſtling, or Cudgel-playing naw, it would help it hugely. But what a-rope makes the Parſon ſtay ſo?

Count *Baſ.* Oh! here he comes, I believe.

Enter Myrtilla *with a Conſtable.*

Conſt. Well, Madam, pray which is the Party that wants a Spice of my Office here?

Myr. That's the Gentleman, [*Pointing to the Count.*

Count *Baſ.* Hey-dey! what in Maſquerade, Doctor?

Conſt. Doctor! Sir, I believe you have miſtaken your Man: But if you are called Count *Baſſet*, I have a *Billet-doux* in my Hand for you, that will ſet you right preſently.

Count *Baſ.* What the Devil's the meaning of all this?

Conſt. Only my Lord Chief Juſtice's Warrant againſt you for Forgery, Sir.

Count *Baſ.* Blood and Thunder!

Conſt. And ſo, Sir, if you pleaſe to pull off your Fool's Frock there, I'll wait upon you to the next Juſtice of Peace immediately.

Jenny. O dear me! what's the matter? [*Trembling*

Count

Count *Baſ.* O! nothing, only a Maſquerading Frolic, my Dear.

Squ. *Rich.* Oh ho! is that all?

Sir *Fran.* No, Sirrah! that is not all.

[*Sir* Francis *coming ſoftly behind the Squire, knocks him down with his Cane.*

Enter Manly.

Squ. *Rich.* O Lawd! O Lawd! he has beaten my Brains out!

Man. Hold, hold, Sir *Francis*, have a little Mercy upon my poor Godſon, pray Sir.

Sir *Fran.* Waunds, Cozen, I han't Patience.

Count *Baſ.* *Manly!* nay, then I'm blown to the Devil. [*Aſide.*

Squ. *Rich.* O my Head! my Head!

Enter Lady Wronghead.

Lady *Wrong.* What's the Matter here, Gentlemen? for Heav'ns ſake! What are you murd'ring my Children?

Conſt. No, no, Madam! no Murder! only a little Suſpicion of Felony, that's all.

Sir *Fran.* [*To* Jenny.] And for you, Mrs. *Hot-upon't*, I could find in my Heart to make you wear that Habit, as long as you live, you Jade you. Do you know, Huſſy, that you were within two Minutes of marrying a Pickpocket?

Count *Baſ.* So, ſo, all's out, I find. [*Aſide.*

Jenny. O the Mercy! why, pray, Papa, is not the Count a Man of Quality then?

Sir *Fran.* O yes! one of the unhang'd ones, it ſeems.

Lady *Wrong.* [*Aſide.*] Married! O the confident Thing! There was his urgent Buſineſs then——ſlighted for her! I han't Patience!——and for ought I know, I have been all this while making a Friendſhip with a Highwayman!

Man. Mr. *Conſtable*, ſecure there.

Sir *Fran.* Ah, my Lady! my Lady! this comes of your Journey to *London!* but now I'll have a Frolic of my own, Madam; therefore pack up your *Trumpery*, this

this very Night, for the Moment my Horſes are able to crawl, you and your Brats ſhall make a Journey into the Country again.

Lady *Wrong.* Indeed you are miſtaken, Sir *Francis*— I ſhall not ſtir out of Town yet, I promiſe you.

Sir *Fran.* Not ſtir! Waunds! Madam———

Man. Hold, Sir!—if you'll give me leave a little— I fancy I ſhall prevail with my Lady to think better on't.

Sir *Fran.* Ah! Couſin, you are a Friend indeed!

Man. [*Apart to my Lady.*] Look you, Madam, as to the Favour you deſign'd me, in ſending this ſpurious Letter incloſed to my Lady *Grace*, all the Revenge I have taken, is to have ſav'd your Son and Daughter from Ruin———Now if you will take them fairly and quietly into the Country again, I will ſave your Ladyſhip from Ruin.

Lady *Wrong.* What do you mean, Sir?

Man. Why, Sir *Francis*———ſhall never know what is in this Letter; look upon it. How it came into my Hands you ſhall know at leiſure.

Lady *Wrong.* Ha! my *Billet-doux* to the Count! and an Appointment in it! I ſhall ſink with Confuſion!

Man. What ſhall I ſay to Sir *Francis*, Madam?

Lady *Wrong.* Dear Sir, I am in ſuch a Trembling! preſerve my Honour and I am all Obedience!

[*Apart to* Manly.

Man. Sir *Francis*———my Lady is ready to receive your Commands for her Journey, whenever you pleaſe to appoint it.

Sir *Fran.* Ah Couſin! I doubt I am obliged to you for it.

Man. Come, come, Sir *Francis!* take it as you find it. Obedience in a Wife is a good thing, though it were never ſo wonderful!—And now, Sir, we have nothing to do but to diſpoſe of this Gentleman.

Count *Baſ.* Mr. *Manly!* Sir, I hope you won't ruin me.

Man. Did not you forge this Note for five hundred Pounds, Sir.

Count *Baſ.* Sir——I ſee you know the World, and therefore I ſhall not pretend to prevaricate——But it has

has hurt the Body yet, Sir! I beg you will not ſtigmatize me! ſince you have ſpoil'd my Fortune in one Family, I hope you won't be ſo cruel to a young Fellow, as to put it out of my Power, Sir, to make it in another, Sir!

Man. Look you, Sir, I have not much time to waſte with you; But if you expect Mercy yourſelf, you muſt ſhew it to one you have been cruel to.

Count *Baſ.* Cruel, Sir!

Man. Have you not ruin'd this young Woman?

Count *Baſ.* I, Sir!

Man. I know you have——therefore you can't blame her, if, in the Fact you are charg'd *with*, ſhe *is* a principal Witneſs againſt you. However, you have one, and one only Chance to get off with. Marry her this Inſtant——and you take off her Evidence.

Count *Baſ.* Dear Sir!

Man. No Words, Sir; a Wife or a *Mittimus*.

Count *Baſ.* Lord, Sir; this is the moſt unmerciful Mercy!

Man. A private Penance, or a public one—Conſtable.

Count *Baſ.* Hold, Sir, ſince you are pleas'd to give me my Choice; I will not make ſo *ill* a Compliment to the Lady, as not to give her the Preference.

Man. It muſt be done this Minute, Sir: the Chaplain you expected is ſtill within Call.

Count *Baſ.* Well, Sir,——ſince it muſt be ſo——Come, Spouſe——I am not the firſt of the Fraternity, that has run his Head into one Nooſe, to keep it out of another.

Myr. Come, Sir, don't repine: Marriage is at worſt, but playing upon the Square.

Count *Baſ.* Ay, but the worſt of the Match too, is the Devil.

Man. Well, Sir, to let you ſee it is not ſo bad as you think it; as a Reward for her Honeſty, in detecting your Practices, inſtead of the forged Bill, you would have put upon her, there's a real One of five hundred Pounds, to begin a new Honey-Moon with. [*Gives it to* Myrtilla.

Count *Baſ.* Sir, this is ſo generous an Act——

Man. No Compliments, dear Sir——I am not at leiſure now

now to receive them: Mr. *Conſtable* [redacted] be ſo good as to wait upon this Gentleman into the next Room, and give this Lady in Marriage to him?

Conſt. Sir, I'll do it faithfully.

Count *Baſ.* Well! five hundred will ſerve to make a handſom Puſh with, however.

[*Exeunt Count*, Myr. *and Conſtable.*

Sir *Fran.* And that I may be ſure my Family's rid of him for ever——come, my Lady, let's even take our Children along with us, and be all Witneſs of the Ceremony. [*Exeunt Sir* Fran. *Lady* Wrong. *Miſs and Squire.*

Man. Now, my Lord, you may enter.

Enter Lord and Lady Townly, *and Lady* Grace.

Lord *Town.* So, Sir, I give you Joy of your Negotiation.

Man. You overheard it all, I preſume?

Lady *Grace.* From firſt to laſt, Sir.

Lord *Town.* Never were Knaves and Fools better diſpos'd of.

Man. A ſort of Poetical Juſtice, my Lord, not much above the Judgment of a modern Comedy.

Lord *Town.* To heighten, that Reſemblance, I think, Siſter, there only wants your rewarding the Hero of the Fable, by naming the Day of his Happineſs.

Lady *Grace.* This Day, to-morrow, every Hour, I hope, of Life to come, will ſhew I want not Inclination to complete it.

Man. Whatever I may want, Madam, you will always find Endeavours to deſerve you.

Lord *Town.* Then all are happy.

Lady *Town.* Siſter? I give you Joy! conſummate as the happieſt Pair can boaſt.

In you, methinks, as in a Glaſs, I ſee
The Happineſs, that once advanc'd to me.
So viſible the Bliſs, ſo plain the Way,
How was it poſſible my Senſe could ſtray?
But now, a Convert, to this Truth, I come,
That Married Happineſs is never found from Home.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. *Oldfield.*

Methinks I hear ſome Powder'd Critick ſay;
"Damn it! this Wife Reform'd has ſpoil'd the Play!
"The Coxcomb ſhould have drawn her more in Faſhion,
"Have gratify'd her ſofter Inclination,
"Have tipt her à Gallant, and clinch'd the Provocation.
But there our Bard ſtopt ſhort: For 'twere uncivil
T' have made a modern Belle, *all o'er a Devil!*
He hop'd, in Honour of the Sex, the Age
Would bear one mended Woman——on the Stage.
From whence, you ſee by common Senſe's Rules,
Wives might be govern'd, were not Huſbands Fools.
Whate'er by Nature Dames are prone to do,
They ſeldom ſtray but when they govern you.
When the wild Wife perceives her Deary tame,
No wonder then ſhe plays him all the Game.
But Men of Senſe meet rarely that Diſaſter;
Women take Pride where Merit is their Maſter:
Nay, ſhe that with a weak Man wiſely lives,
Will ſeem t' obey the due Commands he gives!
Happy Obedience is no more a Wonder,
When Men are Men, and keep them kindly under.
But modern Conſorts are ſuch high-bred Creatures,
They think a Huſband's Power degrades their Features;
That nothing more proclaims a reigning Beauty,
Than that ſhe never was reproach'd with Duty:
And that the greateſt Bleſſing Heav'n e'er ſent,
Is in a Spouſe, Incurious and Content.

EPILOGUE.

To give ſuch D[illegible]es a diff'rent Caſt [illegible]
By calling home the Mind, theſe Scenes were wrought.
If with a Hand too rude, the Taſk is done,
We hope the Scheme, by Lady Grace *laid down,*
Will all ſuch Freedom with the Sex atone,
That Virtue there unſoil'd, by modiſh Art,
Throws out Attractions for a Manly's *Heart.*
You, You, then, Ladies, whoſe unqueſtion'd Lives
Give you the foremoſt Fame of happy Wives,
Protect, for its Attempt, this helpleſs Play;
Nor leave it to the vulgar Taſte a Prey;
Appear the frequent Champions of its Cauſe,
Direct the Crowd and give yourſelves Applauſe.

LOVE

IN A

RIDDLE.

A

PASTORAL.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. *Wilks*.

OUR Author of his Rural Muſe afraid,
Calls in, To-night, plain Sonnet to his Aid.
His Scheme, I told him, might ſome Judgment ſhew,
Could he have call'd in ſkilful Voices too.
To that he anſwer'd——Let your Sounds have Senſe,
Old England *will with* Engliſh *Throats diſpenſe,*
And take what's well deſign'd, for Excellence.
'Tis not our nice Performance is the Thing;
Good Songs will always candid Hearers bring;
Provided——we find Airs, which they Themſelves *may ſing.*
An Engliſh *Song, ill ſung, will pleaſe Good-nature:*
You've ſome Delight, to know you ſing it better.
If Songs are harmleſs Revels of the Heart,
Why ſhould our native Tongue not bear its Part?
Why after learned Warblers muſt we pant,
And doat on Airs, which only They can chaunt?
Methinks 'twere hard, if, in the chearful Spring,
Were none but Nightingales allow'd to ſing!
The Lark, the Sparrow, and the plain Cuckoo,
Have all an equal Right, to Chirp, and Wooe:
Ev'n France *in that her Liberty maintains;*
Her Songs, at leaſt, are free from Foreign Chains,
And Peers and Peaſants ſing their native Strains.
Time was, even here, when D'Urfey *vamp'd a Song,*
The ſame the Courtier and the Cobler ſung.
What tho' our Connoiſſeurs may love Champaigne;
Muſt never Engliſh *Ale go down again?*
Muſt no Mouths drink, but what at Taverns dine?
All Pockets reach not honeſt Jephſon's *Wine.*
Since then, of late, you've given our Home Ground,
Since plain October *has your Favour found,*
Why troth! ev'n mend your Draught, and let old Songs go round.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Arcas, a Nobleman of great Poſſeſſions in *Arcadia*,	Mr. *Mills*.
Ægon, his Friend,	Mr. *Harper*.
Amyntas, Son to *Arcas*, in love with *Paſtora*.	Mr. *Williams*.
Iphis, Son to *Ægon*, in love with *Ianthe*,	Mrs. *Thurmond*.
Philautus, a conceited *Corinthian* Courtier, pretending to *Paſtora*,	Mr. *Cibber*.
Corydon, an old Shepherd.	Mr. *Griffin*.
Cimon and *Mopſus*, Simple Brothers, in love with *Phillida*,	Mr. *Miller*. Mr. *Oates*.
Damon, an Inconſtant.	Mr. *Ray*.

W O M E N.

Ianthe, *Paſtora*, *Phillida*,	Daughter to	*Arcas*,	Mrs. *Cibber*.
		Ægon,	Mrs. *Lindar*.
		Corydon,	Mrs. *Raſter*.

SCENE, *the* Arcadian *Fields*.

LOVE

LOVE *in a* RIDDLE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

ARCAS *alone.*

ARCAS.

HAIL! to the riſing Day! Hail! waking Nature,
Ye verdant Plains, ye Hills, and fertile Valleys,
Ye lowing Herds, and fleecy bleating Flocks,
Ye warbling Groves, and murmuring Fountains, Hail!
Once yet again I ſee the annual Morn
That gave me Birth, and counts me into Age.
O! *Phœbus* hear! God of refulgent Skies! [*Kneels.*
All-glorious Ruler of revolving Light,
Author of Medicine, and Immortal Song,
Deign to receive theſe Thanks of Adoration!
Thanks for thy Courſe of rolling Years enjoy'd,
That thus have, unafflicted, borne me through
The various Periods of appointed Life!
The Spring of Infancy, Summer of Youth,
The reaping Autumn of experienc'd Man,
Down for the Winter of unaching Age.
Thanks to the Comforts of a genial Bed,
Now ripening to the Joys of Love and Virtue.
Such are the Bleſſings from thy Beams receiv'd,
And theſe, O *Phœbus!* are the Thanks we pay thee.

Ægon *singing within.*

Hark! from the Vale, I hear the jovial Voice
Of *Ægon*, blithe, and lusty as the Summer,
Nor bending to the Burden of his Years:
Jocund he comes, and chaunting to the Day,
With friendly Gratulation—*Ægon*, Hail!

Enter Ægon.

Health, and the Bleſſings of the Morn be thine.

Ægon. Why ay, my Lord! this Day is bleſt indeed!
It gave you Life, and me the beſt of Friends;
And to that Friend I owe my jovial Heart.

AIR I.

Ye Nymphs, and Swains,
With Melody hail the Day;
Make Holiday round the Plains,
All jolily Dance and play.
This happy, glorious Sun
Gave to your Fields a Lord,
Of all your Hopes the Crown,
And, to your Folds, the Guard:
Let the Man to all ſo dear
With rural Pan *be ſung:*
To the next, and next good Year,
Here may he live bleſt and long.

Arcas. Thanks to thy Love: thy jolly Voice, tho' rough
As is the Billow curling to the Beach,
Revives the Images of Pleaſure paſt,
When Mirth and Revels were excus'd by Youth.

Ægon. Excus'd by Youth, my Lord! You make me [ſmile:
Is there a ſtated Time, in this ſhort Life,
That makes it Wiſdom to be ſad,
Or Weakneſs to be happy! No:
Let Policy, or Guile, diſguiſe their Face!
But Honeſty takes hold it to the Sun!
May we have cauſe for Gladneſs, and not ſhew it?
Was't not this happy Day that gave you Birth?
Are you not Lord of theſe *Arcadian* Plains?
Where, like the Subſtitute of Heav'nly Power,

You

You dole the Blessings you from them receive,
And make a People, by your Bounty, happy.
Yet not more blest by Bounty, than Example:
Your Life has taught those Virtues, you reward.
And is not this a Cause for general Joy?
Are you not still the same belov'd Lord *Arcas*?
Are you not still that honest Nobleman?

Arcas. Suppose me so——

Ægon. ——Why then, my Lord let those
Be sad, who never wore but half that Title!
Let our *Corinthian* Lords be Grave, and Graceless:
The privilege of Honesty is Mirth!

Arcas. Yet Charity becomes the Chearful too:

Ægon. Mine, Sir, begins, where their Court-friendship ends,
At home: Therefore I say we're happier Men,
Yet only Happy, as we're better too:
Shall Virtue then not taste her Benefits?
Shall only Knaves and spendthrift Heirs be jovial?
The Chearfulness of Knaves is Impudence!
Have Courts a Joy, like sound Integrity?
When they shew that, I'll own 'em wise; 'till when,
Let us be plainly pleas'd with Happiness.

Arcas. O *Ægon!* were I capable of Envy,
Thy turn of Mind would tempt me to repine!
Why have not I this chearful Taste of Life?
Why seems my Plenty less than thy small Store?
What are my Wants? where are my Wishes bounded?
And yet——
'Twere happier to be *Ægon*, than be *Arcas*.

Ægon. You make me triumph o'er your Learning!
You, who have all Philosophy can wish,
Have made a Man much happier than yourself,
By giving him a Tythe of your Possessions.

Arcas. Would'st thou have more?

Ægon. ——More than enough, Sir? No.
To crave, is Poverty; Contentment, Riches:
Your Tythe's almost too much for me.

Arcas. Thus Riches, when not wanted, lose their Name.

Ægon. And when possess'd by Prodigals, their Power.
Even so it is, not Wealth, nor Wisdom, Sir,

'Tis Conſtitution gives us Happineſs:
Nature has made you penſive, and me ſanguine:
You think your Virtues are a wiſe Man's Duty,
And therefore wear them, with a ſerious Brow;
Now, Sir, the few that I can boaſt, I think
Are bleſſings too, therefore as ſuch, enjoy them.

AIR II.

He that wears a Heart
Void of Art,
Has Joys unknown
To the greateſt Men;
Who, Nine in Ten,
Beneath their Greatneſs groan.
Riches are fine things,
That have Wings,
And will away:
But an honeſt Mind
Will ever find
Content will with it ſtay.

He, whoſe open Soul is clear
From Fraud, Diſguiſe or Guile,
May all the Frowns of Fortune bear,
And at her Malice ſmile.

Greatneſs that would make us Grave,
Is but an empty thing:
What more than Mirth would Mortals have?
The merry Man's a King.

But he that by Deceit,
Dares to be meanly Great,
Will find, in his counting up,
What did mount him up
Will make him many Foes,
Greater far than he knows,
Whom nought will gratify,
No Words will ſatisfy,
'Till he low lies again,
Never to riſe again:
Who then will envy his Fate?

But he that by Deceit, &c.

What I

What! not a Note, not anſwer to my Ditty?
Arcas. Excuſe me, if I taſte not now thy Muſe,
Nor join thy Carols, with my uſual Glee.
Ægon. Nay then, my Lord, there's ſomething loads your Mind:
You wrong my Friendſhip, if you hide your Griefs.
Give me my Share! Out with the worſt at once.
Arcas. Griefs I have none, but I confeſs have Fears,
And Doubts that fill me with Anxiety.
Have we not each our Children's Happineſs
In care? The criſis of their Fate is now.
Ægon. And why, Sir, ſhould you doubt their Happineſs?
Have not our Precepts grounded them in Virtue?
Has not indulgent Nature given them Beauty?
And our *Arcadian* Manners Innocence?
Have they not been, from infancy, Companions?
Their Leſſons, Labours, and their Sports the ſame?
Have I not watch'd them with a jealous Eye?
Yet never found a Warning to ſuſpect them.
At length, their blooming Friendſhip pays its promiſe,
Obeys the Seaſon, and matures to Love.
Whence then this anxious Doubt of their Miſdoing?
Arcas. Perhaps, dear *Ægon*, I'm too diffident:
For though we've chang'd our Children, to prevent
In mine the conſcious pride of Birth; in thine,
To aid with Birth, the ſentiments of Virtue:
Yet Nature ſtill may be miſ-led by Fortune:
Thus mine, believing *Ægon* is their Sire,
With views of Intereſt may diſſemble Love,
Which unſuſpicious Innocence may hear;
So thine, ſuppoſing *Arcas* is their Father,
In ſcorn, to mingle with inferior Blood,
May ſlight thoſe Virtues, which deſerve their Love.
Ægon. Theſe Apprehenſions might in Courts be juſt:
But here, where Love, without Ambition reigns,
'Tis not high Birth, or Lands, or number'd Flocks;
But Worth of Virtue in the Fair and Young,
That gives the Nymph her Charms, the Swain his Merit.

AIR

AIR III.

Let Wealth and Power enſlave the Great,
Where Hearts are barter'd for a Name.
Here Love alone can Love create;
And Truth ſupplies the laſting Flame.

Arcas. Still, I'm inclin'd to have their Virtue prov'd:
True Love is better known, by Grief, than Joy,
As Hope is often meaſur'd by our Fear.
Therefore (but not without my Friend adviſing)
I have ſome thoughts of offering thy *Paſtora*
The noble *Philemon*'s Heir, the gay *Philautus*,
Poliſh'd in Courts, and ſkill'd in Vanities;
If then her Heart can ſtoop to ſuch a Lure——

Ægon. I take your Meaning; and as juſt approve it:
If, when you offer to her Arms *Philautus*,
She ſhews a Fear, that you may force her Will,
That Fear will force her Love to own *Amyntas*:
If ſhe admit *Philautus*, *Amyntas*, then,
Will well eſcape a Maid, below his Love,
And the proud Girl with her own Choice be puniſht:
Then, let her hence, to blaze in Courts: Vain Wives
And ſhallow Huſbands are no Monſters there.

Arcas. Yet hope a better Conſequence: The Maid
Wants no Attraction, that commends her Sex.
Nor do I name *Philautus*, that I doubt her;
But that her Virtue may have Luſtre from her Choice,
And, to *Philautus*, poor *Amyntas* be preferr'd. [you:

Ægon. My Life then, anſwer, that her Choice contents
The gaudy tinſel Merit of *Philautus*
Will have a tarniſht Hue, to your *Amyntas*' Virtue.

AIR IV.

Our Nymphs on the Plains
Among Swains
Have their Joys, that no Courts ever gave:
Where the married in Chains,
Among Trains,
Carry Sorrow, in Pomp, to their Grave.

Arcas.

Arcas. Thy Confidence, my Friend, has quell'd my Fears.
Be then, for *Amyntas'* ſake, *Paſtora* prov'd:
But we have ſtill our younger-born unfixt:
How ſtand we there in Hope?—

Ægon. ——If I gueſs right,
A tender Paſſion too is kindling there:
Ianthe ſeems of late reſerv'd to *Iphis:*
The Youth more penſive, and the Nymph more gay:
The uſual Conſequence of Love declar'd,
And Love with maiden Modeſty approv'd.
She flies, 'tis true, but flies to be purſu'd;
And urges the Purſuit, to found his Love.

Arcas. Let him purſue: I would not wiſh the Maid
Should on his Summons, yield to *Iphis'* Birth.

Ægon. But ſee, *Amyntas* comes; from him perhaps
More may be gather'd to aſſiſt our Meaſures.
Amyntas ho! whether ſo faſt my Son?

To them Amyntas.

Amyn. Paſtora tells me, Sir, a favourite Lamb
Is miſſing from her Flock. At her Requeſt
I to the neighbouring Folds am hying.——
Ægon. ——Stay;
I have a while, my Son, to talk with thee.
You ſee, my Lord, even Maids in Love are Woers.
Paſtora would, but cannot, hide her Flame.
How amorouſly Coy! This Hint betrays it. } *Apart.*
A Lamb is ſtray'd--why his the Charge to find it?
Her Heart, ſhe means; her Breaſt, the Fold that loſt it!
Yet he, fond Youth, in honeſt Fear miſtakes her.

Arcas. The modeſt Lover recommends his Flame:
But to our other Point——
Ægon. ——Come near, *Amyntas.*
Health and the Rays of many a ſmiling Morn,
Like this, prolong the Days of *Arcas.*
Arcas. Amyntas, I am Debtor to thy Love.
Ægon, I have obſerv'd of late, Lord *Arcas'* Son,
Young *Iphis,* holds thee near his Heart, *Amyntas:*

Of

Of courſe, his Joys and Cares are known to thee,
Now then, be juſt, my Boy, anſwer directly;
Has he yet ever told thee, that he lov'd?

Amyn. Never——he never told me, that he lov'd.

Ægon. Amyntas, thou repeat'ſt my Words, as thou
Would'ſt hold me to their litteral Senſe: take heed!
Evade not what I mean——

Amyn.——I take your Meaning;
My Father knows, what's fit his Son ſhould anſwer.

Ægon. Know'ſt thou then ought unfitting me to ask?

Amyn. Your Queſtion then, Sir, would require no Anſwer.

Ægon. How! ſo blunt! Am I not thy Father, Boy?

Amyn. Such, Sir, my daily Prayers to Heaven, confeſs you.
Nor ſhall my Father ſigh, that I'm his Son.

Arcas. No, generous Youth, thy Father ſighs—to own thee. [*Aſide.*

Ægon. Whence are theſe half Replies? be full, I ſay,
And tell me what thou know'ſt of *Iphis'* Love.

Amyn. The Precepts you have taught me reach no farther.
Pardon my Doubts; for I am yet to learn,
That Duty can diſpenſe with broken Friendſhip.
'Till he declares he loves; am I to accuſe him?

Ægon. Dareſt thou not make thy Father judge of what
May wrong thy Friend?——

Amyn.——I dare: I've told my Fears:
If they're unjuſt, condemn; if not, forgive them.

Arcas. The faithful Boy! *Ægon,* I muſt embrace him!
Believe me, Youth, thy deareſt Father's Arms
Ne'er held thee to his Heart with fonder Joy.
Excuſe him, Friend——

Ægon.——What you applaud, my Lord,
Needs not Excuſe——

Arcas.——O *Ægon!* Friend indeed!
How ſhall I thank thy care for ſuch a Son.— [*Apart.*
Thy Fear, *Amyntas,* to unfold thy Friend,
Commends thy Truth, and merits his Eſteem.
However, to preſerve thy Faith unblemiſh'd,
I give thee, with my Hand, my Word, whate'er
Thy Candour ſhall inform me of his Love.

My

My Boy ſhall never think a Wrong to him,
Nor find, from me, Occaſion to reproach thee.
Amyn. This, Sir, unties my Tongue; my inmoſt Thoughts,
Like a fair Volume open to your Reading.
Arcas. Thou ſaidſt he never told thee, that he lov'd?
Amyn. Never——
Arcas.——Yet thou believeſt his Grief is Love?
Amyn. Alas, my Lord, a Youth ſo happy in
His Sire, ſo fam'd for Virtue, Birth, and Feature,
What ſtrange Misfortune can diſturb, but Love?
Arcas. Speak without Fear! Love is a venial Frailty.
Amyn. 'Tis true, when kindled by an Object worthy:
But Nature calls not Wiſdom to her Council,
And ſometimes chuſes with a youthful Eye.
Ægon. Be brief, and name the Nymph, that has engag'd him.
Amyn. Let me not wrong him, Sir; I may miſtake
Her Name, which yet I have declin'd to know.
Ægon. What were thy Reaſons to avoid that Secret?
Amyn. Becauſe I fear'd, if known, my Duty might
Compell me, at the riſque of his Eſteem,
To inform a tender Father of his Weakneſs.
Arcas. Thou then haſt Cauſe to think his Paſſion blameful?
Amyn. What ſhall I ſay? For you, my Lord, are twice
My Sire, a Father to my Sire, and me!
Nay more, you honour him with Friendſhip!
I too have a Friend, and would deſerve him?
O whom ſhall I oblige! whom dare t' offend?
Arcas. Neither, *Amyntas*; both ſhall be oblig'd. [me.
Amyn. Pardon my Doubts; but ſince your Word ſupports
Take my Suſpicions, as my Eyes have caught them.
Arcas. Give me the Nymph, whom thou ſuſpect'ſt he loves.
Amyn. Since I muſt ſpeak—*Ianthe*, Sir, my Siſter,
With undeſigning Charms, I fear, has ſeiz'd
His youthful Heart; yet ſhuns the glorious Prize.
Arcas. 'Tis well, *Amyntas*——I am ſtill in Temper:
And ſince my Word has wrought thee to this Truſt,
Dareſt thou yet make me farther Creditor,
And, by a more implicit Faith, oblige me?

Amyn.

Amyn. A Confidence in you, is ſcarce a Merit;
Favours when aſk'd, by Virtue, are conferr'd.
Arcas. Thus then, *Amyntas*—when thou find'ſt my Son,
In friendly Converſe, would diſcloſe his Love;
Incline to hear him, and condole his Sorrows:
But when he names *Ianthe*, as their Cauſe,
Turn to Amazement, and reprove his Weakneſs!
Diſlike, object, diſcourage, blaſt his Hope!
Urge my Diſpleaſure, and *Ianthe*'s Scorn!
Recount Examples of clandeſtine Love,
Whoſe joyleſs Hours have groan'd in live-long Woe.
Set all the Terrors of Diſtreſs before him,
And leave the Guidance of his Fate to me.
Amyn. My Lord, you have bound me to a mournful Task:
But ſince I know your Nature juſt, and gentle,
I will believe you act like Heav'nly Power,
That ſtrews our way to Happineſs, with Thorns;
Some wondrous Secret, ſure, unripe for Birth,
Tho' for a Seaſon wrapt in low'ring Clouds,
Muſt break at laſt, and ſpread a golden Day.
Arcas, Time ſuits not now, to give thee more, *Amyntas*:
Let it ſuffice that *Iphis* is my Hope.
Mean-while, we leave thee to thy Charge in hand.
Be faithful to thy Truſt, and ſerve thy Friend.
[*Exeunt* Arcas, *and* Ægon.
Amyn. Ambiguous ſtill! Yet where remains the Doubt,
When *Arcas* has declar'd I ſerve my Friend?
But where's the Friend can help forlorn *Amyntas*?
If *Iphis*, ſprung from noble Blood, deſpairs
Of his *Ianthe*, born ſo far below him;
What then, *Amyntas*, is thy wretched Portion?
How muſt *Paſtora*, ſhould ſhe know thy Love,
Redouble all her Scorn for thee, and on
A Brother's Heart revenge a Brother's Pain?
Yet why (ſince Love was never deem'd a Crime)
Should Virtue ſink abandon'd in Deſpair?

AIR V.

Love's a Tempeſt, Life the Ocean,
Paſſions croſs the Deep deform;
Rude and raging tho' the Motion,
Virtue fearleſs braves the Storm: Storm

Storms and Tempeſts may blow over,
And ſubſide to gentle Gales;
So the poor deſpairing Lover,
When leaſt hoping, oft prevails.
Love's a Tempeſt, &c.

But ſee! ſad *Iphis* comes! with heaving Heart,
And penſive Pace, he ſilent ſtalks along,
Lifting, with dewy Eyes, his Sighs to Heav'n!
Within this Shade, unſeen, I may attend
His Mood, and farther know to ſerve him. [Amyn. *retires.*

Enter Iphis.

Iphis. Why, why, fond Wretch, didſt thou avow thy Flame?
Was not her Friendſhip more than Love could merit?
To every Wiſh, that Innocence could form,
Alternate Kindneſs, flowing from the Heart,
Fill'd up the Meaſure of our ſocial Hours.
When to ſome diſtant Hill the Sports have call'd
The ſmiling Fair, unknowing of her Charms,
Thought it no Boon, to truſt thee with their Treaſures.
But now, O fatal Avarice of Love!
To what Reverſe of Fortune art thou fallen?
Now, at thy Sight, thy cold Companion flies;
Or heedleſs paſſing, with a downcaſt Eye,
Contracts her Beauty from thy pining Senſe,
Offended at their Power to wound, or cure.
O *Iphis!* now farewel thy Joys! farewel thy Peace!
Here, to the Muſick of this gurgling Brook,
Join thy faint Voice, and tell the Woods thy Woe.
The flitting Winds perhaps may catch the Sounds,
And waft them to *Ianthe*'s Ear.

AIR VI.

While my Love was a Secret, no Swain
Was ſo bleſt, or ſo favour'd, as I;
No Paſtime delighted the Plain,
But Ianthe, *with* Iphis *would hye:*

When

When I wreſtld, or ſtrain'd for the Race.
Her Boſom heav'd Wiſhes for me;
When I won it, ſhe bluſht with ſuch Grace.
And Cry'd——O! the Garland's for Thee.
But alas! ſince my Flame I reveal'd,
All her Kindneſs is turn'd to Diſdain;
If ſhe Eyes me, ſhe flies o'er the Field,
Or bids the Winds hear me complain.
When the Nymphs, to my Sorrows more kind,
Reproach the hard Heart of the Maid;
From her Anger this Anſwer they find,
" Fond Love——has my Friendſhip betray'd.

Amyntas *returns.*

Amyn. I have attended, *Iphis*, to thy Sorrows,
And now, no longer can ſuppreſs the Friend:
Give me thy Griefs at large, and eaſe thy Heart.
Iphis. Amyntas! have I ſtill a Friend, in thee?
A Friend, with whom I may repoſe my Grief?
A Friend, that will with Candour hear,
And chide me with Compaſſion?——
Amyn.——Yes, a Friend,
That comes prepar'd, determin'd to aſſiſt thee.
Name, then, the Nymph, that thus has robb'd thee of
Thyſelf——
Iphis.——Need I repeat what every Grove
Has heard, what almoſt every Tree records?
Rip up my Heart, and read *Ianthe* there!
Amyn. My Siſter! is it poſſible! *Ianthe!*
Iphis. She, ſhe, *Amynta*, has reſolv'd my Ruin.
Amyn. Let me ſuppreſs my Wonder, till I hear
Thy Tale: unfold, from firſt to laſt, the Spring,
The Progreſs, and the Iſſue of thy Hopes.
Iphis. Hear, and lament my Fate—I will not dwell,
Amyntas, with a Lover's Fondneſs, on
Ianthe's Charms, tho' on that one Theme
O I could talk whole Midnight Moons to waining.
Amyn. Proceed: my Patience ſhall indulge thy Fondneſs.
Iphis. Ere yet I was ſuſceptible of Love,
Or that her Charms unblown could fear the Lover,

A

A ſympathetick Friendſhip join'd our Hearts,
Our Innocence inſeparable paſs'd our Days:
Nature, at length, with ſoft Maturity
Spread o'er my youthful Cheek the Manly Down:
Then, with unuſual Pulſes beat my Heart;
New Wiſhes found new Luſtre in her Charms,
And, on my gazing, Sighs uncall'd would riſe:
And yet, alas! ſo innocent my Thoughts,
I knew not, then, 'twas Love; nor till this Hour
Perhaps had known, but that a fatal Proof
(Tho' at the Time tranſporting) ſince confirm'd it.

Amyn. Tranſporting! Ha! let me conceive thee, *Iphis.*

Iphis. Miſtake me not; the Proof, tho' ſweet, was harmleſs.

Amyn. Forgive my Fear, I ought t' have thought it ſo.
Purſue thy Tale——

Iphis.——It happen'd, on a Day,
Paſtora, fair *Ianthe*, and myſelf
Their Guide, returning wearied from the Chace,
Accepted, from a neighbouring Swain, Refreſhment.
There as within the Honey-ſuckle Bower
We lay, whoſe waving Sweets enrich'd the Air;
A careful Bee, providing for the Hive
With buſy Toil, from Flower to Flower, flew round us.
Paſtora fearful of his Flight, with Blows
Miſ-ſpent in Air, diſturb'd his Diligence:
The Inſect thus provok'd, with ſudden Rage,
Darts on her Cheek his ſharp invenom'd Sting.
The ſhrieking Maid, in Tears, deplor'd her Pain;
When kind *Ianthe* to her Succour flew,
And to the fiery Wound her balmy Lips
Apply'd; Then ſolemn to the Ear, ſhe ſung
Verſes of holy and myſterious Meaning,
(A Charm bequeath'd her by the Sage *Eudocia*:)
On this the angry Tumour was diſpell'd,
And to her Cheek the uſual Roſe return'd.

Amyntas. Happy Relief! have magick Notes ſuch Power?
But O methinks I feel *Paſtora*'s Pain!

Iphis. Who would not bear the Pain, to taſte the Cure?
No, *Amyntas*, I rather muſt believe

The

The Charm receiv'd its Virtue from *Ianthe*:
For, ſure! ſuch Lips whate'er they touch muſt heal.

Amyn. But, *Iphis*, how couldſt thou perceive, from That Love had ſeiz'd thy Heart?—— [thence,

Iphis.——Attend the Sequel.
While I ſtood Witneſs of the charming Cure,
I ſaw ſuch humid Fervour on her Lips,
Such willing Fondneſs ſparkling from her Eyes,
Heard the ſweet chirping Sound of every Kiſs,
With ſuch Delight—I wiſh'd the wound my own.
At length ſo painful grew my tender Longing,
That, on a ſudden burſting from the Bower,
In ſeeming Anguiſh covering with my Hand
My Face, I writh'd like one in mortal Pain:
The Cauſe inquir'd, I to *Ianthe* cry'd,
Another Bee had pierc'd my raging Lip.
She, unſuſpicious of her Skill betray'd,
Her Innocence unbluſhing at her Art,
With ſweet Convulſion drew my healthy Lip
To hers, unknowing of the Joys I ſtole;
No Malady ſhe found, but what ſhe gave,
A thouſand Stings ſhe ſhot into my Heart,
Which ſince confeſs'd, her Scorn denies to cure.

Amyn. What on the Inſtant follow'd this Proceeding!

Iphis. As to our Home we onward took the way,
I fondly ſmiling own'd the happy Fraud,
Exulted on the Joy her Lips had given,
And, to excuſe the Fact, impeach'd my Love!
At this, a red Confuſion flaſh'd her Cheek;
Quick Anger darted from her flaſhing Eyes,
Till mute Concern diſtill'd a falling Tear,
Nor Prayers, Excuſe, or Penitence prevail'd;
For, from that Moment, never would ſhe ſpeak,
Regard, converſe, or, unavoided, bear
My Preſence more.

AIR VII.

I once believ'd, ere ſhe cou'd hate,
Kind Nature wou'd her Laws unde,
That Doves wou'd with the Falcons mate,
Or Falcons to the Doves be true.

But, to my Ruin, now I see,
The softest Heart is hard to me.

Amyn.——————Nor can I blame her, *Iphis*;
With Grief, I own thy Story has deceiv'd me;
Were these thy tender Motives for my Pity?
Fond Youth, thy wanton Fraud was too licentious;
What less, than Scorn, could Maiden Shame return,
For injur'd Truth, and Innocence betray'd?

Iphis. O! *Amyntas!* then I am lost indeed!
Reprov'd by thee too, I myself condemn;
To merit her Disdain is Misery.
Compleat——————

Amyn.——Nay then I still must pity thee!
Thy Resignation yet recalls the Friend,
And sooths the jealous Brother to forgive.

Iphis. O then confirm it by the dearest Proof,
And soften, to my Sighs, *Ianthe*'s Heart.

Amyn. No, *Iphis*; to confirm the Friend sincere,
Against thy Love I must support thy Virtue:
Thy Duty, Honour, Interest, and thy Fame,
With Force invincible, oppose thy Hopes:
Therefore, in time, fond Youth, restrain thy Passion.
Fix on some Beauty equal to thy Birth,
Preserve the Fountain of thy Blood unstain'd,
And leave *Ianthe* to inferior Hearts.

Iphis. Thy Words, *Amyntas*, like a Ponyard pierce me.

Amyn. Thy present Pain secures thy future Peace.

Iphis. Can I have Peace, without *Ianthe*'s Love?

Amyn. Canst thou be happy with diminish'd Honour?

Iphis. Where Virtue is, the proudest Birth may bow.

Amyn. Take heed, rash Youth! thou hast an high-born Sister:
How, in her Heart, wou'dst thou approve these Precepts?

Iphis. As thou woud'st—if her Lover would applaud 'em,

Amyn. As I wou'd! I mistake thee sure; explain.

Iphis. Suppose *Amyntas* for *Pastora* burn'd,
Suppose *Pastora* shou'd approve his Flame;
Then ask of Love, what wou'd *Amyntas* do?

Amyn. Admit me frail——were that a Plea for *Iphis?*

He

He probes me to the Heart! ſure he ſuſpects not. } *Aſide.*
I muſt avoid the Subject, and retire.
Iphis, howe'er my Friendſhip is inclin'd,
Compaſſion muſt not cancel Obligations:
Thy noble Father is our Houſe's Patron:
To ſerve thy Love were to invade his Honour?
Therefore be early warn'd, and rein thy Paſſion,
Return to Duty, and abjure *Ianthe*.

AIR VIII.

Fly, when ſhe charms thee:
Virtue alarms thee:
Oppoſe her Beauty,
With Fame and Duty:
Love without Honour's the Bane of our Joys:
When Beauty's blaſted,
Love is ſoon waſted;
Honour's a Bleſſing
Out-lives poſſeſſing;
The Laurel of Fame no Thunder deſtroys.
Fly, when &c. [*Ex.* Amyn.

Iphis. Perſuade the Seas in Tempeſts to be calm!
Forbid the vernal Flowers to blow—their Sweets
To ſmell, or Seaſons to regard the Sun!
Such is the Power of *Iphis*, to recede:
To change, is the Relief of luke-warm Lovers;
None can be happy, but who dare be wretched!
Fortune may ſtarve, but never change my Love.

AIR IX. *and* X.

No, no, my Heart!
Indure the Smart;
Whatever Pain
Her Eyes ordain,
My never-changing Love ſhall bear.
From Charms ſo ſweet
There's no Retreat;
So juſt her Scorn,
I ſtill muſt burn,
Tho' doom'd to ſure Deſpair.

What

What tho' her colder Eyes may grieve me.
This Conſolation ſtill I find,
That, from my Sorrows, to relieve me,
Kinder Fancy forms her kind.
There, diſarm'd of coy Diſdain,
Her yielding Sighs reward my Pain.

Amyntas *returns.*

Amyn. Iphis, diſpel thy Fears; *Amyntas* is
With Joy return'd, to gratulate thy Love.
Iphis. What means my Friend?

Enter Arcas.

Amyn. ——— Lord *Arcas* will inform thee.
Iphis. My Father! proſtrate let me thus revere him.
Arcas. Ariſe, my Son! recover ſo thy Heart,
And proſecute thy Love: Thy Friend *Amyntas*,
By my Appointment, tempting thy Deſires,
With ſuch fair Praiſes has adorn'd thy Truth,
That my fond Nature earns to indulge thy Vows.
And, far as my paternal Sanction may,
With Honour, in *Ianthe* to compleat them.
Iphis. O kind *Amyntas!* Didſt thou thus deceive me?
Arcas. I know the Treaſures of her Mind, as thou
Her Charms; I know that Happineſs, in Love,
Is not the Gift of Fortune, or of Birth.
I know that Honour is adorn'd by Virtue,
That Title is, without it, but a Name:
Therefore when Virtue prompts thy Heart to love——
For worldly Views, I give them to the Air!
Iphis. How ſhall my future Life deſerve this Goodneſs!
O *Amyntas!* I breathe again! and my
Diſcordant Heart reſumes its Harmony!

AIR XI.

Away, away, Deſpair!
Leave me, Fear,
Pining Care!
Of Hope a dawning Light,
Kindly bright,
Diſpels my former Woes:
Life is now ſoft Repoſe;

When Fears to Love Relief deny,
By One ſubdu'd, a Thouſand fly:
When Hope is once in Sight,
All, all the reſt is all Delight!

Arcas. To give thee, *Iphis*, yet a farther Hope;
Ægon, her Father, knowing my Conſent
Had ratify'd thy Love, with Joy receiv'd
The News, and warn'd *Ianthe* of her Conqueſt.
This Moment he prepares her for thy Wiſhes,
And brings her, bluſhing, to receive thy Vows.

Iphis. O ſweet Relief! O unexpected Joy!

Arcas. Now good *Amyntas* have I kept my Word?

Amyn. And doubly have rewarded my Obedience.

Iphis. And yet, alas, I fear. Now I may ſpeak,
My Heart retreats, and trembles to be heard.

Arcas. Who fears t' offend, takes the firſt ſtep to pleaſe.

Iphis. But I, in ſuch high Nature have offended—

Arcas. Where the offence is Love, the coldeſt Maid
Seldom exacts Repentance——ſee ſhe comes!
By her fond Father's Hand conducted—cheer thy Heart.

Enter Ægon *leading* Ianthe, *who ſtands ſome time ſilent:*
Iphis *kneeling at a Diſtance.*

AIR XII.

Ægon. *A lovely Nymph, and Swain,*
At once adorn'd the Plain,
For whom the reſt, in vain,
In Love were ſighing.
No Laſs, who ſaw the Youth,
But found her Heart in ſooth
All over Flame and Truth.
And for him dying.

But Oh! the Boy
To all was coy,
For he but one deſir'd;
The Nymph by all admir'd
Made him ſurrender.

The

The dainty Nymph, it ſeems,
Was farther, in Extreams;
For tho', 'tis true,
She could ſubdue
The Heart of every Swain:
Yet all purſu'd in vain;
None! none could bend her.

Look there, my Darling——
Arcas.——————Fair *Ianthe!*
Turn thy kinder Eye——
Amyn.——————O lend thy pitying Ear.
Ian. Methinks I ſtand, like a poor hunted Deer
Within the Toil, by lifted Spears ſurrounded.
What is my Crime? Why am I here the Point
Of public Gaze, the Mark of chiding Eyes,
And general Reproach? Whom have I wrong'd?
Not *Iphis* ſure! Unleſs my Friendſhip was injurious:
That once betray'd, could I do leſs than end it?
His Crime (Oh that my Memory could loſe it!)
I ſooner ſhall forget, than dare to pardon.
Iphis. Ianthe, oh my Heart pines after thee!
By all our playful Hours of Infant Life,
Which almoſt Arm in Arm, our Innocence
Delighted, and delighting has enjoy'd,
By theſe my conſcious Pangs of Friendſhip loſt——
Ian. Thou haſt defil'd it, *Iphis,* by Deceit!
Iphis. O yet reſtore, reſtore me to myſelf;
Forgive, and call me to thy Friendſhip Home!
Ian. 'Twas once my Pride! remember'd, 'tis my Shame.
Iphis. Alas, our Friendſhip was the Bloom of Love!
And Love the Promiſe of the Tree perform'd.
Is then the Fruit leſs pleaſing than the Flower?
Ian. Yes—the white Hawthorn in its Bloom is fragrant,
Its Fruit neglected, or the Food of Herds.
Iphis. O yet forgive! and never ſhall ungovern'd Love,
In conſcious Word, or Look, offend thy Virtue.
Ian. That thou haſt wrong'd me once, is my Misfortune;
If I am twice deceived, the Guilt be mine. [*Going.*
Ægon. Ianthe, ſtay—— [*She returns.*

Iphis.——Are theſe, *Amyntas*, my
Deluded Hopes? [*He riſes, and leans on* Amyntas.
Ægon.——No, I compel thee not.
Thy Heart ſhall ever, in thy Love, be free.
Ian. Thus let my bending Knee be thankful!
Say but my Heart is free! I ask no more.
Ægon. Free as thy Boſom-Thought—
Arcas.——————Yes, fair *Ianthe*,
Howe'er my partial Fondneſs may regard
A Son diſtreſt, I ſtill eſteem thy Virtue;
Nor, with thy Father's Power, would thwart thy Wiſhes.
If thou art injur'd, right thy Maiden Wrongs;
If Love wants Motives to compoſe thy Breaſt,
The Voice of Power, or Intereſt, ſhall be neuter,
And leave thee free to pardon, or reſent.
Ian. If I were capable of hating *Iphis*,
This Goodneſs might remove it! No, my Lord,
I am not yet ſo blinded by Reſentment,
But that I can allow his Virtues ſtill
Diffuſive to the World: Why then am I
Diſtinguiſh'd by Offence? With Grief I ſpeak it,
Why are thoſe Virtues only blameable
To me?——
Iphis.——Couldſt thou behold thy Eyes, *Ianthe*,
Thy chiding Wonder of my Crime might ceaſe.
Ian. Admit thy ill-plac'd Flattery were true,
Is that Excuſe for Fraud, and injur'd Kindneſs?
For violated Faith, and ſenſual Inſult?
Iphis. How can the Guilt of *Iphis* taint *Ianthe?*
Ian. O weak Reply! 'tis not enough, that Maids
Are innocent; they muſt be Thought ſo too.
And ſhe, whoſe violated Modeſty
Forgives, reſents with a diſſembled Anger.

AIR XIII.

No, no, to pardon, were but approving
All that the Guilt of Love has done.
Hearts that o'erlook Offences in loving,
To their own Ruin blindly run.
No, no, to pardon, &c.

Virtue relenting
At humble repenting,

Is but inviting Offence to go on.
No, no, to pardon, &c.
She that diſpenſes
With firſt Offences,
But makes with Delight the Crime all her own.
No, no, to pardon, &c.

Iphis. Lions and Tigers might be ſooner tam'd,
Than one obdurate Maid? Some pitying God
Look down, diſſolve her frozen Heart, relieve
A Lover's Pain, and give her Eyes Compaſſion.

AIR XIV.

Cupid! *Intreat her.*
Relentleſs Creature!
Muſt I ſlighted yield my Breath?
Ian. *No.*
Iphis. *Have I leave to love you?*
Ian. *No.*
Iphis. *Can my Ruin move you?*
Ian. *No.*
Iphis. *In Pity, give me Life, or Death!*
Ian. *No, no, no, no.*
Iphis. *O painful Station!*
Hard-fated Paſſion!
Can Youth and Beauty, Nature defy?
Ian. *If Men have Right to love, Maids have to fly.*
Iphis. Cupid! *intreat her,* &c.

[Iphis *turning from* Ianthe, *dejected, leans againſt a Tree, while* Amyntas *ſeems to talk to her apart.*

Arcas. I fear me, *Ægon,* we have gone too far!
Ianthe ſeems to triumph in the Power
We gave, and ſtrains it to a Cruelty. [turn;
Ægon. Give Nature Time! This Tide of Power may
Virgins grow ſeldom old, in Cruelty.
Their Tyranny is but a poor, ſhort-liv'd Flower;
With Pride it blooms, but ſooner fades, than Beauty.
Amyn. 'Tis true, *Ianthe,* thou art free to chuſe;
But ſomething ſeems to that Indulgence due:
Thou ſeeſt the generous *Arcas,* and thy Father,

Though they impoſe not, recommend at leaſt,
And, in their Silence, chide thy Coldneſs.
Ian. Leave me to pauſe——Virtue! to thee, thus far,
Implicit have I paid Obedience! Now
Support, and cover with thy Wings my Weakneſs. [*Aſide.*
Amyn. If ever, *Iphis*, now reſume thy Cauſe.
Iphis. Ianthe! though my Fault confeſs'd deſpairs
Of Pardon, let me hope my Puniſhment
At leaſt extends not to thy rooted Hate!
Divide, if poſſible, the Lover from
The Friend; and to remember, that I, once,
Was unoffending *Iphis*——wear this Trifle. [*Offering his Crook.*
Ian. Accepted Preſents, *Iphis*, are for Hearts
In Amity, and therefore ſuit not me:
Yet ſince, I find, the general Wiſh attends thee;
In Proof, at leaſt, that I ſuſpend Reſentment,
One Gift I will receive, and only one.
Iphis. O! quick pronounce thy Pleaſure, and relieve me.
Ian. Relieve thyſelf; on thee Relief depends!
Now, if thou canſt, divine thy Life to come,
For thus our Goddeſs has reſolv'd thy Doom!
Arcas. Ægon! Amyntas, hear——
Iphis.——————My Soul attends thee! [Morn
Ian. Know then, impatient to redreſs my Wrongs, this
Before the Holy Shrine of chaſt *Diana*
I proſtrate threw me, and implored her Aid:
The Goddeſs ſmil'd propitious to my Prayers,
And to reſent the Stains of *Iphis*' Love,
Theſe Words her ſacred Oracle pronounc'd.

" That which he cannot have, ſhall *Iphis* give;
" That, which Thou canſt not give, or He deſire:
" That which he muſt not have, muſt thou receive,
" That! that's the Right thy preſent Wrongs require.

Iphis. What jangling Paradoxes rack my Brain!
Arcas. Can Love thro' Riddles only reach their Hearts? } *Apart.*
Ægon. When I was young, I always found it ſo. }
Ian. " 'Til this, from *Iphis* ſhe receive,
" *Ianthe* never ſhall forgive.

" When

" When *Iphis* plain this Riddle reads,
" Then to his Wiſh, his Love ſucceeds.
" Now turn thee, *Iphis*, to thy Art.
" Mean-while, like Friends compell'd, we part.

Iphis. Can *Iphis* from *Ianthe* fly?

Ian: Will *Iphis*, what ſhe asks, deny?

AIR XV.

Iphis. *Thus the plantive Exile ſighs,*
Doom'd to leave his native Shore.
Ian. *Thus the cheerful Merchant tries*
Seas and Winds, for golden Oar.
Iphis. *Winds, and Seas, with gentle Gales*
Sometimes waft us to Repoſe;
But the baniſh'd Lover ſails,
Wreck'd with every Wind that blows.
Ian. *Danger paſt delights the Mind;*
Life, if always calm, would cloy;
In our proudeſt Hours, we find,
Sweet Relief is all our Joy.
Both. *Sweet Relief*, &c.
Iphis. *Death and Abſence are the ſame.*
Ian. *Abſence tries a conſtant Flame.*
Iphis. *Conſtant Love ſhould find Reward.*
Ian. *Love ſhould all Commands regard.*
Iphis. *Truth and Love ſometimes perſuade.*
Ian. *Love and Fate will be obey'd.*
Both. { *Fate* / *Love* } *and* { *Love ſhall* / *Fate will* } *be obey'd.*

[All but *Ianthe* go off.

Ian. 'Tis done! his tender Paſſion is reveal'd.
What I endure, lies here, a Load conceal'd.
Call not for Pity, *Iphis*, of thy Pain;
Unleſs thy Thoughts conceiv'd what mine ſuſtain.
My Love, by Pride ſuppreſs'd, was harder born
Than all thy Anguiſh, from *Ianthe*'s Scorn.
Unequal, Nature, are thy Laws ordain'd!
By thee, we're taught to love, by thee, reſtrain'd:
While lordly Man no ſooner feels thy Fire,
Than he, unblam'd, avows the ſoft Deſire,

Melts with complaining Sighs our Hearts away,
Till what, with Pain, we hide, our conſcious Eyes betray.
[*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE. I.

ARCAS and *ÆGON*.

ARCAS.

O *Ægon!* how ſhall I requite thy Love?
Much for *Amyntas'* Virtue is thy Due;
But for *Ianthe* more! A Female Mind,
So greatly rais'd above her humble Fortune,
So juſtly jealous of her Maiden Fame,
So warm, yet graceful, in her firm Reſentment;
So fearful to forgive, ſo ſweetly loath
To puniſh, where paternal Pity pleaded!
A Heart ſo finiſh'd in the Mold of Virtue
Raiſes my Wonder high as my Content!
Theſe, *Ægon*, theſe are Bleſſings, from thy Care
Deriv'd, which *Arcas* never can repay.

Ægon. Has not your equal Care of my *Paſtora*
More than repay'd the Debt of your *Ianthe?*
And does not *Iphis* ballance your *Amyntas?*
Talk not of Obligations then, unleſs
You would inquire, what *Ægon* owes to *Arcas!*

Arcas. Let them be mutual then: what Virtue gives
Is always ſo: When Friends, on Friends, confer,
To give, or to receive, is equal Pleaſure.
Now tell me, *Ægon*, ſpeak thy real Thoughts,
What muſt we judge of cold *Ianthe's* Conduct?

Ægon. That Education has aſſiſted Nature,
And given her Prudence to conceal her Love.

Arcas. Her Love! why was the Riddle then impos'd?
For, if ſhe loves, her Hopes are there in Hazard:
If *Iphis* never ſhould have Skill to ſolve it,
On her own Heart her Cruelty recoils.

Ægon.

Ægon. 'Tis true: but Nature is, in female Hearts,
So shy, they sometimes, will endure more Pain
To hide, than to accompliſh their Deſires.
But here, alas! the Danger's ſoon remov'd,
'Tis but her whiſpering ſome Boſom-friend,
Who kindly may betray the Truſt to *Iphis*.
Arcas. Suppoſe ſhe never make that Truſt!——
Ægon.——————Know then,
That I, myſelf, already have unty'd it.
Arcas. 'Tis more than I can reach; explain it——
Ægon.——————No.
Your Heart's too tender to conceal it long.
You, on the firſt Diſtreſs of *Iphis*, would aſſiſt him.
Arcas. Well! take thy own Courſe, till proper time de-
Now, *Ægon*, turn we to our other Care. [mand it.
Philautus is this Day arriv'd from *Corinth*
In gorgeous Pomp, to make his Conqueſt ſure;
The Fame, he tells me, of my Daughter's Charms,
Hath drawn him from the Crowd of Courtly Beauties,
Whoſe Rival Hearts, in vain, have ſigh'd to hold him,
To lay his Fortunes at *Paſtora*'s Feet.
Ægon. This Froth and Vanity muſt yield us Sport.
Arcas. I leave his Follies, *Ægon*, to thy Charge;
Thy Jovial Tongue will play upon his Pride,
And better ſound the Shallows of his Heart.
But I muſt, as befits his Birth, receive him:
Nor, for his Father's ſake, muſt ſlight his Weakneſs.
Paſtora ſhall be inform'd of his Arrival:
Bring thou *Amyntas* to their Interview:
Where, when he ſees, in form, the high *Philautus*
By my own Hand preſented to *Paſtora*,
Then ſhall we prove, how far his ſecret Flame
Can bear a Rival, or deſerve a Miſtreſs.
Ægon. Firſt, let me treſpaſs on your gentle Patience;
This Way I ſee old *Corydon* advancing:
He comes, by my Appointment, to complain
Of ſome Abuſe, that's offer'd to his Daughter;
And hopes, that your Authority will right him.
Arcas. 'Tis true! ſomewhat of this *Paſtora* told me.
Ægon. He's here, with all the Parties, to attend you.

Enter Corydon, Phillida, Cimon, Mopſus, Damon, *and other Shepherds.*

Cor. May all our Gods preſerve the noble *Arcas*,
Lord of our Lands, and Flocks.——
Arcas.——Good Neighbours, welcome!
What ſeems amiſs, that may concern your Welfare?
Cor. Ah! my good Lord, I have no Skill to ſpeech it,
But Grief at Heart will always find a Tongue.
My Lord, this home-bred Maid I call my Daughter,
She's all I have, and all my Hope; now I
Would gladly ſee her well diſpos'd in *Marriage*.
And that ſhe might not die a Maid, unask'd,
I have declar'd one half of what I have
Her Dow'r, in preſent; at my Death, the reſt.
'Tis true, 'tis little; but ſtill, the Half is Half!
Now here, ſo pleaſe you, I have found her out
A pair of wholeſome Youths, to take her Choice of:
Brothers they be, Sons of my Neighbour *Dorus*,
This is call'd *Cimon*, and the younger *Mopſus!*
Their Means, and Manners, ſuit her Breeding well,
And both profeſs their Hearts are ſet upon her.
Cim. Yes, and pleaſe you, both cruelly in Love.
[*Half crying.*
Cor. Nay pr'ythee, *Cimon*, let me tell my Story.
Arcas. A little Patience, Friend——
Mop.——Hoh! hoh! hoh! hoh!
That Fool my Brother's always in the wrong!
Cor. Fy! fy! *Mopſus!* now thou art worſe than he.
Arcas. On with thy Tale——
Cor.——Now, Sir, theſe Lads, I ſay,
Were nothing in the way to croſs their Courtſhip,
Might one or t'other make her a good Husband.
But here, here, an't pleaſe you, lies our Grief!
The wilful Girl is ſcornful to them both.
And why? becauſe, forſooth! ſhe loves another!
But how! how is her Love diſpos'd? Why thus!
This pranking gameſome Boy, this *Damon* here!
With Songs, and Gambols, has I think bewitch'd her,

His

His Pipe, 'it ſeems, has play'd her ſweeter Sounds,
And all the idle Day they toy and ſing together.
Cim. Ay ſo they do, and pleaſe you——
Cor. ——————Nay, nay, *Cimon!*
Cim. Well, well! I've done: but I'm ſure it's true tho——
Cor. So nothing now will down with her but *Damon*.
And what will *Damon* do? Why, ruin her!
The Lamb that's in the hungry Fox's Mouth,
Has little Hope to ſcape being made his Breakfaſt:
For he declares he ne'er intends to marry,
And openly defies my Power to force him.
A hard Defiance to a tender Father! [*Weeps.*
Now, good my Lord! 'tis true you're not our King,
And therefore none are bound, by Law, to obey you.
But you've a ſtronger Tye o'er us, our Hearts.
The Man were branded here, that ſcorn'd your Pleaſure.
And the great good you do us every Day,
Will make your Word go farther, than a Law:
So if your Pity think my Caſe is hard,
I leave the Manner how, to your great Wiſdom;
And hope your Goodneſs will prevent a Father's Sorrow.
Arcas. O *Ægon!* how affecting is the Tongue,
Of plain Simplicity—The honeſt Wretch!
He moves me more with Nature's Eloquence,
Than all the Points of our *Athenian* Orators.
Thy Grief, good *Corydon*, I take to Heart,
And, to my poor extent of Power, will ſerve thee.
But hear we now, what others may reply.
Damon, thou'ſt heard this good old Man's Complaint;
Why haſt thou dallied with this Maid's Affection?
Dam. My Lord, I mean the Laſs no harm, not I:
'Is true, I like her Lip and ſo I do
Some twenty others, and twenty others may
Have all the ſame Demand to marry me!
But, 'las-a-day! tho' Kiſſing goes by Favour,
A Man can't marry every Girl he kiſſes!
Wee that a Claim, then ſhe, that firſt was kiſs'd,
Shold firſt be married; ſo I hope my Lord,
I ſhall not be bound to do one right, in wrong
To hundreds, that ſhould come, in turn, before her.

Ægon.

Ægon. Sirrah! thou mak'ſt thy Perjuries a Sport,
And think'ſt thy Wit excuſes Wickedneſs.
Dam. Not ſo hard, good Maſter; for Maids ſometimes
Are ſlippery Bits, as well as we; and he
That has but one poor String to his Bow, if that
Should fly, will find but ſorry Sport a Shooting.
Ægon. Knave! thou'rt a Nuſance; all thy Neighbours note thee
For a Poacher; When Nuts are ripe, he cracks
You half the Apron-ſtrings, around the Country.
Arcas. Gently, *Ægon*; let us ſuſpend Reproof,
That we may hear, without Diſguiſe, his Thoughts.
Well *Damon*, what Amends to *Corydon?*
What ſhall I ſay I've done to right his Daughter?
Dam. Why let the Damſel pleaſe herſelf, my Lord;
If ſhe's diſpos'd to marry, there's her Choice.
If to make Life a Frolic——Here's her Man.
There's no great Hardſhip, where the Will is free:
As ſhe muſt firſt conſent, before ſhe kiſſes,
I hope ſhe'll firſt have mine, before I marry.
For though ſome Men have hang'd themſelves for Maids,
Yet, I have known my Betters think a Wife
The worſt of Halters; ſo whate'er betide me,
I hope you won't make Marriage, Sir, my Sentence!
Arcas. Think'ſt thou a virtuous Bride, a Puniſhment?
Dam. A Halter made of Silk's a Halter ſtill.
And as the Song wiſely ſays, my Lord,

AIR I.

The Man, for Life,
That takes a Wife,
Is like a thouſand diſmal Things:
A Fox in Trap,
Or worſe, mayhap;
An Owl, in Cage, that never ſings.

Dull, from Morn to Night
He hates her Sight,
Yet he, poor Soul! muſt endure it.
Bed of Thorns!
Head of Horns!

ſuch

Such a Life!
Rope, or Knife,
Can only cure it.

II.

A Bull at Stake,
To merry make,
He roars aloud, and the Laugh is ſtrong!
Like Dog, and Cat,
Or Puſs, and Rat,
He fights for Life, and it laſts as long.

But the Man that's free,
Is like the Bee,
While every Flower he's taſting.
Never cloys,
With his Joys:
Day or Night,
New Delight
Is only laſting.

Cor. You ſee, Sir, I have not accus'd him falſly;
He owns himſelf more wicked, than I ſpoke him.
Arcas. 'Tis true, as ſuch we ſhall conſider him.
Well, my good Friends, I hope what you propoſe
[*To* Cimon *and* Mopſus.
Will ſhew your Hearts are of an honeſt Mould.
There ſtands the Maid; if you have ought to urge,
That may prefer your Hopes to *Damon*'s,
Take this Occaſion to avow your Love:
You have her Father's Wiſh, and my Protection.
Cim. Ah! Sir, an' like you, I've no Heart to ſpeak;
She flouts, and glowts, at me, from Morn to Night.
See how ſhe looks now! 'cauſe ſhe can't avoid me. [neſs.
Arcas. Take Courage, Man; 'tis but her maiden Shy-
Cim. D'ye think ſo, Sir? Why then I will take Heart!
If an old Song will do the Thing, have at her.

AIR II.

There's not a Swain,
On the Plain,
Would be bleſt as I,

O could you but, could you but, on me ſmile:
But you appear
So ſevere,
That trembling with Fear,
My Heart goes pit a pat! pit a pat! all the while!
When I cry,
Muſt I die?
You make no Reply,
But look ſhy,
And with a ſcornful Eye,
Kill me with your Cruelty:
How can you be, can you be,
How can you be, ſo hard to me?

Ah! poor *Cimon*, thou art ne'er the nearer!
Not all thy Sighs, nor Songs, nor Sobs can move her!
[*Crying.*

Cor. You ſee, my Lord, the Lad tho' fearful, in
His Heart is honeſtly diſpos'd however.

Arcas. Perhaps ſhe may be more inclin'd to *Mopſus.*

Ægon. Come, *Mopſus*, now for thee, thy Heart ſeems chearful.

Mop. Ay! 'twas always ſo: I love to laugh,
Let things go how they will: Why let her frown!
As long as *Cimon*'s us'd as ill as I,
It gives ones Mind a little Eaſe however!
Happen as 'twill, I ſhall have him to laugh at!
So, as he's for ſinging an old Song ſadly,
'Twill be but ſad, to try a new one merrily.

AIR III.

When Phillida *milks her Cow,*
How have I ſtood ſmirking?
Oh! the pretty Stream would flow,
With a Jerk, and a Jerk in!
Thy whiter Boſom too ſo heav'd,
Half out, and half in!
That of my Breath I was bereav'd,
With a Fit of laughing!
I could not hold from lau——ghing!
Half out, and half in!

Oh!

Oh! to see them fall, and rise,
I laugh'd, till I lost my Eyes:
Half out, and half in!
And it was the purest Sight,
E'er gave Delight,
From Morn to Night,
I could ha' died, with laughing.
With laugh——ing.

Ægon. Well said, *Mopsus!* Thou sing'st it from thy Heart,
And 'tis a merry one ——— ———Better than crying.

Mop. ——— ———Better than crying.

Cor. Ah! Sir, we poor Swains have but homely Words,
To speak our Minds; but what we say, we stand to.

Arcas. An honest Principle: Now, my good Friend;
Let us inquire into thy Daughter's Heart:
For that must guide us——

Cor. ——— ———*Phillida*, come near!

Arcas. Well, my fair Maid! is there, within my Power,
Ought, that may contribute to thy Happiness?
Of all these Youths, for thou art free to chuse,
Which is the Swain comes neareſt to thy Heart?

Phil. Since I am forc'd to speak the Truth, my Lord,
I own my Heart has play'd a simple Game;
I know my Father's Kindness means me well,
And I could wish I had the Power to please him;
But I am loath to lead a Savage Life:
And sure! these Lads were woeful Company.

Cimon. O scornful Maid! my Heart will burst with Grief! [*Cries.*

Mop. Hoh! hoh! poor *Cimon*'s in a bitter taking! [*Laughs.*

Phil. 'Twere hard to chuse, from such extreams of *Damon*, with all his Infidelities, [Folly!
Seems not to me, Sir, half so terrible!
And I am more, than much afraid, I love him!
'Tis true, I know him fickle, false, and faithless!
And I have try'd a thousand, thousand times,
To shut him from my Thoughts, but 'twill not do!
When e'er my Heart is open, in he comes!

Again

Again ſubmits, and is again forgiven!
Again I love, and am again forſaken!
Yet ſtill he fools me on; and when he's abſent,
With Sighs, and Songs, I thus relieve my Folly.

AIR IV.

What Woman could do, I have try'd, to be free;
Yet do all I can,
I find I love him, and tho' he flies me,
Still, ſtill he's the Man.
They tell me at once, he to twenty will ſwear:
When Vows are ſo ſweet, who the Falſhood can fear?
So, when you have ſaid all you can,
Still—ſtill he's the Man.

II.

I caught him once making Love to a Maid.
When to him I ran.
He turn'd, and he kiſs'd me, then who could upbraid
So civil a Man?
The next Day I found to a Third he was kind,
I rated him ſoundly, he ſwore, I was blind;
So, let me do what I can,
Still—ſtill he's the Man.

III.

All the World bids me beware of his Art:
I do what I can;
But he has taken ſuch hold of my Heart,
I doubt he's the Man!
So ſweet are his Kiſſes, his Looks are ſo kind,
He may have his Faults, but if I none can find,
Who can do more than they can;
He—ſtill is the Man.

Arcas. Take Comfort, *Corydon*; all yet may mend:
Thy Daughter's frank Confeſſion of her Love
Perſuades me, of her guarded Innocence!
And though licentious *Damon* may deſerve
Severe Reproof; yet for the Maiden's ſake
(For what he ſuffers, her fond Heart will feel)

We

We will not harden him, by Puniſhment,
But rather tempt him by Reward, to Virtue.
Of this bad Matter make we then the beſt.
If therefore *Damon*, thou, or any Swain,
By Suit or Service of his Love, can woe,
And win this gentle Maid, to be his Bride,
The Dow'r, which her kind Father has declar'd,
Myſelf will double, on her Marriage-day,
And give him, with her Hand, my farther Favour.

Cor. May all the Gods preſerve the bounteous *Arcas*.
A double Portion! Now, my honeſt Lads,
There's brave Encouragement to warm your Hearts!
Now ſhew your Skill, and who's the feateſt Fellow!
Now ſing, and dance her down to your Deſires!
Now, *Phillida*, let faithleſs *Damon* ſee
What Love, and Honeſty have gain'd by Truth;
And what his Pranks have loſt by Wickedneſs.

Phil. Diſhoneſty ſhall never gain on me.

Mop. A double Dowry, *Cimon*; now's our Time!

Cim. Ay, but I'm tender-hearted; my poor Hopes
Will never bloſſom, while ſhe looks ſo froſty!

Cor. Learn of thy Brother, Lad; thou ſee'ſt he knows
No Fear, nor Grief: Up with thy Heart, and at her.

Cim. Well then, ſince you encourage me, I will.

Cor. Well ſaid, my Boy! Ah! this joyful Day
Has ſet my Heart upon the merry Pin!
When I was young, 'twas thus I play'd the Sweetheart.

AIR V.

When I follow'd a Laſs, that was froward, and ſhy,
O! I ſtuck to her Stuff, till I made her comply!
O! I took her ſo lovingly round the Waiſt,
And I ſmack'd her Lips, and I held her faſt!
When hugg'd, and hall'd,
She ſqueal'd, and ſquall'd;
And tho' ſhe vow'd, all I did was in vain!
Yet I pleas'd her ſo well, that ſhe bore it again!
Yet I pleas'd, &c.
Then hoity toity!
Whisking, friſking,

Green

Green was her Gown upon the Graſs;
O! ſuch was the Joy of our dancing Days!
O! ſuch was the Joy of our dancing Days!

Mop. Well done, my merry Heart! Come, *Corydon*,
Now let us leave theſe Lovers free to woe,
And he that firſt ſubdues, and ſubdued,
Comes Hand in Hand, to aſk her Bridal Dow'r,
In farther Token of my Love, myſelf
Will crown him with a Chaplet, worth his wearing.

Ægon. Now for the Garland!——

Mop. ——————Live the noble *Arcas!*

Arcas. *Ægon!* bring thou *Amyntas* to the Grove
Of Citrons, there *Paſtora* ſhall receive
Philautus. [*Exeunt* Arcas *and* Ægon *ſeverally.*

Cor. ——Let me but live to ſee that Knave,
That graceleſs *Damon* bobb'd! let him but wear
The Willow! I'll jump into my Grave
With Joy——— [*Exit* Corydon.

Dam. ——So! now have I probably
All my whole Work to do over again!
This double Dow'r, no doubt, will turn her Brain,
And ſet the Wind-mill of her Sex a going, } *Aſide.*

Mop. Now! *Cimon*, now!

Cim. ——————I'd rather you'd ſpeak firſt.

Mop. No, you are the Elder——

Cim. ——————But my Heart miſgives me.

Phil. Still ſilent! no kind Offer yet from *Damon?*
Has Fortune no effect upon his Heart? [*Aſide.*

Cim. No, no, I tell you, I ſhall never hit
The Tune alone——

Mop. ——Well then, be ſure you back me.

A I R VI.

Tell me Philly, *tell me roundly,*
When you will your Heart ſurrender?
Cim. *Faith, and Troth! I love thee woundly,*
And I was the firſt Pretender.
Mop. *Of us Boys,*
Cim. *Take thy Choice:*

Mop.

Mop. *Here's a Heart*———
Cim. ———*And here's a Hand too.*
Mop. *His, or mine.*
Cim. *All is thine.*
Both: —*Body and Goods at thy Command too.*

Phil. How harſh and tedious is the Voice
Of Love, from any but the Voice deſir'd!

AIR VII.

While you both pretend a Paſſion,
'Twould be cruel to chuſe either;
To preſerve your Inclination,
I muſt kindly fix on neither.
To be juſt,
I now muſt
Make yours, and yours be equal Caſes:
Therefore pray,
From this Day,
I never may behold your Faces.

Now be ſilent; if *Damon* is inclin'd
To ſpeak, his turn is next, you've had your Anſwer.
Mop. Well! let him ſpeak! mayhap your Face
May get as little good from him, as ours
From you; 'tisn't every Man will marry you;
Don't cry, *Cimon*; it only makes her prouder.
Cim. She has given me ſuch a kick o' the Heart,
I ſhall never recover it———
Phil. Hark thee, *Cimon!*
I like thee better than thy Brother, far.
Cim. O! the Gracious! do you truly, and truly?
Phil. I'll give thee Proof this Inſtant! take him hence,
And keep him from my ſight, an Hour at leaſt.
And when thou ſeeſt me next, come thou without him.
Cim. Give me thy Hand on't—
Phil. ———Huſh! not now, they'll ſee us.
Away with him——
Cim. A Word's enough—I'll do't.
Come, *Mopſus*, come away—for I have a thing
And ſuch a thing to tell thee, Boy——

Mop.

Mop. ———What ails
The Fool! Thou'rt mad!
Cim. ———Mad! Ay, and ſo would you
[illegible] were my Caſe yours; but come away.
Mop. Nay, not ſo faſt, good *Cimon*——
Cim. ———Faſter, *Mopſus*, faſter.
Cimon *hurries off* Mopſus.
Dam. My charming Creature! this was kindly done!
Never was Favour, to a Fool, ſo well
Diſſembled!——
Phil. ——Yes, I have learn'd, from you, Diſſembling.
And you'll again diſſemble, to reward me.
Dam. Why ſo ſuſpicious, *Phillida?* Don't I love thee?
Why all this Buſtle at my Heart, when thus
I touch thy Hand, or gaze upon thy Eyes!
Give me thy Lips, and ſee how thou'rt miſtaken.
Phil. No, *Damon*; Lips are but liquoriſh Proofs
Of Love, and thine too often have deceiv'd me.

AIR VIII.

Dam. ———*Away with Suſpicion,*
That Bane to Deſire;
The Heart that loves truly, all Danger deſies:
The Rules of Diſcretion
But ſtifle the Fire;
On its Merit alone, true Beauty relies.

What Folly to tremble,
Leſt the Lover diſſemble
His Fire?
Turtles that wooe,
Bill and Cooe
While we enjoy
We muſt be true!
And to repeat it, is all,
All, we can deſire.

Phil. 'Tis thus thou always haſt decoy'd my Heart!
Thou know'ſt I love, and therefore would'ſt undo me.
Dam. I know thou loveſt, and therefore would ſecure thee.

AIR,

AIR IX.

Phil. *While you purſue me,*
Thus to undo me,
Sure Ruin lies in all you ſay.
To bring your toying,
Up to enjoying,
Call firſt the Prieſt, and name the Day;
Then, then name the Day.
Laſſes are willing
As Lads, for billing,
When Marriage Vows are kindly preſt.
Let holy Father
Tye us together,
Then bill your Fill, and bill your beſt;
Then, then bill your beſt.

Dam. What, not a Hand, a Lip, for old Acquaintance?
Not one poor Sample of the Grain, my Dear,
Unleſs I make a Purchaſe of the whole?

Phil. No, *Damon*; now 'tis time to end our Fooling.
Conſent to wed me, or forbear to love.

Dam. What! doſt thou think to ſtarve me into Marriage?

Phil. I'll ſtarve myſelf, but I'll avoid thy Falſhood!
Graze where thou wilt, I'll feed no ranging Lovers.

Dam. No—nor I won't be pounded, while I can leap
A Hedge: So keep your Graſs for Calves to graze on.
I need not go a Mile for Paſture, Dame,
And good as any Meal that you can make me.

Phil. Do, leave me, do, and prove thyſelf a Traytor!
Faithleſs, inhuman *Damon!*——

Dam. ——————Mighty well!
This double Dow'r, I find, has turn'd thy Brain!
And thou would'ſt make me madder than thyſelf!
A Huſband! Death! a Mill-horſe! what, to grind,
And grind, in one poor hopeleſs Round of Life!
To-day, to-morrow, and to-morrow, ſtill
To plod the Path, I trod the Day before!
O! methinks I feel the Collar on my Shoulders!

Phil. Abandon'd *Damon!* now I begin to hate thee.

Dam. I'm glad, my Miſtreſs, that you'll ſpeak your Mind;

Some

Some Girls will fool you on till one's Heart achs.
But ſince I know your Play, Forſooth, hang lag,
Say I, and ſo farewel, fair *Phillida*.

AIR X.

Dam. *I'll range the World, where Freedom reigns,*
And ſcatter Love around the Plains.
Phil. *I'll ſtarve my Love, and rather part,*
Than yield my Hand, to fool my Heart.
Dam. *The Frowns of This, I ne'er take ill:*
Where One denies, there's Two that will.
Phil. *Since Maids by Kindneſs are undone;*
Adieu, Mankind; I'll ſigh for none.
Dam. *No frozen Laſs ſhall hold me long.*
Phil. *No Swain, that's falſe, my Love ſhall wrong.*
Dam. *Farewel! farewel—'tis time to part.*
Phil. *Thus from thy Hold, I tear my Heart.*
Both. *Farewel! farewel,* &c.

The SCENE *changes to a pleaſant Garden adjoining to the Houſe of* Arcas.

Enter Arcas, *conducting* Philautus, *with* Ægon *and* Amyntas.

Arcas. Once more you're welcome, to our Cottage, Sir;
And what is wanting in Magnificence,
Shall be ſupply'd in Will, and Wiſhes, to delight you.
Phil. Your civiliz'd Deportment ſtill retains
The Courtier—that ſuffices—You are polite.
You know my Birth, and what my Rank requires.
And tho' my Life has always ſtream'd with Pleaſures,
I love ſometimes t' unbend from crowded Courts,
And ſnuff the Rural Air—Your Hounds are good?
Arcas. Of the old *Spartan* Breed: All ſtaunch as Truth,
High-mettled on the Scent, and in full Cry
The jolly Chorus thunders in the Vale.
A ſporting Stag will better ſpeak their Virtue.
Phil. We'll find an early Day. And now, my Lord,
Nothing ſeems wanting to compleat my Welcome,
But fair *Paſtora*, and the Field before me!
A ſtarted Beauty ſtrains me into Speed,

And

And like the Greyhound Sweeps me to the Quarry.
Arcas. Courtiers have Arts to make their Conquests eaſy;
But where the Skilful, and the Graceful join,
Our Rural Virgins muſt on ſight ſurrender.
Phil. She will not find it eaſy to [illegible]
Ægon. Sure, ſhe will not find it difficult to try! [*Aſide.*
Phil. In Court, our Dames have prov'd me to their Coſt.
Arcas. She gains a Conqueſt, that's by you ſubdued!
Phil. Polite, and Courtly! finely turn'd, my Lord!
She gains a Conqueſt, that's by you ſubdued!
She does indeed! for I'm not eaſily pleas'd.
Ægon. She is, I'm ſure, that can be pleas'd with thee.
[*Aſide.*
Phil. I, ſometimes, have been Nice to Cruelty.
Ægon If Modeſty can charm, ſhe's loſt indeed!
Arcas. But we delay my Daughter's Happineſs:
Your Leave a Moment, to conduct her. [*Exit* Arcas.
Amyn. What ſudden Terrors have o'ercaſt my Heart?
Ægon. Well, Sir, we now ſhall ſee your Courtly Skill!
But let me tell you, that our homebred Nymphs,
However eaſy to the humble Lover,
Can to the Heart, that comes aſſur'd of Conqueſt,
Aſſume a Pride, regardleſs as the Wind,
When on the Mountain's Head it bends the Cedar.
Phil. The Rural Bluntneſs, *Ægon*, much delights me:
We ſometimes have, in Court, a Droll, like thee.
And when the Oddneſs of a Creature's pleaſant,
We join the Laugh, and give their Humours way.
Ægon. Juſt as we ſometimes treat a Coxcomb here.
For now and then they come to ſteal our Daughters:
Though I ne'er heard their Sighs have much prevail'd.
Phil. But, honeſt *Ægon*, thou ſhalt find, we Courtiers
Have ſharper Darts, than ſimple Sighs, to ſhoot with.
The Skilful do not *ask*, but *give* Relief. [Secret.
Ægon. Our ſimple Swains would thank you for that
For they are always humble, till the Nymph
Is kind; and then they're ſimply grateful too.
Phil. O Ruſtick Notions! No, dear *Ægon*, no.
A Woman's Pride is pamper'd by our Fear:
He only can reduce that dares provoke it.

Ægon.

Ægon. A Courage ſo determin'd muſt be ſure
Of Conqueſt, Sir,—But ſee! your fair Defiance.

Enter Arcas *with* Paſtora.

Arcas. This, my *Paſtora*, is the Noble Youth,
Whom my Approvement offers to thy Choice:
High is his Lineage, his Appointments equal:
But my weak Praiſe would wrong his full Deſervings;
Thou art thyſelf to judge of his Perfections,
For nothing is impos'd upon thy Will:
The brave *Philautus* ſcorns Advantages,
And leaves his Cauſe to Love, that thy free Heart
May rather ſoften, to his own Perſuaſions,
Than yield reluctant, with a cold Obedience.

Phil. Yes, lovely Maid! compell'd Affection ſtains
The Lover's Glory, and degrades his Conqueſt!
The generous Heart diſclaims all Aids, but Love!
Yet be compos'd, I'll uſe a gentle Power:
I know the Terrors that invade your Sex,
When Love firſt makes his Onſet of Deſire;
Your Beauties tremble! and your Charms retreat!
I therefore ſhall a while ſuſpend my Vows,
'Till your own ſecret Wiſhes ſigh to hear them.
All I, in preſent, ſhall propoſe, is firſt,
That with an Eye impartial you ſurvey me;
Hear with Attention, willing to admire;
Then when you are inclin'd to ſpeak—ſpeak free!
Nor let your Virgin Coyneſs veil your Heart.

Paſt. Sir, I muſt own you have already cur'd
My Fears, thoſe Fears, that ere you ſpoke, oppreſs'd me.
At one ſhort View, I read your Mind, and Perſon!
Which equally have given Surprize, and Wonder!
And ſince ſo generouſly you uſe your Power,
As not t' enforce it, with a Father's Will;
The leaſt I can in Gratitude return,
Is not alone to hear; but, on the Place,
To anſwer what I hear: You may proceed.
There ſeems no Terror in a Courtier's Love!

Phil. A Heart ſo dauntleſs ſtirs my Emulation!
But let me tell you Fair One, you have now

Before

Before your Eyes no common moulded Lover;
A Man leſs us'd to ask, than to refuſe
Your Sexes Favours! Beauty may have Eyes,
Yet Men have Arts to give alternate Wounds.
Thouſands may hope, but few have e[illegible]
To fix a curious Heart——and yet methinks
Your Eye, my Fair, darts an unusual——ſomething——
That calls for farther gazing——

[*After a long Pauſe, his Looks riſing gradually to a gracious Approbation, he proceeds.*

——————Virgin! You
Have Beauty——I confeſs it; to be juſt,
I own your Charms are worthy of my Thought;
On your own Conduct, now, depends your Happineſs!

Paſto. A Heart, that to our Sex has been ſo fatal,
Deters the Paſſion which it's Worth wou'd raiſe,
Or leads th' Unwary to avoidleſs Ruin:
And, to be free, I dare not truſt you with Eſteem.

Phil. Agreeable Suſpicion! but I'll eaſe
Your Fears, and make your Hopes, at once,
Your Sexes Envy, and your Swains Deſpair.
Come, come, I read your Soul! ſuch tender Scruples
Never ariſe, but from the Heart inclining;
The Lover ſcorn'd is never tax'd with Falſhood.
You ſee, my Fair, I know the Depths of Love,
And all your coy Meanders of the Heart.

Paſto. How can you triumph where you've won ſo little?

Phil. This Modeſty alone were worth my Conqueſt.

Paſto. I find, Sir, I diſpute your Happineſs in vain.
And ſince I can't perſuade you to Deſpair,
Thus let me warn our Sexes Vanity:

AIR XI.

No more, vain Virgins, boaſt your Power;
For Nature is inverted:
To be bleſt, you muſt adore,
Or be by Swains deſerted.
Sweet Lovers now, at Sight, ſurprize,
And give ſuch wondrous Pleaſure,
That when the Nymph, deſpairing, dies,
The Swain will deign to eaſe her.

Phil. Engaging Creature! what remains, is now
The Means to make your Conqueror, your Captive,
An eaſy Taſk——but I'll explain the Secret.

AIR XII.

Tho' you, perhaps, my lovely Fair,
Have Charms that greatly move me;
Yet all your future Pains, and Care,
Muſt be, to make me love you.
Your Fate alone depends on me,
You are but what I make you;
Divinely bleſt, if I prove true,
Undone, if I forſake you. [Phil. *turns to* Ægon.

Paſto. Nay then, 'tis time to undeceive his——
But it repays the Pain, to find *Amyntas* [Folly!
Has been the Witneſs of our Interview:
Sure the Contempt this Trifler has receiv'd,
Will juſtify my Heart, and ſtill preſerve
That ſoft Eſteem, which he has ever ſhewn me. } *Aſide.*

Arcas. Well, good *Amyntas*, tell me, and in Friendſhip,
What are thy Thoughts of this *Corinthian* Noble?
Would'ſt thou not wiſh *Paſtora* to receive him,
And give her Charms, th' Improvement of a Court?
[*Apart.*

Amyn. Your Wiſdom, doubtleſs, had reſolv'd before
Paſtora ſaw him, Sir—— [*Apart.*

Arcas. ——Suppoſe it ſo,
Yet I would gladly know how far thy Senſe
May recommend, or diſapprove, this Union. [*Apart.*

Amyn. Since you deſcend, to aſk a young Man's Counſel,
That mine, Sir, may be better juſtified,
Permit me to recite, what you yourſelf
Have oft commended as the Virgin's Leſſon.
Tho' much, I fear, my Skill will marr the Muſic.

Ægon. No matter; thou at leaſt, wilt give it Meaning.

Amyn. That, Sir, were worthy of *Paſtora*'s Ear.

AIR XIII.

Virgins, beware how you fix on a Lover!
Beds of Flowers, may harbour a Snake;

Gold and Silver gaily may cover
Heads that wander, and Hearts that forſake.
Courtly Rovers,
When bound for Life,
Seldom Lovers
Prove to the Wife.
But on the Plains poor Swains are true;
Nor love themſelves but die for You.

Phil. Poor Swains! ſome ſlighted Lover, I preſume!
Ægon. A Lover favour'd, or my Eyes deceive me.
[*Aſide.*
Arcas. 'Tis well apply'd, *Amyntas*——follow me.
I have of Moment ſomething for thy Ear,
A Lover, Sir, like you, that knows the Coaſt, [*To* Phil.
Needs not a Pilot, when ſo near the Shore:
I therefore leave you to compleat your Conqueſt.
Phil. Your Complaiſance has made *Arcadia, Corinth.*
Arcas. Daughter, with Joy, I have beheld thy Conduct!
I ſee thou know'ſt to value Men by Merit.
And that thy Heart may act more open to
Thy Wiſhes, I retire——maintain thy Virtue.
[*Exeunt* Arcas *and* Amyntas. Ægon *following, is detain'd by* Philautus.
Paſto. What can this mean? Is then my Father pleas'd
With the Contempt I have thrown upon this Stranger,
Whom he himſelf preſented? Can it be?
'Twas by his Leave too, that *Amyntas* ſung,
Encourag'd to addreſs his Strains to me.
Take heed, fond Heart, nor flatter thy Deſires.
Let Time, that undertakes thy Fate, confirm it. [*Apart.*
Phil. Believe me, *Ægon*, I deſire thy Preſence
Without a Friend, a Miſtreſs loſes half
Her Charms. I love a Witneſs of my Power.
For what's a Triumph, where there's no Spectator?
All my Succeſſes with the Fair are public.
Ægon. Well, Sir, I'll ſtay, in hopes that your fair
May, in her turn, have Cauſe to triumph too. [Miſtreſs
Phil. 'Tis true, my Friend; my Favour is her Triumph;
Thou ſeeſt, we Courtiers know a ſhorter way
Than ſighing to the Heart——

Ægon. ——————'Tis ſhort indeed!
For I perceive not yet, you've ſaid one Word,
So much to raiſe her Merit, as your own.
Phil. Why—no—not but I ſlightly own'd her Charms
Had Power, and that's enough! The Art of Love
Is not to praiſe your Fair One to a Goddeſs,
But to diſſolve her Pride, with Admiration,
And be yourſelf the Object of Deſire.
Ægon. Ay! there! you have, beyond Belief, ſucceeded.
Phil. But I have farther Subject for her Wonder.
Now, my fair Nymph! not that my Heart is vain,
But yet to ſhew the value of your Conqueſt;
Permit me, to inform you of the Fate
Of a fam'd *Roman* Beauty, who at *Corinth*
Hearing of my intended Marriage, took
A mortal Draught, which ended, with her Hopes
Of me, her Life; and in her lateſt Pangs,
Turning her faint complaining Eyes upon me,
Farewel, vain faithleſs World, ſhe cry'd! I die
A Victim to *Papilio*'s Cruelty!
Paſto. Papilio!
Phil. ——————The Name her Fondneſs gave me.
Ægon. Papilio!
Phil. ——————Yes; a *Roman* Appellation.
Obſerve its melting Softneſs——O! *Papilio!*
Sure, 'twas the gentleſt Creature!——But however,
To give her, even in Death, her due Revenge,
And to immortalize her Paſſion, I
Compos'd an Ode, which the fam'd *Sappho* might
With Pride have own'd, and not have wrong'd her Genius.
Paſt. May we intreat the Favour, Sir, to hear it?
Phil. My Voice, I doubt, will ill commend the Lines;
But what that wants, Expreſſion ſhall ſupply.

AIR XIV.

Cruel Creature,
Muſt I languiſh!
Savage Nature!
See my Anguiſh;
Doom'd to love, and love in vain!

O Papilio!
Can you fly me?
Can you, will you
Still deny me?
O Papilio!
One kind Look, to ſooth my Pain!
Cruel Creature,
See my Anguiſh!
Hear a dying Maid complain!

Ægon. This is indeed a doleful Ditty, Sir.

Paſt. How could you let ſo ſoft a Creature periſh?

Phil. Love, like Ambition, raſhly ſeeks its Ruin.
Her Fondneſs ſet no Bounds to her Deſire.
She graſp'd at more than was her Beauty's Due.
Was mine a Heart to be ingroſs'd by One,
Where a whole Court had equal Claim to Favour?

Paſt. Ye Powers! are theſe your Principles avow'd?
Are then the Laws of Honour, Nature, thus
Regarded?——

Ægon.——So! his Vanity, at laſt,
Recoils upon himſelf, and gives her Scorn
The fair Excuſe of Honour, to renounce him.

Phil. And why, my Fair, ſo ſuddenly tranſported?

Paſt. Could you then think, a Heart, like yours, ſo ſtain'd
In Cruelty, could find Reception here?

Phil. I thought a Heart ſo eminently graced
With Conqueſts, only could deſerve *Paſtora.*

Paſt. No! to the *Manes* of your *Roman* Miſtreſs,
That wretched Martyr of your cruel Nature,
My vengeful Hate ſhall make your Love the Victim.

AIR XV.

How, inhuman faithleſs Creature!
Could'ſt thou wrong ſuch tender Youth?
How, againſt all Senſe of Nature,
Kill ſuch Innocence, and Truth?
While thou ſing'ſt her mournful Ditty,
Baſe, remorſeleſs, falſe Ingrate!
Her Diſtreſſes move my Pity,
And for thee, my mortal Hate.

Phil. What new Extravagance of Love, my Fair,
Has chang'd thy Gentleneſs to Jealouſy?
Can a dead Rival's Charms diſturb thee?——
Paſt. ——Yes!
The Charms that had ſo well deſerv'd thy Heart,
Finding ſuch cruel Treatment from thy Power,
Confirm, what Charms inferior muſt expect,
And warn the Wary to deteſt thy Love!

Phi. Nay now, thy Tenderneſs refines to Folly. [thee.
Paſt. Hence! from my Sight, leſt worſe than Scorn attend
Ægon. I doubt, Sir, here our Triumph has been puſht
Too far——

Phi. —'Tis true! the Tender in her Heart,
Prevails, and therefore, with the Tender, ſtill,
Muſt be recall'd, and ſoftned to her Wiſhes.

AIR XVI.

Muſt I deſpair?
Kill me, but kill me here!
Here, at your Feet I'll dye,
But, from your Sight to fly,
Is more than Love, or Life, can bear!
Still cold and cruel be,
Dart from your Eyes Diſdain;
Yet while thoſe Eyes I ſee
Some Pleaſure ſtill relieves the Pain.
Kill me, but &c.

Paſt. How, *Ægon*, ſhall I rid me of this Folly?
The more his Love's abus'd, the more his Pride
Perverts my Meaning, and evades the Scorn,
Ægon. Give him a hearty farewel, and retire. } *Apart.*
Paſt. He has, indeed, reduc'd me to explain.

Phil. 'Tis done, my Friend; again her ſoftning Eyes
Incline to pardon, and reſume Deſire!
And to purſue my Conqueſt——thus——
Paſt. ——Forbear!
Since, Sir, I find your high Opinion of
Yourſelf can take Averſion, for Eſteem;
Enjoy your Happineſs, but moleſt not mine.
Admire yourſelf, and ſhew a manly Spirit!

Deſpiſe

Deſpiſe my Frowns, and give me Scorn for Scorn.
Fly to ſome nobler Heart that taſtes your Merit,
And leave *Paſtora* to bemoan her Folly.

Ægon. Troth, Sir, I think 'twould be a fair Revenge.
Phi. Ægon, I know what Meaſures will become me. } *Apart.*

AIR XVII.

Paſt. *How happy's the Man, that like you, Sir,*
His pretty dear Perſon admires!
Who, when with the Fair it won't do, Sir,
Content to his Idol retires.
He turns to his Glaſs,
Where, in his ſweet Face,
Such raviſhing Beauties diſcloſe;
His Heart on fire,
Is ſure his Deſire
No Rival will ever oppoſe.
But when to a Nymph a Pretender,
Poor Mortal, he ſplits on a Shelf!
How little a Thing will defend her
From one, that makes Love to himſelf!
While nice in Dreſs,
And ſure of ſucceſs,
He thinks ſhe can never get free;
With ſmiling Eyes,
She rallies, and flies,
And laughs at his Merit like me. [*Exit* Paſtora.

Ægon. Was ever ſuch a ſtrange Relapſe!
Phil. ——— Surprizing!
Ægon, I fear Diſorder in her Brain!
Didſt thou obſerve, how incoherently
She ſung, and wander'd from her ſoft Deportment?
Ægon. 'Tis plain, ſhe is not what we thought her——
Phil. ——— No!
It muſt be Frenſy! Love has ſtrange Effects!
This is the ſtrongeſt Arrow, that I ever drew!
Ægon. So ſtrong, I doubt, we have over-ſhot the Mark!
At leaſt, I ſee, you have not touch'd her Wings!

AIR XVIII.

Phil. *O! let her go!*
Pooh! let her go!
Maids like wounded Doves will fly:
The pretty thing,
Tho' on the Wing,
Down muſt fall, and ſure to dye!
In her Heart,
The Dart
She flies with,
Has fixt her ſure;
Now! now!
She's panting for the Cure!

No, *Ægon*, no! 'tis now too late to fly me.
I know I've touch'd her, and my Shafts are fatal!
In the next neighbouring Grove, ſhe drops of courſe!
There I ſhall find her helpleſs, in her Wounds,
And tame to my Deſire: But I muſt follow,
And, like a ſkilful Woodman, ſave my Game.
Thy Preſence, *Ægon*, frightned her away!
'Twas too far carried, to have others ſee
The ſoft Confuſion of her yielding Heart;
Which, if alone, had been with Joy diſclos'd.
Ægon. Of what ſtrange Stuff are Courtiers Heads compos'd! [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE *changes to an outward Part of a Grove.*

Enter Arcas *and* Amyntas.

Arcas. Amyntas, I have weigh'd thy beſt Excuſes,
And find thy Modeſty, that makes them, but
A ſtronger Motive to my Truſt propos'd:
If thou would'ſt keep thy Place within my Heart,
Comply with my Deſires——
Amyn. ——————My noble Lord,
Since Diffidence no longer can diſſuade,

My

My due Obedience with your Will complies:
To my poor Power, I will discharge this Trust.

Arcas. Now thou has gain'd upon my Love, *Amyntas*,
The present Hour employs thee: Here, within
This Grove, awhile amuse thee, 'till I send her:
There, in an instant, shall *Pastora* find thee. [*Exit* Arcas.

Amyn. What will my Fate do with me! O *Pastora!*
Is lost *Amyntas*, then, the chosen Wretch,
To point thee out a Lover worthy of
Thy Heart? Where shall this worthless World produce him?
And by the generous *Arcas* too, my Patron,
Is this high Task impos'd! What Power can save thee?
Must I, if true to Love, be false to him?
Or true to *Arcas*, must I lose *Pastora?*
Nay, what would Falshood, if pursued, avail?
'Twere terrible, tho' guiltless, to avow my Love!
To meet her Scorn (for Scorn must sure attend it!)
Were sharper Pain, if possible, than to
Behold her, happy, in a Rival's Arms;
Which Way soe'er I turn, Despair surrounds me!
Like the poor Pilot, while his Vessel burns,
I pause, to perish in the Flames, or Waves!

AIR XIX.

Was ever, than mine, a Fate more severe;
To perish in Silence, or dye by Despair?
Despairing, I languish a Lover conceal'd,
Yet the Cause of my Anguish gives Death, if reveal'd:
While her Birth is so high, my Fortune so low,
By her Frown I must dye, if I tell her my Woe.
Was ever, than mine, a Fate more severe,
To perish in Silence, or dye by Despair? [Exit.

Enter Pastora.

Past. Sure, 'twas *Amyntas'* Voice, and Love that tun'd it.
A Sound ill-boding to the lost *Pastora!*
I fear some Nymph unknown has seiz'd his Heart.
It must be so! all but too well agrees
With what my Father, knowing, has enjoin'd.
Yet why is mine this Task? He could not, sure,

Suppoſe *Amyntas* ſigh'd for me! Ah, no,
He would not then have ſent me to relieve him!
For often has he warn'd me to regard
My Birth, and ſhun the humbler Swains beneath me:
Which, to this Hour, I have obſerv'd, with Sorrow.
How far this ſweet Occaſion, to reveal
My Pain, I may reſiſt—I dare not think on!
Yet ſure no Pain exceeds conceal'd Deſire.

AIR XX.

While Groves alone hear me complain,
Like the Lilly, when drooping I pine,
If ſilent, I languiſh in Pain,
How can his Heart ever be mine?
O Cupid! *aſſuage what I feel,*
Since my Fault is but loving too well:
O! let my Diſtreſs to conceal,
Be leſs than the Pain is to tell.

Amyntas *returns.*

Amyn. Thus, while the warbling *Philomel* complains,
The liſt'ning Swain partakes her tuneful Sorrow.
Paſt. My Griefs, *Amyntas*, ſympathize with thine.
Thy plaintive Strains have given my penſive Heart
Diſtreſs unfelt before——
Amyn.——————Are then our Griefs
So equally ſevere, as to deſerve
Our mutual Pity? Sure a ſocial Balm,
So ſweetly healing, might aſſuage the Pain.
Paſt. Or may increaſe it, from the Cauſe miſtaken.
Amyn. Why are thoſe Cauſes then conceal'd, ſince on
Our Cure, our future Happineſs depends?
Paſt. That Queſtion, thou, *Amyntas*, muſt reſolve!
For, to that Purpoſe, has my Father ſent me,
To ſearch thy Griefs, and by Advice to heal them.
Amyn. The ſame Injunction has he laid on me,
That I ſhould give due Praiſes, to thy eaſy Scorn
Of vain *Philautus'* Love, and to thy Heart
Commend a Swain, whoſe Virtues might deſerve thee,

But ſay, *Paſtora*, did he tell thee, that
He knew, *Amyntas* lov'd?

Paſt. ——————Thy Strains confeſs'd it.

Amyn. If that were Proof, thy Strains confeſs'd the ſame.

Paſt. We often ſing of Sorrows not our own.

Amyn. Of ſuch, *Paſtora*, might *Amyntas* ſing.

Paſto. May we then hope, that neither of us love?

Amyn. If both could love with Hope, 'twere happier ſtill!

Paſto. But that, alas! for ever is deny'd to me!
Compell'd by frowning Honour to deſpair!

Amyn. The ſame ſtern Brow affrights *Amyntas'* Hope.

Paſto. Do'ſt thou then love below thy Birth, *Amyntas?*

Amyn. Were that my Fate, I might declare my Flame.
But Fears like mine can never reach *Paſtora*,
For, in *Arcadia*, ſhe has no Superior.

Paſto. And therefore is ſhe doom'd to hide her Heart.

Amyn. O Love! how equal are our Woes, and yet
How oppoſite their Cauſe?

Paſto. ——————Our Woes ſo like,
May in the ſame complaining Strains be told.

AIR XXI.

Tho' my Grief is ſevere, it relieves me to ſee,
That the Swain who inflicts it, conceives not 'tis he.
The Swain that ſubdues me, I dare not reveal;
That I'm won e'er he woes me I tremble to tell:
Tho' my Ruin it prove, no Weakneſs I'll ſhow;
'Tis enough that I love, and too much he ſhould know;
Tho' my Grief is ſevere, it relieves me to ſee,
That the Swain who inflicts it conceives not 'tis he.

Amyn. And yet *Paſtora*, ſure, might truſt a Friend,
A Friend appointed to receive the Secret?

Paſto. Is not my Charge the ſame on thee, *Amyntas?*

Amyn. What Evil can attend thy firſt declaring?

Paſto. 'Till I firſt know *Amyntas'* Heart, my Flame
For ever ſtifled, in my Breaſt ſhall die.

AIR XXII.

Amyn. Cupid, *help a Swain's Deſpair!*
Teach his Tongue to loſe his Fear!

Paſto.

Paſto. Cupid! *grant the Swain I love,*
May for me my Anguiſh prove!
Amyn. *Muſt I drag this hopeleſs Chain?*
Paſto. *Muſt I ever ſigh in vain?*
Both. *Love conceal'd is endleſs Pain!*
Amyn. Cupid, *help a Swain's Deſpair!*
Paſto. *Cure my Love, or kill my Fear!*
Both. *Grant, O! grant, the* { *Nymph* / *Swain* } *I love,*
May for me my Anguiſh prove.

Paſto. Amyntas, as thou would'ſt preſerve my Peace,
Tell me the Nymph, that gives me Pains for thee.
Amyn. How dreadful is the Precipice I ſtand on!
But yet remember, O! too curious Maid!
When I lie daſh'd and dead with my Deſpair,
'Twas not my own Preſumption, but thy Will
That forc'd me on my Fate! and to confeſs,
My tortur'd Heart——has long ador'd *Paſtora!*
Paſto. What have I heard, *Amyntas?*
Amyn. ——————O cruel Maid!
Why would'ſt thou drive me to this dreadful Fall?
Paſto. That theſe kind Arms might ſave thee, O *Amyntas!*
Our Happineſs, our Ruin, from this Hour,
Is one! And if *Paſtora*'s yielded Heart
Can pay the Pains thou haſt endur'd for me,
Let thy own Wiſhes form thy own Reward!
The Joys I give *Amyntas,* I receive.
Amyn. Immortal Pow'rs! may I believe my Senſe?
What haſt thou utter'd? O *Paſtora!* ſure
I dream! This heavenly Viſion is too much
For waking Life to bear! Amazement, Love,
Tumultuous Joy, and Tranſport, ſwell my Heart,
I fear, beyond the Limits of my poor Deſervings.
Paſto. No, *Amyntas!* that ſweet Humility,
That diſtant Awe of unavow'd Deſire,
Has more prevail'd upon my yielding Heart
Than all the Flatteries of proteſting Love.
Amyn. O! let me gaze, and languiſh on thy Softneſs!

While

While Sighs on Sighs invoke thy Charms confeſs'd,
And fault'ring Speech can only ſound *Paſtora*.

Learn hence, ye Nymphs your Lovers to ſurprize,
Nor boaſt the trivial Conqueſt of your Eyes:
The Vows your Charms inſpire, with Charms will break,
And teach the fated Lover to forſake:
But when with Virtue aided, you ſubdue,
Long will your Swains adore, and long be true!
Then like *Paſtora*'s, may your Flames be own'd,
And each *Amyntas* in your Hearts be crown'd.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Arcas *and* Ægon *in the Garden.*

Arcas. YES, *Ægon*, I over-heard it all! conceal'd
Within a Bower, which ſcarce the Sun or Winds
Could pierce, my Ears were witneſs of their Love;
I heard the equal Conflict of their Hearts,
Which while unknowing that their Flames were mutual,
Alternate Duty labour'd to conceal:
Such Innocence and Virtue gave me Pain,
To ſee the dread Suſpence of their Deſires!
But when, to their Amazement, they diſcover'd,
How long, in Heart, for Heart, their Hopes had lan-
Their tender Tranſports even recall'd my Youth, [guiſh'd,
And gave my Eyes the Softneſs of a Lover.

Ægon. Here, we perceive how Blood ſuſtains the Mind.
Paſtora's humble Paſſions with her Birth ſubſide,
Her Heart is charm'd by Merit, in its Weeds;
While cold *Ianthe*, unſubdu'd by Fortune,
Maintains the native Station of her Race,
Nor bends her Merit to ſuperior Birth.

Arcas. Her Coldneſs ſhews, at leaſt, the honeſt Pride

Of

Of Virtue knows its Worth, and will be wooed.

Ægon. Thus *Iphis* too, unheedful of her Fortune,
Shews he thinks Virtue is the nobleſt Dower.

Arcas. All, all, my Friend, advances to our Wiſhes
And let me ſay the Merit of their Love
Were loſt, had not theſe Tryals prov'd their Virtue!
And yet——the ſtrongeſt, *Ægon*, is to come,
The long-hid Secret of their Birth! How that
Diſcover'd may affect their Conſtancy——

Ægon. My Lord, you nouriſh Fears, which I alone
Should feel; If alter'd Birth could change their Paſſions,
Yours might, indeed, deſpiſe the Race of *Ægon*.
Loſt *Iphis* and *Paſtora* may be wretched;
Amyntas and *Ianthe* chuſe their Fate. [firm?

Arcas. But doſt thou think, their Hearts will ſtill be

Ægon. Suſpicion cannot form a Fear againſt them!
Or if, at moſt, I grant, *Ianthe* may
A while for Form, retard the Hopes of *Iphis*,
That's the worſt Conſequence that can befall us.

Arcas. Thy ſanguine Temper, *Ægon*, always cheers me!
Be *Iphis* then our next immediate Care.
Is he yet Maſter of *Ianthe*'s Riddle?

Ægon. That's my leaſt Thought! mere female Shyneſs,
To give her feign'd Reſentment time to cool;
And ſave th' Appearance of offended Virtue.

Arcas. Where is *Ianthe* now?——

Ægon. ——In yonder Grove
I left her, ſkilfully collecting Herbs
Of ſanative and virtual Power, which ſhe
In Charity ſometimes adminiſters
To helpleſs Swains, when Sickneſs, or Miſchance,
Confines them to their Cots, unfit for Labour.
But where has *Iphis* paſs'd his lonely Hours?

Arcas. This Morn I was inform'd he had been ſeen
Before the Dawn upon the ſouthern Cliff
Whoſe lofty Head looks down upon the Sea:
There penſive and alone, in ſtudious plight
He lay, and warn'd the paſſing Swains to leave him.

Ægon. Love and the Riddle give him full Employment.

Arcas

Arcas. Perhaps too much: I therefore have ſent forth
Old *Corydon*, with others, to obſerve
His Purpoſes, and warn him homeward!—See!
Already he's return'd—Now, *Corydon*.

Enter Corydon.

What News of *Iphis?* haſt thou found him?
Coryd. ———Found him!
Ay, my good Lord, he's found; but I much fear
He has loſt himſelf——Oh! he has blown me bravely!
Arcas. Explain! be brief, good *Corydon*——
Coryd. ———Nay, nay,
I have not Breath to make long-winded Speeches.
Ægon. Speak, Man——
Coryd. —Why then, in ſhort—ſince ſhort's my Breath,
He's mad.
Ægon. ——Mad!——
Arcas. ———What mean'ſt thou——
Coryd. ———Even as I ſay:
He's not himſelf, that's certain: for his Wits
Have neither Senſe nor Purpoſe! all his Talk
Is like a broken Inſtrument, untun'd;
Notes without Harmony.——
Arcas. —Where was he found?
Coryd. Beneath the Hill, where you directed us,
Runs a ſmall Brook, that winds along the Vale:
There he ſat weaving ſimple Wreaths of Willow;
One on his Brow he wore: at ſight of us
He made dumb Signs that we ſhould ſit beſide him;
We did ſo, and not a Word was ſaid to croſs him:
(For by his Eyes we ſaw his Head was wrong.)
Then he gave Garlands round to every Swain;
And ſigh'd, and heav'd, as if his Heart were burſting!
Anon he drew ſome Papers from his Scrip;
On which he por'd, and purs'd his ſtudious Brow!
Then gave out Copies of the ſame, and cry'd,
Read! read! Expound, and be an Oracle!
Arcas. The Riddle, *Ægon*——
Coryd. ———Ay, a Riddle penn'd
In Verſe, but paſt our Skill (poor Souls) t'untye!

And

And then he laugh'd and ſung light Madrigalls,
And talk'd as many mournful moving Things,
He drew my Heart into my Eyes, tho' ſcarce
A Word of what he utter'd, was Intelligible.
Yonder he comes, and all the Swains about him.
Arcas. Ægon! this Sight for ever will reproach us.

Enter Iphis *muſing on a Paper, follow'd by* Cimon, Mopſus, *and other Shepherds all crown'd with Willow.*

Iphis. 'Tis done! I've found it!—'tis the Rainbow! Pour,
Pour down, ye pitying Clouds, your gentle Showers
While, with his radiant Pencil, *Phœbus* paints
The glorious Arch upon your gaudy Boſom!
Coryd. Look you there now—you ſee I told you true.
Arcas. I ſee it, and with Sorrow—give him way.
Iphis. O heav'nly Sight! Happy auſpicious Omen!
It comes! it forms! delightful to the Eye!
Behold where mounted *Iris* ſits aloft,
And offers me a Seat upon her Throne!
See! ſee! above her Head, *Ianthe* fixt,
Like a bright Evening Star, with Beams unborrow'd,
Adorns the Sky, and calls for Adoration!
Doſt thou not ſee her—there— [*To* Corydon.
Coryd. ——————Not I, in troth! [her!
Iphis. Why there! look there! the Moon turns pale at
Coryd. Yes, yes, the Moon is pale indeed!—alas!
Poor Soul, his Words are like a Ditty in
A Foreign Tongue to me—Muſic without Meaning.
Iphis. Now let us catch the Rainbow, and demand her
From the Skies——ah! me! ſhe frowns! ſhe flies me!
Down! down! ye gentle Virgins, and aſſiſt
A Swain's Deſpair! melt her obdurate Heart,
And bend the Goddeſs to a human Pity!

AIR I.

O gentle Orpheus! *tune harmonious,*
To my Song, thy Lyre!
Kneeling.] *Teach me, Goddeſs! to adore thee!*
Help a Lover void of Art.

Let his ſtreaming Tears implore thee,
To relieve a bleeding Heart.

O remit thy dreadful Sentence
On a Crime, that call'd thee Fair!
If that Sin requires Repentance,
Death is kinder than Deſpair.

If, for Love, my Doom is dying,
Tender Pity let me crave;
If a Tear ſhould fall complying,
Gently drop it on my Grave.

[*He ſinks into the Arms of* Arcas.

Arcas. O piteous Youth! O *Ægon!* where is now
Our Foreſight? Our paternal Care? Our Hope?
All loſt, and ruin'd by too reſin'd a Prudence!

Ægon. Do not think ſo! this Malady may paſs,
And *Iphis* yet recover to our Comfort.

Arcas. 'Tis now no time to heſitate on Forms.
When Life's in doubt, Extreams muſt be apply'd;
Ianthe muſt be found; on her alone
Depends the Ruin or Relief of *Iphis.*

Ægon. While you, Sir, lead him to Repoſe,
Myſelf and theſe our Friends will ſearch the Groves,
And bring her, with relenting Tears to ſave him.

[*Exit* Ægon, *with others.*

Arcas. Ha! he revives! aſſiſt me, *Corydon!*

[*They raiſe him.*

Iphis. Ianthe! where? O my deluded Senſe!
She's fled! ſhe's loſt! the mould'ring Clouds diſperſe,
And the gay liquid Phantome is no more!
Such are the viſionary Smiles of Woman!
A Silver Morn——a Shower——a tranſient Sun!
A driving Storm——a Tempeſt of Deſpair.

[*Exeunt* Arcas *and* Corydon, *leading* Iphis.

The

The SCENE *changes to a Grove.*

Enter Ianthe *with a Servant bearing the Greens, &c. they have been gathering.*

Ianthe. Theſe, *Chloe*, may ſuffice for preſent uſe;
Now hie thee Home, and ſort them as directed.
I ſhall but reſt a while, and follow thee. [*Exit Servant.*
At length I am alone, and my free Thoughts,
Uncenſur'd now, may ſend a Sigh to *Iphis*.
Yes, lovely Youth, with Sorrow I conceive
Thy Pains for me; yet thine give thee no View
Of thoſe *Ianthe* on herſelf impoſes!
For ſure to bear Diſdain unmerited,
Is leſs Compunction to the generous Mind,
Than to diſguiſe, with Scorn, a yielding Heart.
Thy Pains, tho' grievous, yet implore Relief
Even of the Wretch, that wants the Beggar's Pity.

AIR II.

No more, ye happy Swains, upbraid,
Or of our Sexes Scorn complain;
One Conflict of the love-ſick Maid,
Is far, than yours, ſeverer Pain!

The Wounds we give, your Tongues may tell,
No Self-Reproach attends the Shame;
But Oh! what Torture muſt we feel,
Who burn, and yet conceal the Flame?

But ſoft! ſome Swain advances through the Grove:
The waving Boughs ſo break upon the View,
I ſcarce diſcern——it is not *Iphis*——no——
This is ſome Stranger——by his ſtately Port,
It muſt be the great *Corinthian* Courtier,
The new-appointed Lover of *Paſtora!*
What can have drawn him hither, thus alone!
But be his Purpoſe as it may, it muſt
Be mine t'avoid his Sight——but where—or how?
This way I meet him—here——behind theſe Alders
Conceal'd a while, perhaps he may o'erpaſs me. [*Retires.*

Enter

Enter Philautus.

Phil. This way the ſorrow-ſounding Voice directed:
It can be only ſhe, the ſad *Paſtora!*
Soothing with Melody her fond Deſire!
I knew her Female Coyneſs was too faint,
To breathe intended Scorn—my amorous Arrows,
When ever drawn, are punctual to the Mark!
The gentle Fondling!—how her Sighs inchant me!
Methinks I ſee her, on ſome flow'ry Bank
Repos'd and languiſhing with Love conceal'd!
Her lilly Hand ſupports her penſive Head,
Her drooping Eyes, as conſcious of my Conqueſt,
Refuſe the Light, that gazes on her Shame!
Now with Deſire her downy Boſom heaves,
While Sighs diffuſed embalm the ambient Air.
And yet I ſee her not—ſhe cannot far
Be hence—perhaps a ſoft condoling Strain
May raiſe her from her Woes, to wakeful Joy.

AIR III.

Lovely Turtle! once more Coo!
Call thy Mate, and find him true!
Gently murmur to my Ear!
Tell me, Charmer,
Tell! Oh! tell me, where
Love may find, and kill thy Care.
O call me!

With thy mourn'ful Strains allure,
Coo, and call me to thy Cure.
O call me!
Coo, and call me, Coo, and call me
To thy Cure.
Call me to thy Cure.

And yet ſhe anſwers not! where? where, *Paſtora?*
It muſt be ſo——Her conſcious Solitude,
At my Approach, collects her Virgin Bluſhes,
And Love lies ſilent, fearful to encounter!
Now Fortune guide me—Ha! tranſporting Viſion!
She's found! ſhe's found!—

Ianthe

Ianthe *comes forward.*

Ian. ——Sir, I am not *Paſtora.*

Phil. By all my Hopes, a Beauty far more charming.

Ian. If you would find *Paſtora*, Sir, from hence
A Bow-ſhot weſtward, lies a Rivulet;
There with my Brother, in the flow'ry Mead,
I left her liſtning to his Melody.

Phil. And who, fair Nymph, may be the happy Swain
That calls thee Siſter?——

Ian. ——Sir, the Son of *Ægon*,
Young *Amyntas*——

Phil. ——Is *Ægon* then, thy Father?

Ian. That I'm his Daughter is my Happineſs.

Phil. And what too cruel Care, my lovely Maid,
Has drawn thee to this Solitude? For by
Thy plaintive Sound, I know thou art unhappy.

Ian. My ſlight Sorrows are of my own creating.

Phil. Can Love, in all his Tyranny, find Cauſe
Of Sorrow, for ſuch blooming Beauty? Say
What ſullen Swain, inſenſible of Joy,
Has wrong'd thy Innocence: If Love's thy Grief,
Behold this Champion-Arm, this kinder Heart,
Prompt to revenge or to relieve thy Wiſhes.

Ian. Your generous Offers, Sir, are loſt on me,
I have no Thoughts like thoſe to gratify:
Permit me to retire——This fruitleſs Talk
Intrudes upon thoſe Hours you owe *Paſtora*,
This way directs you——

Phil. ——Yet you muſt not paſs.
Theſe amorous Shades, my Fair, were form'd for Love!
And ſoft Deſire, reſiſtleſs as thy Charms,
Compels me thus to ſeize the fair Occaſion!

Ian. If you are Noble, as Appearance ſpeaks you,
You can't but know theſe guilty Sounds
Are Inſult to a helpleſs Maiden's Ear,
But now you offer'd to revenge my Wrongs:
Make good your Word, and be your own Reprover;
Revenge upon your ſelf, what Innocence
O'erborn wants Strength, to puniſh, or avoid.

Phil. Can Love be Inſult, when ſo gently offer'd?

Ian.

Ian Conſtraint and Gentleneſs but ill agree:
If you are gentle you'll permit me paſs,
And free my Virtue from a needleſs Terror.

AIR IV.

Phil. *Why ſo cold, ſo coy, my Fair?*
Ian. *Nature teaches Maids their Fear.*
Phil. *Tender Love thy Fear ſhall chace.*
Ian. *Name not Love——*
Phil. *——One ſoft Embrace!*
Ian. *No, no, no! you preſs my Heart in vain:*
Can you be pleas'd, while you give me Pain?
Phil. *Yet hear me—nay, weep not——*
Ian. *O, Sir, you are born above me!*
Phil. *Pretty Maid, I'll make thee great.*
Ian. *Leave me to my lowly Fate.*
Phil. *——What can move you?*
Pretty Maid, I'll make thee great.
Ian. *Leave me to my lowly Fate,*
If you love me!

Phil. By Heav'n, a Beauty even of Nature's forming!
If Gold, or golden Promiſes can wooe,
From hence to *Corinth*, will I tempt her Virtue,
And leave *Paſtora* to repent her Coyneſs. } *Apart.*
Why, my fair Virgin, thus o'ercaſt with Sorrow?
Look up, and meet thy Happineſs in Smiles!
In me, kind Fortune waits upon thy Wiſhes:
To raiſe thee from theſe humble Plains to Affluence,
To Pomp, to Pleaſures, and luxurious Life!

AIR V.

Ian. *Bright Gold may be too dearly bought:*
Ah! then how vain the Show!
Content and Virtue be my Lot,
Tho' ne'er ſo low.

Phil. Miſtaken Maid, thy rural Life obſcur'd
Has ſhewn thee nothing of the greater World!
Our Palaces of Joys unknown to Groves!
One circling Round of Splendor and Delight

Fills

Fills up the dalliant Meaſure of our Hours!
The menial Sun himſelf attends our Pleaſures,
With bright Meridian Beams begins our Morn;
And when, with Night, our duſky Noon comes on,
Tapers reſplendent blaze another Day!
Till fated with the various Midnight Revel,
Upriſing *Phœbus* lights us to Repoſe!
Then folded in the happy Lover's Arms,
Each amorous Dame hides from excluded Light
Her glowing Bluſhes, 'till the Noon-tide Morn.
Such are the Joys, fair Nymph, reſerv'd for thee.
Fly then theſe abject Plains, and ſeize thy Fortune.

Ian. What ſhall I ſay? how anſwer, or avoid him? [*Aſide.*

Phil. Think well, my Fair, who, and what Grandeur courts thee.

Ian. To tell him how my Heart deteſts his Love,
May irritate his Pride to Inſolence!
Better to tempt his Pity, than his Anger. } *Aſide.*

Phil. Haſt thou no Heart, or is it form'd of Marble?

AIR VI.

Ian. *My ſimple Heart is fled away,*
Nor was it made of Stone:
You come too late, alas the Day!
Too late by One.

Phil. What bold preſuming Swain ſhall dare
To ſtand the Rival of my Flames avow'd?
Away; this artful Story is but feign'd,
To ſtir my yielding Heart to Jealouſy,
That with a ſofter Fondneſs it may wooe thee?

AIR VII.

Ian. *Alas! I own with weeping Eye,*
Your ſofteſt Vows are vain!
The more you ſigh, the more muſt I
In Tears complain.

Phil. Impoſſible! thou doſt not know thy Heart!
To fly, and tell me, 'tis thy Grief to fly,

Implies

Implies thy fearful Wiſhes would relieve me,
Could I but find Excuſes for thy Kindneſs:
Here then, behold them, ſparkling as thy Eyes!
[*Offering Jewels.*
While theſe, my Fair, adorn thy radiant Charms,
Reproach will, cringing, gratulate thy Fortune;
And envious Cenſure rival thy Deſires.

AIR VIII.

Fly, fond Nymph, theſe rural Plains;
Thou wert born, in Courts to ſhine:
Waſte not then thy Charms on Swains,
To a nobler Love incline.

AIR IX.

Ian. *In Pity, O! my Pain relieve!*
Nor preſs a Heart, not mine, to give!
Should I, for you, inconſtant prove,
Too ſoon might Scorn ſucceed your Love.

How could you bear a Maid untrue?
Whoſe wavering Heart
From Truth muſt part,
And firſt be falſe, ere kind to you?

Phil. Has *Cupid*, then, no Sway among your Plains?
Or, are you all to Veſtal Flames devoted,
That Dignity and Merit thus are ſlighted!
Shall I return to *Corinth* a rejected Lover;
Without one ruin'd Heart to mourn my Parting?
Have I, in Courts, been fated with Succeſs,
And here, muſt, like a ſlow-born Shepherd, pine,
In want of what were honour'd by Acceptance?
Ian. O! then be conſcious of your Worth, and ſcorn me!
Phil. No, froward Maid; I know your Sexes Wiles!
Theſe painted Terrors would excite Compaſſion,
And ſooth my Fervour into lingring Hope;
But I'll cut ſhort thoſe cold Formalities
Of Love, and force thee to immediate Joy.
Ian. What mean you, Sir?——
Phil. ——————To give you what your Pride

And

And Coyneſs, in your warmeſt Hours, expect;
The kind Excuſe of Violence, to hide
Your Bluſhes in a feign'd Reſiſtance——
Ian. ——————————Help!
Ye guardian Powers of Innocence protect me!
[Iphis *ruſhes in, preſenting his Spear to* Philautus.
Iphis. Hold! Raviſher! forego the frighted Maid,
Or, to thy Traitor's Heart, receive my Vengeance!
Phil. Confuſion! am I by a Stripling brav'd?
Ian. Hold, *Iphis*, I conjure thee! O! expoſe not,
To his unequal Strength, thy precious Life!
Since his foul Purpoſe is prevented, leave
To the avenging Gods his Puniſhment.
Iphis. The Gods by me demand it——
Phil. ——————————Hold! raſh Boy!
Thou art ſome ſighing Lover, whom her Scorn,
Perhaps, has held a Vaſſal to her Pride:
As ſuch, I give thy Fate Compaſſion——There!
Take and deſerve her by thy ſeeming Service!
If after what theſe conſcious Groves may tell thee,
I have poſſeſs'd, thy groſs contented Heart
Can feaſt on thy Superior's Waſte of Riot;
Enjoy thy Wiſh, and rid me of Satiety!
Iphis. Thou lyeſt, infernal Traitor——
Phil. ——————————Ha! ſo brave!
Iphis. More impotent in Malice than Pretenſion!
Her ſpotleſs Fame defies thy ſland'rous Tongue;
I heard her ſhrieking in thy horrid Gripe!
I ſaw Averſion ſparkling from her Eyes,
And pale Abhorrence ſhuddering at thy Touch,
As if ſome writhing Serpent had embrac'd her.
Phil. 'Tis well, fond Youth! then be it ſo! ſhe ſtill
Is chaſte—Me ſhe avoided——————right! believe ſo!
I only boaſted to inſult thy Love!
Her Virtue ſtill reſerves her Heart for thee!
Iphis. Inſinuating Slave! wouldſt thou, to gain
Belief, confeſs thyſelf a Villain? No!
That ſhe reſerves for me her Heart requires
Almoſt thy Vanity to hope: But this
I know, Whoever may deſerve her Favour,

Thy

Thy Ruffian Inſult, on her Sex and Fame,
Deſerve my Boar-Spear quivering in thy Heart.
But Cowardice, like thine, would ſhame Reſentment;
To kill thee, were to hide thy Infamy!
To let thee live abhorr'd, is nobler Vengeance!
Phil. Bold Minion! thou ſhalt hear of this ſeverely?
Iphis. Away! thou Vaunter of thy own Diſhonour!
Hence! with thy Safety! let my Scorn forget thee!
Phil. Such Inſolence——no Temper can ſupport.
[*Exit* Philautus.
Iphis. O fair *Ianthe!* do I once more meet
Thy Eyes, and unoffended, at my gazing?
Ian. That I have Eyes to ſee, or Tongue to ſpeak,
Is owing, *Iphis*, to thy timely Virtue!
Had not thy Arm, from worſe than Death, preſerv'd me,
Ianthe had, ere this, been ſeen no more!
Even yet I tremble at the inſtant Horror!
And ſcarce have Life to breathe my Gratitude.
O *Iphis*, how! how ſhall my Heart repay thee?
Iphis. Be but to thy own Injunction conſtant,
Comply with what thy Vows have ſworn,
And make thy *Iphis* bleſt, by Heaven's Decree.
Ian. What means thy Tranſport?——
Iphis. ——————Mark! mark well thy Words!
" When *Iphis* plain this Riddle reads,
" Then, to his Wiſh, his Love ſucceeds!
Ian. Haſt thou then ſolv'd it, *Iphis?*
Iphis. ——————Hear my Fortune.
Ian. My Hopes, my Heart attends thee——
Iphis. ——————O, *Ianthe!*
Were I to tell thee, how my tortur'd Brain
Had labour'd, ev'n to Madneſs, for the Senſe
Of thy obſcur'd Decree upon my Love,
Thy Tenderneſs would pity my Deſpair.
Ian. As *Iphis* would the Sorrows of *Ianthe*,
Had he conceiv'd their Cauſe——
Iphis. ——————Saidſt thou, their Cauſe!
Ian. Nay, thoſe are Thoughts for future Hours——
proceed.
Iphis. Let it ſuffice then, that my Father's Care

Soon brought my wandring Senſes to Reflection.
When hopeleſs ſtill, and, to my Fate reſign'd,
Like thee, to chaſte *Diana*'s Shrine I flew,
Imploring Succour to my Heart's Diſtreſs.
When, from her awful *Tripos*, thus the Goddeſs,
Inverting her Decree, explain'd my Fate.

" That which ſhe cannot *Have*, the Fair ſhall *Give*.
" That which thou canſt not *Give*, or ſhe *Deſire*.
" That which ſhe *muſt* not have, ſhalt thou receive.
" That, that's the Cure thy preſent Woes require.

Ian. Haſte to expound, and eaſe my Heart's Impatience.

Iphis. " O then repay my Woes, with happier Life,
" And give me what thou canſt not have—a *Wife*:
" And in Return, *which thou canſt never Give*,
" *Ianthe*'s Heart a *Huſband* ſhall receive!

Ian. O never was a Heart ſo juſtly given!
This, *Iphis*, is a Marriage made by Heaven!
Canſt thou forget my Sexes coy Regard?

Iphis. Can Love look back from ſuch a ſweet Reward?
The fond and eaſy Maid is kind in vain;
Faint is the Bliſs, that never paſs'd thro' Pain.
Beauty, by Nature, timorouſly coy,
By Griefs impos'd, refines the Lover's Joy:
Thus blooming Roſes have their native Power,
To wound the Hand that pulls the fragrant Flower.

[*Exeunt.*

Damon *Enters alone.*

Dam. How! *Iphis*, and *Ianthe*, hand in hand?
'Twas but this Hour, I heard he had loſt his Wits
For Love! Nay, *Ægon* now is in the Woods
Seeking his Daughter too—Ah! ha! my Miſtreſs!
You've found yourſelf, it ſeems, the way to cure him!
Your dainty Coyneſs is come down at laſt,
And Love, on ſecond Thoughts, is not ſo frightful!
But why do I pretend to laugh at her,
When *Phillida* has made a greater Fool of me,
Than ever held the Sexes Power in Scorn?

AIR

AIR X.

Dam. *Around the Plains, my Heart has rov'd:*
The Brown, the Fair, my Flames approv'd;
The Pert, the Proud, by Turns have lov'd;
And kindly fill'd my Arms.
I danc'd, I ſung, I talk'd, I toy'd;
While this I woo'd, I that enjoy'd,
And ere the Kind, with Kindneſs cloy'd,
The Coy reſign'd her Charms.

But now, alas! thoſe Days are done:
The Wrong'd are all reveng'd, by one,
Who, like a frighted Bird, is flown,
Yet leaves her Image here.
O! could I, yet, her Heart recal,
Before her Feet my Pride would fall,
And, for her Sake, forſaking all,
Would fix for ever there.

Could I have ever thought to have ſeen this Day!
That I ſhould fold my Arms, and ſigh for one?
Nay one that in her turn has ſigh'd for me!
And only could ſubdue me by her Parting!
How could the Gypſy muſter ſuch a Spirit?
The Pertneſs of her Pride has ſo provok'd me,
I ſhall never reſt in my Bed, 'till ſhe
Lies by me—Here ſhe comes, and with her—ha—
Her Father! ſoft—I'm out of Favour there!
Lie cloſe a while, and mark what Nail's a driving.
[*Retires.*

Enter Coryden, *with* Phillida.

Cor. And I ſay, think no more of him———
Phil. ——— ——— ———That's hard!
Is't not enough I ſee him not?
Cor. ——— ——— ———I ſay,
Avoid him as the wildeſt Beaſt of Prey!
He uſes Girls like Carrion: Not the Wolf
In a Sheepfold, or hungry Fox on Poultry,
Can make more Havock, than that wicked Rogue
Among the Wenches Hearts———

Dam. ——————That muſt be me! [*Behind.*
But what ſays *Phillida?*
Phil. ——————Suppoſe this true!
Yet could he, ſtill, be wrought to marry me!
Cor. My Patience! has he not refus'd to marry?
Phil. And therefore I have declar'd againſt his Love.
Cor. Ay, ay, but ſtill he lurks within your Heart!
And 'till you drive him thence——
Phil. ——————I ſtrive to do it;
And if you knew the Pain, you'd pity me.

AIR XI.

A thouſand Ways, to wean my Heart,
I've try'd, yet can't remove him.
And tho' for Life, I've ſworn to part,
For Life, I find I love him.
Still ſhould the dear falſe Man return,
And with new Vows purſue me,
His flatt'ring Tongue would kill my Scorn,
And ſtill, I fear, undo me.

Cor. Conſider, *Philly*, if thou'rt fairly married,
(And thou haſt choice of *Cimon*, or of *Mopſus.*)
How happy will thy double Dowry make thee?
Phil. I do conſider, Father; ſo ſhould you!
As a low Fortune with the Man I love,
Can't make me rich; ſo Riches with the Man
I hate, can't make me happy——
Dam.——————Gallant Girl! } *Behind.*
O! I could eat thy very Lips that ſpoke it. }
Cor. See! yonder's *Cimon* coming! for my Sake,
Dear *Phillida*, give him at leaſt a Smile;
A little Love endur'd, may teach the Boy
In time to pleaſe thee——————
Phil. ——————Well! ſince you deſire it.
But *Mopſus* has the ſame Pretenſions too.
Send him to make his equal Claim,
And, 'till he's found, I'll hear what *Cimon* ſays.
Cor. Ah! *Phillida*, thou gain'ſt my Heart, I'll ſend him.
[*Exit* Corydon.
Dam. Now ſhall I meaſure, by their Hopes, my own.

To

To her Cimon *ſinging.*

AIR XII.

Cim. *Behold, and ſee thy wounded Lover!*
Whoſe Truth from thee will ne'er depart!
O let my Tears, at length, diſcover
One gentle Smile, to heal my Heart!

Phil. *Were in the World, no Man but* Cimon,
None of the Female Kind but I,
With me ſhould end the Name of Woman,
With thee the Race of Man ſhould die.

Cim. O cruel Sound! falſe-hearted *Phillida!*
Didſt thou not ſay, thou lovedſt me better than
My Brother *Mopſus?*
Phil. ——————Yes, but 'twas
As of two Evils, I would chuſe the leaſt;
Stay, 'till I'm bound to chuſe, and then reproach me.
Thy Crying makes me laugh, his Laughing makes
Me ſleep——There's all the hopeful difference.

AIR XIII.

Cim. *O what a Plague is Love!*
I cannot bear it!
What Life ſo curſt can prove,
Or Pain come near it!
When I would tell my Mind,
My Heart miſdoubts me;
Or when I ſpeak, I find
With Scorn ſhe routs me.
In vain is all I ſay,
Her Anſwer ſtill is Nay:
O diſmal, doleful Day!
Phillida *flouts me.*

Enter Mopſus *ſinging.*

AIR XIV.

Mop. *Ah! poor* Cimon! *Dud a cry?*
Well-a-day! wipe an Eye! O fy, Phillida!

To treat him ſo ſcornfully,
Shamefully, mournfully!
Phillida, *fy!*

Phil. *No, no, no, Sir Pert, and Dull!*
Simpleton, Paperſkull! I fore ver ſhall
Think thee far the greater Fool;
Therefore will give thee Cauſe
With him to cry.

Cim. *Toll! loll! loll! doll!——Now I pray,*
Who has Cauſe moſt to cry, ah! well-a-day?

Mop. *What care I! why let her ſcoff.*
I can laugh; play her off, better than you.

Cim. *Ah! poor* Mopſus, *thou'rt a Fool!*

Mop. *I ſay, you're a greater Owl.*

Cim. *Nay, now I'm ſure that's a Lye.*

Mop. *What's a Lye?——*

Cim. *——That's a Lye!*

Mop. *I ſay, 'tis true.*

A I R XV. [The A I R changes.

Phil. *Give over your Love, you great Loobies,*
I hate you both, you Sir, and you too:
Did ever a brace of ſuch Boobies
The Laſs that deteſts them, purſue?

Mop. *How!——*

Phil. *——Go!——*

Cim. *——Oh! I'm ready to faint!*
How are you? [*To* Mopſus.

Mop. *Why truly, ſhe treats us but ſo, ſo.*
For my part, I think ſhe's a Devil.
A Woman would ſcorn for to do ſo.

Cim. *O fy! fy! ſuch Words are uncivil.*

Phil. *Prepare then, to hear my laſt Sentence.*
Before I'd wed either, much rather
I'd ſtand on the Stool of Repentance,
And want for my Bantling a Father.
Go!——

Cim. *——Oh! Woe! I'm ready to faint;*

Mop. *And I too.*

Wat

Was ever a Slut ſo inhuman!
Odſzooks! let us take down her Mettle!

Cim. *I dare not*——

Mop. ——*Let me come! pſhaw waw, Man.*
She only has water'd a Nettle.
In ſhort, this won't do, Mrs. Vixen!
For one of us Two you muſt now chuſe.

Phil. *Then you are the Man that I fix on;*
And you——*are the Fool I refuſe.*
[Strikes each a Box on the Ear.

Cim. *Waunds!*

Cim. *and* Mop. *Go! The Devil would fly ſuch a Spouſe.*

Phil. If there's a Joy comes near recovering thoſe
We love, ſure 'tis to ſilence thoſe we hate.

When Cimon *and* Mopſus *are gone,* Damon *preſents himſelf to* Phillida, *ſinging.*

AIR XVI.

Dam. *See! behold and ſee!*
With an Eye kind, and relenting,
Damon, *now repenting,*
Only true to thee;
Content to love, and love for Life!

Phil. *If you, now ſincere,*
With an honeſt Declaration
Mean to prove your Paſſion,
To the Purpoſe ſwear,
And make at once, a Maid a Wife.

Dam. *Thus for Life, I take thee,*
Never to forſake thee,
Soon, or late,
I find our Fate,
To Hearts aſtray,
Directs the Way,
And bring to laſting Joys the Rover home.

Phil. *Ever kind and tender,*
Conquer'd, I ſurrender:

Prove but true,
As I, to you,
Each kindling Kiſs
Shall yield a Bliſs,
That only from the conſtant Lip can come.

AIR XVII.

Dam. *To the Prieſt away, to bind our Vows,*
With our Hands and Hearts united.
Phil. *To reduce the Rover to lawful Spouſe,*
Is a Triumph my Heart has delighted.
Dam. *If I never could fix,*
'Twas the Fault of the Sex,
Who eaſily yielding, were eaſy to cloy.
Both. *But in Love we ſtill find,*
When the Heart's well inclin'd,
In one, only one is the Joy.
But in Love, &c.

The SCENE *opens to the Houſe of* Arcas.

Arcas *and* Ægon *come forward, and at ſome Diſtance ſtand* Iphis *with* Ianthe, *and* Amyntas *with* Paſtora.

Ægon. Now, Sir, applaud my Foreſight, and confeſs
That what I promis'd has not fail'd our Hopes.
Amyntas and *Paſtora* own their Love;
And *Iphis* has at length deſerv'd *Ianthe.*
Arcas. Yes, *Ægon,* now I ſee the ſecret Care
Of Providence, that forms our Happineſs,
By Meaſures unforeſeen to human Eyes.
Had not *Philautus* prov'd an impious Ruffian,
Iphis might never have produc'd his Virtue.
Nor fair *Paſtora,* but by Scorn of him,
Have ſhewn a Spirit worthy of her Birth.
But where ſhall my Indulgence find Excuſe,
To ratify thy Flame profeſs'd, *Amyntas?*
Or thine, *Ianthe,* for the Son of *Arcas?*
How may I anſwer to the World my Conduct,
In mixing ſuch unequal Blood, and Fortune?
Amyn. My Lord, if private Happineſs muſt ran-

With

With what is practis'd in the ſenſual World,
My Hopes are blaſted; and I ſtand condemn'd,
Even by my own Confeſſion of a Crime
Might lay an Imputation on your Pardon.
But if (as I have often heard you ſay)
Man only has his Value from his Virtue,
And that where Food and Raiment are provided,
Health and Integrity of Heart is all
That's needful to compleat our Happineſs:
Then, Sir, my pleading Love has this Excuſe;
That tho' beyond a Life of Innocence,
I boaſt no Virtues, to ſupport my Claim;
Yet by your own Preſcription, I may ſay
Paſtora choſe me; therefore I deſerve her.

Ægon. An Anſwer worthy of thy Father's Son!
Fear not, *Amyntas*, I'll ſupport thy Love.

Arcas. *Ægon!* Thou more than Father to my Boy!
[*Aſide to* Ægon.
'Tis well, *Amyntas:* When *Ianthe* has
Reply'd, at once on both I ſhall determine.

Ian. My noble Lord! the Time has been, when you
Yourſelf reproach'd my cold Regard of *Iphis*;
And, like a tender Father, gave him to my Pity.
Was it no Merit that my bleeding Heart
Refus'd to gratify its own Deſires,
And ſtarve my Love, to feed a juſt Reſentment?
If that Reſentment ſince has been appeas'd
By Obligations greater, that even Life
Preſerv'd, can you reproach my Gratitude?
If then a Heart, ſo tempted, ſeems aſpiring,
Let this Reflection, Sir, excuſe my Love;
That *Iphis*, tho' adorn'd with every Grace
That might deſerve and charm the proudeſt Beauty;
Though my Superior far in high-born Blood;
And of a Fortune boundleſs as your Bounty,
Yet all theſe Gifts from Heaven and Nature's Hand
Were Charms too weak to reach *Ianthe*'s Heart,
Till Truth, and Love, had more than once deſerv'd her.

Arcas. O! *Ægon! Ægon!* my Contentment grows
Too ſtrong to be conceal'd! I thirſt, I burn

To claſp my bleſſed Children in my Arms,
And pour out all the Fondneſs of a Father.
Amyn. Whence this affecting Paſſion?
Ægon. ——————From a Cauſe
Will raiſe you Wonder equal to your Virtues.
Nor from the ſweet Rewards he now intends
Your Love, can ſpring a Tranſport more ſublime,
Than what a tender Father feels to find
His Children have deſerv'd them——
Amyn. ——————Ha!
Ian ——————His Children!
Ægon. What then remains, my Lord, but that you call
Their Merit from obſcure Adoption forth,
And let *Amyntas* and *Ianthe* know,
What noble Blood now claims and crowns their Virtues.
Arcas. Hear then, ye happy Lovers, and attend
The Story of your ſtrange inverted Fortunes.
You often have been told that *Ægon*, and
Myſelf, whoſe Friendſhip from our Youth grew up,
In one ſame Year (ſuch was the Will of Heaven)
Buried the Boſom-Partners of our Hearts.
Our mutual Grief ſoon drew us from the gay
And taſteleſs Pleaſures of a Court, to paſs
In rural Solitude our future Days,
Accountable to Senſe, and Nature's Law.
It happen'd, in our Courſe of friendly Talk,
One Day reflecting on the anxious Cares
That tender Parents feel for infant Children;
Obſerving too how ſeldom high-born Blood
And Riches add to real Happineſs;
How often head-ſtrong Youth, depending on
Hereditary Rank, have ſunk their Virtues in
Exceſs, and from elated Pride have mock'd
Thoſe Morals that ſhould grace Nobility:
Thoſe Fears, I ſay, revolving in my Breaſt,
To *Ægon* I propos'd this ſtrange Precaution:
That mutually our Infants ſhould exchange
Their Father; and having no Mother's Fondneſs,
That might oppoſe our Scheme, we thence agreed
That thou *Amyntas*, and *Ianthe* thou,

As

As *Ægon*'s Son and Daughter ſhould be train'd:
That, to your ſeeming humble Birth and Fortune,
Your Hopes reſtrain'd, might level your Deſires;
While *Iphis*, and *Paſtora*, to my Care
Aſſign'd, might from imaginary Birth
Imbibe the higher Sentiments of Honour.
Now mark! how happily the Conſequence
Succeeds!—let your Amazement ſtill be mute,
While my paternal Care prevents your Wiſhes,
And doles you out the Bleſſings you deſerve.

Ægon. Now, Children, form your Wiſhes and receive them.

Arcas. *Amyntas*, to reward his Love conceal'd,
Now enters on a Fortune, which expected
Had loſt the ſweeter Reliſh of Poſſeſſion:
And to exert his Gratitude to *Ægon*,
Whoſe Precepts taught him to deſerve *Paſtora*,
He lays that Fortune at his Daughter's Feet.

[Amyntas *and* Paſtora *kneel to* Ægon.

While *Iphis* of *Ianthe*'s Heart poſſeſs'd,
Receives the Fortune which his Love beſtow'd,
And by Alliance makes me twice his Father.

[Iphis *and* Ianthe *kneel to* Arcas, *&c.*

Amyn. O where ſhall Duty, Gratitude and Joy
Find Words to utter what our Hearts conceive!

Iphis. Amazement, Praiſe, and Admiration, fill
The Soul with Tranſports too ſublime for Speech!

Arcas. Continue, by your Virtues, to deſerve your Fortune;
You give me then not only Praiſe, but Triumph!

Iphis. *Amyntas!*
Amyn. ——————*Iphis!*
Iphis. ——————Friend!
Amyn. ——————My Brother now.
} *Embracing.*

Paſt. O kind *Ianthe!*
Ian. ——————O *Paſtora!* How!
How ſhall I thank thee, for *Amyntas'* Joy?
Paſt. Excel me, if thou can'ſt, in Love to *Iphis!*
} *Embracing.*

Amyn.

Amyn. Do that, *Ianthe*, and *Amyntas'* Truth
Shall emulate thy Kindneſs to *Paſtora*.
Iphis. Do that, *Amyntas*, then ſhall *Iphis'* Love
Redouble thy Endearments on *Ianthe*.

AIR XVIII.

Ian. *Thus we to Virtue give*
All that we thence receive.

Iphis *to* Amyn. *Be to* Paſtora *kind,*
Amyntas *here ſhall find*
What there he gives,
Ianthe *here receives.*

Amyn. *to* Iphis. *Be to* Ianthe *kind,*
Kind Iphis *here ſhall find*
What there he gives,
Paſtora *here receives.*

Paſt. *to* Ianthe. *Be to thy* Iphis *kind,*
Ianthe *here ſhall find*
What there ſhe gives,
Amyntas *here receives.*

Ianthe. *Thus all receive*
The blended Joys we give.
Now ſay the Nymph is cold:
Iphis. *Who calls the Lover bold?*

Paſt. *and* Amyn. *While kind, and true?*
Ianthe. *Now every killing Care,*
Paſt. *Of Jealouſy, or Fear,*
Ianthe *and* Paſt. *Adieu, adieu!*
Omnes. *Adieu, adieu!*

[End with the firſt Part.

Ægon. Why, ay, my Lord, here Love appears in Triumph!
Speaks from the Heart, and flames with Innocence!
Where ſhall we find, in pompous Courts, or Cities,
Deſires ſo Cordial, ſo refin'd by Virtue?
Arcas. Where ever Pride, Deceit, or ſordid Views
Are baniſh'd, *Ægon*, we ſhall always find them.
Let us not think our Children only bleſs'd,

Becauſe

Becauſe the general World makes light of Virtue;
Could Millions taſte the ſame exalted Bliſs,
It rather then might heighten our Contentment.

Ægon. Why be it ſo, my Lord: But ſince Mankind
Shew, by their ſenſual Practice, their Miſtake,
Let not us grieve becauſe we can't reform them.
Let us exult upon our Choice, and leave
Vain glorious Greatneſs to its gilded Wiſhes.
This Day, at leaſt, we'll dedicate to Mirth,
And give our rural Swains a Jubilee.

Arcas. A Day like this, indeed, demands our Joy!
Haſt thou provided, *Ægon*, for th' Occaſion?

Ægon. A Moment's Patience, Sir, you'll find I've not
Been idle——— [*Exit* Ægon.

Arcas. ——Soft! what Swains are here advancing?

To them Corydon, Damon *and* Phillida.

Cor. Long live the ever-noble Houſe of *Arcas*!
May his high Race, from endleſs Heirs to Heirs,
Make many more ſuch Holidays as this.

Arcas. We thank thee, *Corydon*——

Cor.———————Nay, my good Lord,
The Joy's not all your own: For I myſelf
At laſt have found a Father's Comfort too:
Your kind Benevolence has done the Deed.
Your double Dowry has reduc'd the Rover,
And *Damon* now is dubb'd a downright Huſband.

Arcas. And *Phillida* his Bride?———

Cor.———————Even ſo, my Lord.
I ſaw the Prieſt this Moment join their Hands.
As for their Hearts, why Troth! they e'en muſt do
Like other honeſt Folks, and take their Chance.

Arcas. In earneſt of my Promiſe, *Damon*, wear
This Ring; and be a Partner of our Joy.

Ægon *returns laughing.*

Ægon. Ha! ha!
I'd like to 'ave brought you here, a Gueſt, my Lord!
That might have added to our Paſtime——

Arcas.———————Whom?

Ægon.

Ægon. Philautus: but his Modeſty, it ſeems,
Thought it became him better to decamp.
I met him mounted, with his tawdry Train,
All on their Palfries prancing Poſt to *Corinth:*
And when I aſk'd th' Occaſion of his Haſte,
He ſcornfully reply'd——Our Women, here,
Had neither Senſe of Merit, or of Love.
So ſpurr'd his Horſe, and ſtaid not for his Farewel.

Arcas. In Courts, perhaps, he may have better Fortune.

Ægon. With all my Heart! There he'll find Beauties that
Deſerve ſuch Huſbands——But now to our Paſtime.
I've brought you, Sir, a Troop of jolly Swains,
Who promiſe all their Skill to pleaſe: Let us
Sit down, and take Well-meaning for their Merit.

[*A Dance, and Chorus of Shepherds,* &c.

Arcas. Now, *Ægon,* nought remains, but nuptial Rites
To conſecrate our Children's Happineſs.
In theirs, methinks, our ſpring of Youth returns:
While Tranſport flows in Veins, almoſt our own,
We ſhare the Harveſt which our Cares have ſown.

EPILOGUE,

Sung by *Ægon.*

SINCE Songs, to Plays, are now-a-days,
Like to your Meals, a Sallad;
Permit us then, kind Gentlemen,
To try our Skill by Ballad:
While you, to grace our Native Lays,
As France *has done before us,*
Belle, Beau, and Cit, from Box and Pit,
All join the jolly Chorus.

Chorus. While You, to grace, &c.

Poor Engliſh *Mouths, for twenty Years,*
Have been ſhut up from Muſic;
But, thank our Stars, Outlandiſh Airs
At laſt have made all You——ſick.
When warbling Dames were all in Flames,
And for Precedence wrangled,
One Engliſh *Play cut ſhort the Fray,*
And home again they dangled.

Chorus. Then, Free-born Boys, all make a Noiſe,
As *France* has done before us:
With *Engliſh* Hearts, all bear your Parts,
And join the Jolly *Chorus.*

Sweet Sound on languid Senſe beſtow'd,
Is like a Beauty married
To empty Fop, who talks aloud,
While all her Charms are Buried.
But late Experience plainly ſhews,
That common Senſe, and Ditty,
Have raviſh'd all the Belles, and Beaux,
And charm'd the chaunting City.

Chorus. Then, Free-born Boys, &c.

With

EPILOGUE.

With New Delight, we've try'd To-night
Our utmoſt Skill to win ye;
Our only Pray'r, is that you'd ſpare
Poor Signior CIBBERINI.
If what h' has done can warm the Town
To ſet up Engliſh *Ditty,*
You'll all confeſs, h' has not done leſs,
Than had his Muſe been Witty.
Chorus. Then, Free-born Boy, *&c.*

PAPAL TYRANNY

In the REIGN of

KING *JOHN.*

A

TRAGEDY.

Tantum Religio potuit ſuadere malorum. LUCRETIUS.

To the Right Honourable

P H I L I P

Earl of CHESTERFIELD,

Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, *&c. &c. &c. His Majeſty's Ambaſſador Extraordinary to the States-General, and Knight of the moſt Noble Order of the Garter.*

My LORD,

THIS Play, which throws itſelf at Your Lordſhip's Feet, without any previous Permiſſion to approach You, begs for no farther Protection than Your impartial Judgment would afford it, though the Author had not the Honour to be known to You. The favourable Reception it has met with on the Theatre, 'tis true, demands my grateful Acknowledgments; but I muſt reſtrain my Vanity from taking any Advantage of this Succeſs, till Your Lordſhip's farther Approbation has paſs'd thoſe Favours into a legal Act of Grace. All I can ſay in excuſe of my Preſumption is, that, if I could

could have found a Judge more learned in the Dramatic Laws, your Lordſhip had not been troubled with this Appeal; and though I offer it at a Time when your Attention to Cauſes of a quite different Nature will ſcarce leave You Leiſure to look upon more than the Title-page; yet am I not ſo impatient for Fame, as to conclude I can have any Right to it, till Your Lordſhip's Opinion has decreed it me. Or, if, at worſt, it ſhould fall ſhort of that Honour, even Your Diſpraiſes have ſo uncommon a Charm in them, that if my Vanity could be quiet, I am not ſure I ſhould not chuſe, even in ſo tender a Point, to deſerve them: Your Rallery on my Errors has ſometimes given me more Pleaſure than the daintieſt Compliments of a flat Civility. But as the Public is not bound to indulge me in ſo extravagant an Excuſe for my Defects, I muſt allow they have a Right to be as ſevere upon them as they pleaſe; reſerving to myſelf the Reſolution to be ſtill contented, if your Lordſhip ſhould be favourable to me.

I ſhall not trouble your Lordſhip with a critical Examen, or Compariſon between this Play, and the *King John* of *Shakeſpear*, any farther than juſt to mention the principal Motive that firſt ſet me to work upon it.

In all the hiſtorical Plays of *Shakeſpear* there is ſcarce any Fact that might better have employed his Genius than the flaming Conteſt between his inſolent *Holineſs* and *King John*. This is ſo remarkable a Paſſage in our Hiſtories, that it ſeems ſurprizing our *Shakeſpear* ſhould have taken no more Fire at it; eſpecially when we find from how much leſs a Spark of Contention in his firſt Act of *Harry* the Fourth; he has thrown his *Hotſpur* into a more naturally fomented Rage, than ever ancient or

modern

modern Author has come up to, and has maintain'd that Character throughout the Play with the ſame inimitable Spirit. How then ſhall we account for his being ſo cold upon a ſo much higher Provocation? Shall we ſuppoſe, that in thoſe Days, almoſt in the Infancy of the Reformation, when *Shakeſpear* wrote, when the Influence of the Papal Power had a ſtronger Party left, than we have reaſon to believe is now ſubſiſting among us; that this, I ſay, might make him cautious of offending? Or ſhall we go ſo far for an Excuſe, as to conclude that *Shakeſpear* was himſelf a Catholic? This ſome Critics have imagin'd to be true, from the ſolemn Deſcription of Purgatory given us by his Ghoſt in *Hamlet*; yet here, I doubt, the Conjecture is too ſtrong; that Deſcription being rather to be conſider'd ſimply, as a poetical Beauty, and critically proper to a Catholic Character, than offer'd as a real Point or Declaration of his own Faith. Had *Shakeſpear* been a *Romaniſt*, he would ſcarce have let his King *John* have taken the following Liberty with his Holineſs, where he contemns the Credulity of *Philip* the *French* King that can ſubmit to----

Purchaſe corrupted Pardon of a Man,
Who, in that Sale, ſells Pardon from himſelf.

This is too ſharp a Truth to be ſuppos'd could come from the Pen of a *Roman Catholic*. If then he was under no Reſtraint from his Religion, it will require a nicer Criticiſm than I am maſter of to excuſe his being ſo cold upon ſo warm an Occaſion.

It was this Coldneſs then, my Lord, that firſt incited me to inſpirit his King *John* with a Reſentment that juſtly might become an *Engliſh* Monarch, and to paint the intoxicated Tyranny of *Rome* in

its

its proper Colours. And ſo far, at leaſt, my Labour has ſucceeded, that the additional Sentiments which King *John* throws out upon ſo flagrant a Provocation, were receiv'd with thoſe honeſt cordial Applauſes, which *Engliſh* Auditors I foreſaw would be naturally warm'd to. My Succeſs in this Point, which I had chiefly at heart, makes me almoſt unconcern'd for what may be judged of the farther Mechaniſm of the Play: I have endeavour'd to make it more like a Play than what I found it in *Shakeſpear*, and if your Lordſhip ſhould find it ſo, my Ambition has no farther Views.

Your Taſte in Poetry, my Lord, tho' naturally candid, wants not the quickeſt Eye to Imperfections; and tho' no Man's playful Muſe has more Beauties than Your own, yet is not Your Fondneſs for them ſo ſtrong as to be cool in Your Praiſes, when another makes a Flight that comes near you. A poetical Rival (if he could be found) might excite you to excel, but never enough diſturb You to diſpraiſe him. This being Your natural Diſpoſition, from whom could I hope for equal Juſtice or Favour?

I now, my Lord, take my leave without the labour'd Compliments of a modern Dedicator. Your many great Qualities are too well known to the World to want a poetical Herald to proclaim them. It is to the private Man of Quality then I only make this Addreſs: and 'tis an uncommon Pleaſure to one of my advanced Age to have been thrown into a Habitude, that ſo frequently has permitted me to have an occaſional Share in the Delight of Your unbending Hours. But ſince Your lately acquired Honours, which are honour'd by Your wearing them, have lifted You ſo far above the reach of my former Approaches, all I can at this

diſtance

diſtance aſpire to, is to throw my cordial Wiſhes after You. May Your elevated Station never lead You beyond the Bounds of rational Happineſs! That when You think fit to reſign it, You may return to the private World, as You left it, the moſt agreeable Gentleman that ever brought Gladneſs into ſenſible Society. I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt oblig'd,

and obedient humble Servant,

Feb. 25, 1744-5.

COLLEY CIBBER.

PROLOGUE,

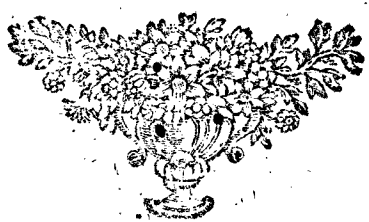
Spoke by the *Author*.

THE hardy Wretch, that gives the Stage a Play,
Sails in a Cock-boat on a tumbling Sea!
Shakeſpear, *whoſe Works no Play-wright could excel,*
Has lanch'd us Fleets of Plays, and built them well:
Strength, Beauty, Greatneſs, were his conſtant Care;
And all his Tragedies were Men of War!
Such Row'ring Barks the rage of Seas defy'd,
The Storms of Critics, adverſe Winds, or Tide!
Yet Fame, nor Favour ever deign'd to ſay,
King John *was ſtation'd as a firſt-rate Play;*
Though ſtrong and ſound the Hulk, yet every Part
Reach'd not the Merit of his uſual Art!
To cure what ſeem'd amiſs——a Modern Muſe,
Warm'd by the Subject, lets his Raſhneſs looſe;
Takes on himſelf the Errors of to Day,
And, thus refitted, truſts it to the Sea!
The Purpoſe of his Voyage this——to ſhew,
How England *groan'd——five hundred Years ago!*
When, veil'd with Sanctity, the Papal Sway
To wolviſh Paſtors made our Folds a Prey!
When Roman *Prelates here, like Princes reign'd,*
Yet ſcarce e'er viſited the Land they drain'd!
And while the Bigot's Neck this Yoke endures,
Our Souls were ſav'd by foreign Sine-cures!
Thus while each Pontiff, like the Sun, from hence
Exhal'd the Vapours——of his Peter-Pence;
Their lock'd-up Heav'n they promis'd (ſuch the Grace is!)
That Popes, like Box-keepers, ſecur'd you Places:
But not as here, their Laws more firm were made,
None were admitted there, before they paid.
As if the Right divine of Roman *Pow'r,*
Were firſt to blind their Flocks, and then devour!

This

PROLOGUE.

This carnal Diſcipline the fiery John,
Determin'd to ſuppreſs, aſſerts his Throne!
Defiance to the lordly Pontiff flings,
And ſpurns his Legates that would cope with Kings!
Hence! roar'd the holy Thunder through the Land!
Aghaſt! the People hear the dread Command!
Terror, Confuſion, Rage and civil War,
At once the Bowels of the Nation tear;
'Till the loſt Monarch vanquiſh'd and alone,
His Subjects to regain reſigns his Throne;
With vaſſal Homage at her Feet lays down,
To hold from Rome, *his Tributary Crown!*
Theſe dire Diſaſters, this religious Rage,
That ſhames our Annals, may become the Stage:
Where the wild Paſſions, which theſe Conteſts raiſe,
If well preſented, may deſerve your Praiſe;
At leaſt this Pleaſure from the View may flow,
That long! long diſtant were thoſe Scenes of Woe!
And as ſuch Chains no more theſe Realms anney,
Applaud the Liberty you now enjoy.



Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

KING JOHN,	Mr. *Quin.*
Arthur, *his Nephew, Duke of* Bretagne,	Miſs *J. Cibber.*
Salisbury,	Mr. *Ridout.*
Pembroke,	Mr. *Roſco.*
Arundel,	Mr. *Anderſon,*
Falconbridge,	Mr. *Ryan.*
Hubert,	Mr. *Bridgewater.*
King Philip	Mr. *Hale.*
Lewis the *Dauphin* } *of* France,	Mr. *Cibber,* Jun.
Melun, *a Nobleman*	Mr. *Caſhell.*
Pandulph, *Legate from Pope* Innocent,	Mr. *Cibber,* Sen.
Abbot } *of* Algiers,	Mr. *Gibſon.*
Governor	Mr. *Carr.*

W O M E N.

Lady Conſtance, *Mother to* Arthur,	Mrs. *Pritchard.*
Blanch, *Niece to King* John, *and Daughter to* Alphonſo, *King of* Caſtile,	Mrs. *Bellamy.*

The SCENE, *three Acts in* France, *the two laſt in* England.

PAPAL

PAPAL TYRANNY

In the REIGN of

KING *JOHN.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

A CAMP near ANGIERS.

Enter King Philip, *the* Dauphin, Arthur, *with Lady* Conſtance *attended.*

King PHILIP.

NOW, royal *Arthur*, injur'd Heir of *England!*
Behold yon formidable Swarm of War;
That ſhines, in plum'd Array, to vindicate
Thy Cauſe, and give Rebuke to Uſurpation.
O! never, never to their native Homes,
Diſpers'd in Peace, ſhall thoſe brave Bands return,
Till this bold Town of *Angiers* ſtile thee Sov'reign,
Till conquer'd *Normandy* prepare thy way,
And *England* to thy royal Right recal thee.

Arth. O! God-like *Philip!* now my more than Father!
That I have Life, was Nature's Gift; from you
A greater, nobler Bleſſing I receive!

That Life, with princely Dignity ſupported!
But, if hereafter gracious Heav'n ordain,
Your Arms ſhall ſeat me on fair *England*'s Throne,
Then ſhall my Thanks be worthy your Acceptance;
An annual Tribute ſhall confeſs the Tenure.

K. *Philip.* Alas! thy youthful heart melts to Conceſſions,
Which, though 'twere laudable in thee to form,
Becomes not elder Honour to receive.

Conſt. Then, *Philip*, give a riper Parent leave to ſpeak,
A widow'd Mother, and an injur'd Princeſs:
For this Relief, this God-like Aid of Arms,
Receive a Tribute Heav'n itſelf accepts;
Theſe Tears of Joy, that ſtream to *Philip*'s Praiſe,
And Tears, that flow from high-born Hearts oblig'd,
Are Bribes, which the moſt glorious Kings may take.

K. *Phil.* Fair, hapleſs Relict of renown'd *Plantagenet!*
Compoſe thy Heart, and reſt thy Cares with us;
Thy Wrongs are ours, and as our own will we
Reſent them: for thy Infant Son, our Son
The *Dauphin*, ſhall aſſiſt his Youth! at once
His Guard, and his Example in the Field;
And teach him, as in ſport, the Arts of War!
Embrace him, Boy, and plant him in thy Boſom! [him!

Dauph. Thus with a Brother's Love my Breaſt receives

Arth. So ſweet a Maſter, Sir, will make me learn
The hardeſt Taſk of Danger with Delight.

Dauph. Young Prince, if you advance as faſt in War,
As you are forward in your School of Honour,
I ſooner ſhall be found your Pupil than your Tutor.

K. *Phil.* Here, break we off the Greetings of our Love.
For ſee! where brave *Melun* from *England* comes!
From his Advices muſt we form our Meaſures.

Enter Melun.

Now, ſay *Melun*, to the Demands of *France*,
Is Peace, or is Defiance *England*'s Anſwer?

Melun. In full Diſcharge of our Commiſſion, Sir,
In Royal *Philip*'s Name and *Arthur*'s Right,
Roundly we warn'd him to reſign, in Peace,
Fair *England*'s Crown with all its juſt Dominions:
That Crown, which Faction, favour'd by Succeſs,
From lineal Blood had forcibly withheld;

To this King *John*, after ſome pauſe of Scorn,
Reply'd, what follows, on this Claim refus'd?
War! we rejoin'd the juſt Controll of War!
To chace Rebellion from the Realms of Right,
And bind Allegiance to its lawful Lord.
On this he kindled to ſuch fiery Mood,
As might have well become a better Cauſe!
" Bear my Defiance to your Maſter's Teeth,
" He cry'd! The War's begun! nor are you here
" In Safety. Hence make all your ſpeed to *Philip*,
" Leſt our loud Trumpet's March ſhould reach his Ear
" Before you.——— [Drums
K. *Philip*.—Trumpets to Trumpets then, and Drums to
Reply, while blazing War, through Fields and Forts,
Shall ſweep her Train of Deſolation!
Melun. Turn then your Forces from this paltry Siege,
And form them to confront a mightier Foe!
For know, King *John* is landed on our Coaſt.
K. *Philip*. Say'ſt thou, *Melun!*
Melun.———My Liege, too true it is:
I ſaw him diſembark'd, and in review
Adjudg'd his Bodies thrice ten thouſand ſtrong.
K. *Philip*. Preſent them in their beſt Advantage! what!
Well choſen? Veterans, or undiſciplin'd?
Melun. I dare not, Sir, deceive you by a Feint,
Or falſe Diſpraiſe of what my Eyes were witneſs:
An Army more compleat, more martially
Prepar'd, yet never trod this northern Herbage!
Their eager March comes onward ſtrait to *Angiers*;
All fluſht and confident, in Strength and Spirit;
Not form'd of Mercenaries, Hinds compell'd,
But Voluntiers, that ſport with War, that come
Like creſted Champions to a Tournament;
Jocund as Huntſmen at their Sun-riſe Meeting,
Or playful Shepherds piping o'er the Lawns,
That having tir'd the Courſe of idle Pleaſures,
Now turn bright Honour into Modes more noble!
With theſe along a Troop of Beauties paſs,
Who form the court of Lady *Blanch* of *Spain*;
And thoſe by martial Lovers are ſurrounded,
All plum'd and gorgeous, wanton Sons of Fame,

Who having fell'd their Grandſires Oaks at Home,
Carry whole mortgag'd Manors on their Backs,
To make a Venture of new Fortunes here:
In brief a braver Choice of dauntleſs Spirits
Than *Engliſh* Bottoms, now have wafted o'er,
Did never float upon the ſwelling Tide,
To violate the maiden Peace of *Europe!*

K. *Philip.* So ſwift an Expedition is amazing!
But thou deſcrib'ſt a Rout of Revellers!
Men that would rather bravely feaſt than fight——
But be it as it may: we'll find them Entertainment.

Dauph. Hark! from yon diſtant northern Hill I hear
The murmuring Drum give ſignal to the March.
[*One whiſpers* Melun.

Melun. My Liege, a Purſuivant at Arms aſſures us,
King *John* is now in View, and would have Parley.

K. *Philip.* Be our Reply—Content and royal Welcome.
Now, Madam, ſhall you prove our Friendſhip?

Conſt. In that alas! tho' confident my Hope,
Yet, Sir, permit me to retire; the Sight
Of Royal Treatment, paid my mortal Foe,
Is more than my afflicted Heart can bear. [*ſtance*

K. *Philip.* Prince *Dauphin*, you conduct the Lady *Con-*
To our Pavilion: *Arthur* may aſſiſt us.
[*Exeunt* Dauph. *and* Conſtance.
But ſee! he comes! and with a martial Port,
As well befits the Front of Majeſty.

Enter King John *attended.*

K. *John.* Forms are the Trappings of deputed Pow'r;
The Speech of Kings ſhould, like the Voice of Heaven,
Be plain: Equality deſtroys Degree,
And ſervile Bendings mark inferior Men:
Thus, by our Treaties perſonal, we wave
Thoſe outſide, thin Diſguiſes of the Heart,
And ſhew, at once, the naked Terms of Honour.

K. *Philip.* Such be our Parley; brief and artleſs.

K. *John.* Thus then—If *France* ſhall peaceably permit,
That *England* take poſſeſſion of her own,
Our *Norman* Towns, and chiefly this of *Angiers*;
Then come we, as a Friend, to *France* in Peace;
If not, bleed *France*, and frighted Peace aſcend,
To Heaven—— K. *Philip.*

K. *Philip.* — Defiance to Defiance first!
Then thus to thy Demand: Thoſe *Norman* Towns
Thou ſpeak'ſt of, *France* in *England*'s Right has ſeiz'd.
K. *John.* In *England*'s Right? a Seizure made by *France!*
Haſt thou, from *England*, ought to authorize
This buſy meddling in thy Neighbour's Suit?
Officious in a Cauſe concerns thee not;
Whence is thy Motive to a Part ſo gracious?
Say, from what Law, what Treaties, or Pretence?
K. *Philip.* Muſt we produce our Voucher then? Behold
it here! [*Taking* Arthur *by the Hand.*
Read in this Face thy elder Brother's Feature!
Theſe Eyes, this Aſpect molded out of his!
In this fair copy'd Volume is contain'd
The growing Abſtract of thy Brother's Virtues!
As *Geoffry* ſtood, in lineal Rank, direct
Preſumptive Heir to *Cœurdelion*'s Crown;
So ſtands his Son, to thwart thy crooked Claim:
Then, in the Name of high-offended Heav'n,
How comes it that Earl *John* is call'd a King,
When living Blood is beating in theſe Veins
Of elder Right, to wear the Crown before thee?
K. *John.* And whence haſt thou this high Commiſſion,
To judge the Right of Crowns and ſummon Kings,
Like Criminals impeach'd to thy Tribunal?
K. *Philip.* From that eternal Judge, who rules on high,
Whoſe righteous Deputies, on Earth, are Kings!
From him have I receiv'd Authority,
To look into the Blots and Stains of Right:
That Judge appoints me Guardian to this Infant;
By his Commiſſion is thy Claim before me,
And I am bound by Office to reject it. [Right,
K. *John.* Preſumptuous Man! talk'ſt thou of injur'd
Who would'ſt thyſelf uſurp the Pow'r of Heav'n?
And, like fantaſtic *Rome*, Diſpoſe of Empires?
But ſince that lordly Pontiff has been gracious,
Since his Indulgence deigns to ſtile me King;
Muſt *John* have *Philip*'s Sanction to his Title? [*Arthur?*
K. *Philip.* What Crime alledg'd has ſet aſide young
Can Treaſon, Lunacy, or tainted Blood,
Be once pretended in this Youth's Diſfavour?

K. *John.* Prevaricating Claim is *Cœurdelion*'s Will,
That gave his Crown to us, of no Validity?
Are we not there his Succeſſor approv'd?
Adopted? by the general States confirm'd?
And is a Nation's Act reſponſible to thee?
Did not our *Norman William* claim by Conqueſt?
And, by his Will, a younger Son ſucceeded?
Our ſecond *William*, nay our firſt *Henry* too;
Both to their elder Brother *Robert*'s Claim preferr'd?
Wants then our Right a Precedent, or whence
Had *Cœurdelion* leſs a Pow'r to make one? [mockery;

K. *Philip.* Where kingdoms are bequeath'd ſuch Wills are
But this mere impious Fraud! thy ſpleeny Mother's Project,
Who, to ſecure Succeſſion of her Power,
Seduc'd thy Brother to prefer her Minion,
That, under thee, the Creature of her Pride,
Her Paſſions ſtill might lord it o'er a People! [Hence!

K. *John.* No more! thy Inſults tempt my Patience!
Forth to the field! diſpute our Title there!
While grappling War, the Eloquence of Kings,
Shall prove the Victor has his Right from Heav'n!

K. *Philip.* Then Heav'n for us! and *Angiers* be the Um-
Sound our immediate Summons to this Town! [pire!
A Trumpet ho! for *Arthur*! *France* demands it.
[*Trumpet ſounds on the* French *ſide.*

K. *John.* Now ſound on our Side! blow an *Engliſh* Blaſt!
And let them ſee their King that will defend them!
[*Trumpet on the Part of* England.

Enter Governor and Soldiers on the Ramparts.

Gov. Whence, and from whom, theſe Trumpets at our
Walls! [Right,

K. *Philip.* The one from *France*, who here in *England*'s
Demands Poſſeſſion of your Citadel.

K. *John.* *England* for *England* ſpeaks, defying *France*!
And here, in Perſon, ſtands with *Engliſh* Pow'rs
To enter and defend your Walls from Violence!

K. *Philip.* Right had no need to bring along ſuch Pow'rs!

Gov. Whence, then, this other Army at our Gates?

K. *Philip.* Are you not Subjects all to *Cœurdelion*'s Heir?

Gov. To his Succeſſor, doubtleſs, are we ſubject:
But, if in Terms confus'd of Heir and King,

You

You now command, now interdict Obedience,
Where ſhall obedience find her Safety?——
K. *John.*——————Here!
Be not deluded, warlike Hearts of *Angiers!*
This Pow'r of *France*, that claims in *Arthur*'s Right,
Like the fierce Falcon, clad in Turtle-plumes,
Would tempt you, from your Dove-coat Safety forth;
Then gorge Ambition with your Liberties.
Gov. How anſwers *France* this Allegation?
K. *Philip.* Behold this royal Youth, your lawful Lord:
In whoſe juſt Cauſe offenſive War, conſtrain'd
By hoſpitable Zeal and royal Honour,
Now drags her cumbrous Engines to your Walls!
Be therefore early warn'd; for if you ſtill
Dare ſet at nought the Terror of our Arms,
'Tis not this Girdle of your mould'ring Ramparts
Shall hide your rebel Heads from Chaſtiſement!
Say then, will you ſet wide your Gates in Peace,
Or muſt we ſtalk in Blood to our Poſſeſſion?
K. *John.* When *England* ſhall have ſpoke, determine:
Whence are yon murderous Enſigns, for a Siege,
And mercileſs Proceeding now before you?
Has not the Hunger of theſe *Frenchmen* brought them,
Theſe meagre Wolves, that prowl in Troops by Night,
Taking th' Advantage of your Owners Abſence,
To leap your Fence, and fill your Folds with Slaughter.
Now! at their Peril, let them ſtir! cry but Halloo!
And I have here a ſet of *Engliſh* Maſtiffs
Shall worry 'em, like Currs, that bark at what
They fear—Now, know your Safety and your King,
Open your Gates, and give your Friends Refreſhment.
Gov. Princes, with Patience have we heard your Conteſt;
Which, in the ballance of our Judgment, weighs but this.
France came, in *Arthur*'s Right, to ſeize this Town;
And *England*, by a ſpeedy March, prevents it.
Yet both alike have ſummon'd us as Vaſſals;
So that to either yielding, we to one are Rebels:
Therefore, on Hazards, will we yield to neither!
Let in yon Field your Troops decide the King,
Then to our King, as Subjects, will we bow:
But, till your Swords or Treaties fix that Right,

Our ſtubborn Gates are barr'd againſt the World.

K. *John.* *Philip*, to thee we owe this Diſobedience!

K. *Philip.* Here, in the Field of *Angiers*, let Obedience Her Lord, and *Engliſh* Liege-men bow to *Arthur!* [know

K. *John.* This, at the gates of *Paris*, ſhall thou anſwer!

K. *Philip.* Anſwer thyſelf, thy Crime of injur'd Right, Thyſelf a Subject to the crown thou wear'ſt!

K. *John.* O! thou haſt rouz'd the Lion in my Heart, And all my Brother's Spirit burns to chaſe thee! Take to thy Arms!——

K. *Philip.*——Mount, Chevaliers! to horſe!

K. *John.* To Prayers! for Pardon to thoſe Souls of *France*, Whoſe unrepented Sins this Night ſhall come, Through *England*'s Vengeance, to eternal Doom.

[*Exeunt* French *and* Engliſh *ſeverally. Trumpets ſound on each ſide to horſe.*

Conſtance *enters, from the Tent of* Philip.

Now hangs the Crown of *England* on a Moment! Deciſive War anon demands it fix'd Upon the Brow of Right, or Uſurpation! How deſp'rate, how tremendous is the Stake, Depending on this inſtant Caſt of Battle! The Victor, the Defeated——Slave or Monarch! The regal Sceptre, and the purple Robe Againſt the cockled Pilgrim's Rug and Staff! A Prince in Glory, or a high-born Beggar! O! miſerable, wide Diſtinction, hark!

[*Alarms and at great Diſtance.*

The waſting Winds, in audible Perception, Set all the Terrors of the Field before me! This Jar of Drums! the lofty Trumpets Ardour! The vaunting echoes of the neighing Steed! This Clang of Armour! theſe ſky-rending Shouts Of charging Squadrons ſpeak the Battle raging! Yet, from the wild Confuſion, no kind Sound Diſtinguiſhes where Victory inclines; Theſe ſharp Viciſſitudes of Hopes and Fears, Tear me with Torture inſupportable! Conqueſt ſuſpended is Captivity! O dreadful, agonizing Interval!—— Hear, Heav'n, my Pray'r! if thy dread Will decrees,

Our

Our Houſe muſt fall, let not my riper Sins
On Hapleſs *Arthur*'s Head be viſited!
O! ſpare, protect his youthful Innocence!
That Life prolong'd may propagate his Virtues!
This ſudden Silence, in the vacant Air,
Seems as if breathleſs Conqueſt fought Repoſe:
Now is our Cauſe ſucceſsful, or abandon'd!
Hark! a Retreat is ſounded! O! for News,
To quell this Conflict of Uncertainty!
But ſee! where One 'fore-ſpent with Toil and Haſte,
This way conducts a Youth in Form, my *Arthur!*
My Pray'rs are heard! 'tis he himſelf preſerv'd,
And living, from the Battle!—O my Life!

Enter Melun *with* Arthur.

O! welcome! to thy Mother's painful Longings!
To fold thee thus! is more Content than Empire!
Crowns are not worth the anxious Coils they coſt us!
O ſay, my Boy! how could thy tender Limbs
Support the Onſets of this dreadful Day?

Arth. O 'twas a gallant Horſe I rode! train'd up
To War! had I known Fear he wou'd have ſham'd me!
He curl'd his Creſt, and proudly paw'd the Ground,
And from his vocal Noſtrils neigh'd ſuch Fire!
To mount him ſeem'd the Tranſport of a Throne!

Conſt. My little Soldier! how thy Spirit charms me!

Arth. But ſtill my Life to this brave Lord we owe;
For when a huge broad Falchion at my Head
Was rais'd, he threw his Body in between,
Warded the Blow, and clove th' Aſſailant down!
And then—our Horſes trampled him to Death!

Conſt. Words are too poor, to give ſuch Deeds their Due;
But ſay, my Lord, what have our Arms decided?

Melun. Never was Field with greater Bravery fought;
Never did *Frenchmen* better bear their Spirits,
Nor *Engliſh* Courage more approve their Paſture!
While War, like Juſtice, weigh'd out Life for Life,
Pale Conqueſt hover'd in the Air amaz'd,
Nor knew on whom to drop her Chaplet down;
Whether to grace the Brow of *France* or *England:*
And though their fainting Spirits equally
Deſiſt, unable to renew the Charge;

Yet

Yet each diſpute what neither has deſerv'd,
Nor Triumph, nor Defeat; nor Chain nor Victory.
Conſt. What Miſeries are mine, that neither War
Decides, nor long Endurance can aſſwage?
Melun. Have better hopes, for as I left the Field,
A Trumpet from the Town of *Angiers* came,
To aſk an Interview for Terms of Peace. [admit
Conſt. Said'ſt thou of Peace! what Peace can *France*
But on the loſt, the ruin'd Rights of *Arthur?*
O yet return, and bring me better News!
Back to this fatal Interview, while I
Penſive retire, and ſigh my Griefs to Heav'n!
Melun. Madam, theſe peaceful Pow'rs are now at hand.
Your Preſence may perhaps aſſiſt your Cauſe,
Which private Sorrow would but ill defend.
Conſt. You counſel well; nor will I tamely loſe it!
Enter King John, *leading Lady* Blanch, Falconbridge, *&c. attended. Trumpets.*
K. *John.* Now, faireſt *Blanch*, thy Terrors, from the Field,
Shall ceaſe, and frowning War no more diſmay thee:
This happy Interview ſhall heal our Wounds;
Thy ſmiling Hours henceforth be loſt in Pleaſure;
To rude Alarms ſucceed the midnight Revel,
And thou, as Queen, in *Normandy* ſhalt reign.
Blanch. Alas! what Happineſs might Kings enjoy,
Could Honour mark the Bounds of their Ambition!
K. *John.* Be Honour, then, our Umpire——*France* approaches.
Enter on the oppoſite Side King Philip *and* Dauphin *attended. After them, from the Gates of* Angiers, *enter the* Abbot, *with Prieſts and Citizens.*
K. *Philip.* Now reſtleſs *England!* are thy Troops content,
Or would they more of us?——
K. *John.*——Would *France* have more?
Have not theſe men of *Angiers*, from their Walls,
Stood Witneſs of the Havock we have made?
K. *Philip.* Or have they not, with equal eyes, beheld
The Swords of *France* ſtain'd in the Blood of *England?*
Abbot. Princes, with equal Sorrow have we ſeen
The fatal Waſte of your contending Powers:
Since then your Loſs is mutual in the Field,

Let

Let in the Cabinet your Counſels conquer.
Kings, where Peace protects the Subject.
K. *Philip.* Leſs of your Morals, and of Purpoſe more.
Abbot. As *Angiers*, then, can but one Lord obey,
Let to the other one reſign that Title,
Contented with a due Equivalent,
Which to your royal Option we ſhall name;
Then, on ſuch Compact, ſhall our wide-thrown gates
Fly from their Hinges to receive their Maſter.
But if in hoſtile Enmity's perſiſting——
K. *Philip.* Dar'ſt thou again defy us? Hence——
K. *John.*——Speak on!
Abbot. Glory, though deaf to dying Groans in War,
May lend a pitying Ear to Peace unſoil'd,
Conſt. Kings, by your Leave! and e'er this Raven's Voice
Preſume, again, to croak his bold Rebellion;
Hear once a Woman's nobler ſenſe of Glory!
If my free Speech on either Part ſound partial,
Then both to my abandon'd Fortunes leave me,
How dare theſe Vaſſals, lying at your Mercy,
Audaciouſly ſet Bounds to royal Right;
And Traitors, as they are, give Laws to Monarchs!
If you are Kings, reſent this Inſolence!
Nor let them, in one Day, twice defy you:
Both play your Engines on their crumbling Walls,
Till an unhous'd and fenceleſs Deſolation
Sweep them as level, as the Seas becalm'd:
Then to your ſeparate Banners each return,
And Front to Front decide the Right of Empire!
Thus your coy Miſtreſs Fortune, charm'd by Conqueſt,
Shall from the dreadful Battle chuſe her Minion,
And kiſs him with a glorious Victory! [Heads!
K. *Philip.* Now, by yon Sky, that hangs above our
'Tis nobly thought: Theſe Inſolents deſerve
This Chaſtiſement: Say, then, will *England* join
To vindicate the Cauſe of regal Honour,
And bury *Angiers* in immediate Ruin? [Charge!
K. *John.* Well haſt thou offer'd *France!* Each to his
Which Front lies faireſt to our *Engliſh* Vengeance?
K. *Philip.* If *England* ſo approve, *France* from the
Shall thunder—— [South
K. *John.*

K. *John.*——*England* from the North ſhall echo!
Abbot. O! hear us! hear, you royal Potentates!
Stop this impatient Rigour of your Arms,
And God-like hearken to the Cries of Peace!
Be Heav'n's Vicegerents, and protect your Subjects!
Let us but know our King, and we obey him;
Then name his Foe, and we oppoſe him;
But let not this Reſource of Female Spleen
Miſlead you to an Act of Cruelty!
She, like the childleſs Mother fam'd in Story,
Yielding the Infant to be carv'd and mangled,
Betrays the Secret of her ſpurious Claim.
K. *John.* 'Tis true! the Inference yet aſks Attention.
Conſt. How wild are the Expedients of Deſpair!
But who, in Injuries like mine, is temp'rate?
Rather let *Angiers* know a lawleſs Lord,
Than to the Rightful be their Lives a Sacrifice. [*Apart.*
Princes, I wave my Plea, and now to *France* appeal;
In whoſe firm Honour is my only Hope.
K. *Philip.* Madam, you there with Safety may repoſe it.
Conſt. What Heav'n wills be done; but I fear the Iſſue!
Theſe royal Parleys bode no good to me.
Hence to ſome holy Cell, I will retire,
And meditate, reſign'd, the Ills that wait me.
Thus, while theſe Eagles hover in the Air,
The trembling Turtle, with her only Young,
Shrinks in her Neſt, and dreads impending Wrong.
[*Exit* Conſtance *with* Arthur.
K. *John.* Lord *Abbot*, now proceed: we pauſe to hear thee.
Abbot. Then, briefly, for the gen'ral Welfare, thus.
Among the Wonders of your princely Trains,
Your Pardon, if I ſee a royal Pair,
In Birth, in blooming Age, in Virtues equal,
(O! be the Sight prophetic to our Hopes!)
The lovely *Blanch* is near in blood to *England*,
Lewis, the royal *Dauphin*, Heir to *France*.
If courtly Love in ſearch of Beauty goes,
Where could he find it fairer than in *Blanch*?
If virtuous Love in ſearch of Virtue goes,
Where ſhall he find it purer than in *Blanch*?

If

If proud Ambition ſeeks a Bride of Birth,
What purple Fountain runs through nobler Veins?
Who then to ſuch tranſcendent Maiden Charms
Can lay a Claim ſuperior to this *Dauphin*?
What Youth can equal him, what Virgin her?
Yet, as they are, are each but half themſelves:
O! two ſuch fair divided Excellencies,
Join'd in one Love, might heal, with happier Peace,
The Wounds of War, and make up full Perfection!

Dauph. Had I a Hermit's Blood, a Cauſe ſo pleaded,
A Virgin ſo adorn'd, with holy Praiſe,
Had fir'd my Heart, and preach'd it into Love. [Peace!

Abbot. Turn then, great Pow'rs, your hoſtile Rage to
Bind up your Feuds in theſe ſoft Bonds of Union;
And, like indulgent Heav'n, from low'ring Clouds,
Pour down your Bleſſings on your joyful People!

Dauph. My royal Father, take this holy Counſel;
Give Peace to *England*, and Repoſe to me!
For never will my Heart know reſt, 'till there
A paſſive Smile permits me to complain. [*England.*

K. *Philip.* Thoſe Smiles, my Son, are in the Gift of

Dauph. Thus then to *England* for the general Weal,
Suppliant I bend my Knee, and beg for Peace:
This Knee, which never could to Int'reſt bow,
Compell'd by Love, may bend with Honour.

K. *John.* Spoke, like a royal Woer, and if *France*
Approve this Sally of thy youthful Heart,
As ſhe in Beauty, Education, Blood,
Holds Hands with any Princeſs of the World,
Her Dowry ſhall weigh equal with the proudeſt,

K. *Philip.* Let *England* ratify his Word, and *France*
With royal Sanction ſhall confirm this Treaty.

K. *John.* Far, as our Pow'r may warrant the Conſent
Of Virgin Modeſty, which Love muſt conquer,
We here approve this holy Father's Counſel;
And, for the Dowry of this high-born Maid,
Yield we the Provinces of *Anjou*, *Main*,
Eureux, and all thoſe Towns, that to the Sea,
From hence, by due Inheritance we claim:
With thrice ten thouſand Marks of *Engliſh* Gold
To grace her bridal Bed, and ſeal this Peace.

K. *Philip.*

K. *Philip.* A royal Dowry, conſonant to Honour,
And be the Virgin free, our Love accepts it:
Now *England*——

Dauph.——Pardon, royal Sir, my Tranſport!
For now, methinks, what farther might be ſaid,
Seems due to Beauty from the Lover's Tongue.
O! beauteous Maid! youchſafe a patient Ear!
If as a Prince I ſue, ſhort is my Plea:
Theſe royal Advocates have ſtrongly urg'd it:
If, as a Lover, how ſhall I approach thee?
How in one Moment can I aſk for Hope,
Or how ſhall Nations wait till I deſerve thee?
O! that thy Form had ſprung from humble Race:
That, then, I might have given my panting Heart
Th' Advantage of Degree, and ev'n on Sight poſſeſs'd thee.

Blanch. Prince, to my Birth you all Advantage owe;
Where I, like private Virgins, free to love,
Then Modeſty our Sex's Guard and Grace,
With Coldneſs had receiv'd your tendereſt Vows,
And for your Sighs, the wafting Winds had caught them:
But Princes, born to Paſſions not their own,
Are Slaves in Love, where happier Subjects reign:
The Hearts of royal Maids, like publick Treaſure,
Are to the Exigents of State aſſign'd,
While private Comfort is refer'd to Virtue.
Of this had I been train'd in Ignorance,
Then yielding thus my Hand had dy'd theſe Cheeks
With Shame; but conſcious what I owe the Publick,
With the ſame joyful Pride I ſeal this Peace,
As counter-ſigning Miniſters atteſt it.

Dauph. From Heaven this Joy deſcends.

K. *John.* *England* and *France* are one.

King John *and King* Philip *embrace, then join the Hands of* Blanch *and* Dauphin.

Blanch. Love muſt from Love——

Dauph.——Love ſhall of Love be born.

K. *Philip* Your Office, holy Father, ſhall we next
Intreat, for at St. *Mary*'s Altar ſtraight
This royal Marriage will we ſolemnize.
You, Lord *Melun*, to Lady *Conſtance* haſte,
With whom this Peace, alas! will ſort but ill;

Bid

Bid her have Cheer, and tempt her to this Feſtival.

K. John. You, Couſin, on the Part of *England* greet her. [*To* Falcon.

Tell her theſe Times ſhall cure her ſickly Fortunes;
All ſhall be heal'd: *Arthur*, her Infant ſon,
In Honour to this Peace ſhall ſhine in Dignities:
This Day we Duke of *Bretagne* will ſalute him,
Of *Richmond* Earl, ſay ſuch our Word creates him.
Now to our ſolemnity——

Dauph.——Now lovely *Blanch!*
Never had *Angiers* ſuch a welcome Gueſt;
Thus when, of old, the Dove was ſent t' explore
The long-wiſh'd Bleſſings of a riſing Shore:
At length a diſtant ſpringing Grove ſhe ſpies,
Crops the firſt Branch, a ſure credential Prize;
Then to the happy Ark reſumes her Wings,
And to the World preſerv'd the peaceful Olive brings.

[*They all enter the Town with Trumpets ſounding, Acclamations,* &c.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Conſtance, Arthur, Melun, Falconbridge.

CONSTANCE.

A PEACE with *England*, and by *France* concluded!
Affianc'd too! *Blanch* to the *Dauphin* married!
And *Arthur*'s Ruin made her pompous dowry!
Thou doſt abuſe my Ear; it cannot be!
I have a Monarch's Oath to right my Cauſe,
And 'twere to wrong thy Maſter, to believe thee!

Mel. Madam, theſe Words are yours, but what before,
In plain and honeſt Terms, I told, was true;
'Twas his Command I ſhould at large
Inform you of this Peace, and cheer your Hopes.

Conſt. My Hopes! bid the loſt Wretch with broken limbs,
Extended on the wheel, to hope for Mercy!
Hopes! I have none!——

Arth.——Since 'tis the Will of Heaven,

I do

I do beſeech you, Madam, be content.

Conſt. Content! to thy vile Wrongs be patient! no,
Were thou, in temper wayward, foul in Feature,
Deform'd, that ev'n thy Birth diſgrac'd thy Mother!
Yet, as my Child, my Heart would feel thy Uſage,
But as thou art the Pride and Triumph of my Bed,
As thou art fair, and at thy Birth, dear Boy,
Nature and Fortune both conſpir'd to grace thee;
For not the Roſe or Lilly, from the Hand of Nature,
Can boaſt their Beauties more compleat or fair!
Nor has, among the Realms of *Europe*, Fortune
Bequeath'd a Crown to Blood or Birth ſuperior!
As ſuch when I behold thee, and behold
Thee wrong'd, betray'd, abandon'd to the World;
Then, then, to be content were criminal!
An Indolence that Virtue would diſclaim;
No, no, my Child! cruel, obdurate Souls,
They only, who could do theſe Wrongs, might
Bear them:
But human Hearts, a helpleſs Mother's Heart,
Muſt yield to Nature, and deplore thy Fortune!

Fal. Theſe plaintive Tranſports, Madam, cannot help,
But may impair your State: Conſider well,
How may our potent Maſters be offended,
That thus you ſlight their royal Invitation?
Yielding to neither you loſe both your Friends;
We muſt not, Madam, dare not part without you.

Conſt. You muſt! you dare! you ſhall! I will not go!
Tell them, They've taught my Sorrow to be proud:
There is a Dignity in ſuffering Wrong,
Which mean-ſoul'd Perfidy can never reach!
Here, on this humble Earth, build we our Throne;
Here ſhall Calamity in Judgment ſit,
And call Oppreſſion to her ſad Tribunal.
Now let injurious *France* and *England* ſee,
How we are rais'd in Majeſty above them!
This is the Throne, to which, or firſt or laſt,
The greateſt Kings muſt bow—*Philip*, I thank thee;
Theſe are thy Favours!—Such the Faith of Princes!

Enter

Enter King Philip *attended*, Melun *and* Falconbridge *having open'd to him the State of* Conſtance: *He, approaching, raiſes her.*

K. *Philip.* What means the mournful *Conſtance* on the
Diſpel thy Griefs, and let the Honours of [Earth?
Thy Infant-Son now blend the general Joy.

Conſt. Philip, I fear my Preſence is offenſive.

K. *Philip.* Why ſhould thy Fortunes warrant ſuch a Fear?

Conſt. Perhaps I fancy'd my ſad Looks reproach'd thee;
And to the noble Mind Reproach is painful. [have you——

K. *Phil.* Reproach ſhould follow Wrongs: What Cauſe have you——

Conſt. What Cauſe! This Object, *Philip*, may inform thee:
Behold this royal Beggar—— [*Pointing to* Arthur.

K. *Philip.*——Yet his Fortune
Deſerves not this Complaint: His high Promotions,
New Honours, and Appointments are moſt noble.

Conſt. Shall Honour then compound? Has royal Right
A Fellowſhip? Is he, who loſes half,
Not robb'd, becauſe a Moiety is left him?
Is *Arthur* known the lineal Heir of *Cœurdelion?*
And ſhall he baſely ſtoop to vaſſal Dignities?
Is *Bretany*, that poor dependent Dukedom,
That Gew-gaw Feather, on his Infant Creſt,
Of equal Weight for *England*'s Diadem?

K. *Philip.* Your Grief's conclude, as if Events were ours.
Have not our Arms, in *Arthur*'s royal Right,
Expos'd our Crown to Hazards in the Field?
While, in the bloody Conteſt, Thouſands fell,
The ſlaughter'd Victims of our Faith to thee?

Conſt. And to deface that glorious Act of Honour,
Thou haſt betray'd the Right of *Arthur* to his Foe.

K. *Philip.* Betray'd! Now judge for me! Had you been
What Anſwer might this Treatment have deſerv'd? [*Philip*,

Conſt. Then *Philip* never had deſerv'd this Treatment,
Had I been *Philip*; *Philip* injur'd *Conſtance*,
Then hadſt thou ſeen a *Philip* firm to Virtue!
A Prince that had preferr'd the Cauſe of Honour
To all the temporal Int'reſts on Earth!
But Pow'r, I ſee, howe'er adorn'd with Purple,
Shews, in the Monarch, but a worldly Man;
And Faith is but the Merchandiſe of Empire!

K. *Philip.*

K. *Philip.* Temper, I ſee, is loſt upon Impatience:
When you have worn a Crown, you'll better judge
How far a Monarch may extend his Virtue.

Conſt. When I have worn a Crown? Injurious Man;
Doſt thou inſult the wretch thou haſt undone?
Philip, farewel: And, if thou canſt, enjoy
The Peace which my Calamities have bought.
If Kingdoms we on broken Vows muſt found,
Oh! never may thy guilty Brows be crown'd!
May'ſt thou, with taintleſs Honour, brave thy Fate;
Nor ever dare to be ignobly great!
In conſcious Virtue may'ſt thou empire find,
And reign the happier Monarch of thy Mind.
[*Exit with* Arthur.

K. *Philip. Melun*, attend her, and obſerve her Paſſions:
Revenge may prompt her to commute her Fortune,
And her Submiſſion to the Pow'r of *England*
Might ſow, between our Realms, new Seeds of Diſcord.
[*Exit* Melun.

Enter Dauphin *and* Blanch.

Dauph. My royal Father, our fair Dauphineſs,
Preſs'd by her Sex's Fear, intreats your Favour.

K. *Philip.* So fair, ſo gentle a Petitioner
Needs but to name her Wiſhes, to command them.

Blanch. Not ſo, my Lord; but our Deſire is this:
My royal Uncle having from *England*
Advice, that preſſes his Departure hence,
Alarms my Heart with Fears 'till now unknown:
When he's away, and I left here a Stranger,
Young, unexperienc'd, liable to Failures,
How may Simplicity, tho' well inclin'd,
Miſtake the Duties of a Bride or Daughter?
Without his Guidance to direct my Steps,
How may my Errors wander from your Favour? [cures?

K. *Phil.* How canſt thou loſe what even thy Fear ſe-

Blanch. Let him not yet depart; you, Sir, might ſtay [him?

Dauph. Grant her Deſires!——

K. *Philip.* ——When fit Occaſion offers,
For his fair Niece's ſake we will intreat him.
But ſee! he comes! with Buſineſs on his Brow:
Depend upon our Love, and calm thy Cares.
[*Exeunt* Blanch *and* Dauphine.

Enter K. John *with letters, &c.*

K. *John.* Brother of *France*, we grieve that our Affairs
In *England*, on the Spur, demand our Preſence;
But 'tis our Glory that we part in peace.

K. *Philip.* What unforeſeen Occaſion thus breaks in
Upon the Revels of our Amity?

K. *John.* Our Letters thence inform us that our Subjects,
Stirr'd by the reſtleſs Policy of *Rome*,
Meet in Cabals, t'aſſert the Papal Pow'r:
Faction and Tumult, in the open Day,
Stalk through the Streets with Folly at their Heels,
And make religious Cries againſt Allegiance;
Warm'd by this ſpirit too, at *Canterbury*,
The lordly Monks diſpute our regal Pow'r;
Reject our Prelate to that See preferr'd,
And by a ſecond Choice appeal to *Rome*:
Theſe growing Ills muſt in their Shell be cruſh'd,
And by the injur'd Majeſty of Kings,
Theſe ghoſtly Traitors ſhall abjure their Choice,
Though at the Hazard of our Kingdom we abide it.

Enter Falconbridge.

Fal. So pleaſe your Majeſty his Eminence
Of *Milan*, *Pandulph*, the great Cardinal,
And Legate, from the holy See full charg'd
With apoſtolick Pow'rs, demands his Audience.

K. *John. Pandulph!* but be it ſo; Couſin, conduct him:
And Sir, my Brother, tho' his holy Errand
Reach but ourſelf in Form, yet is his View,
By our Example, to make others bow,
And hold, in equal Chains, the Kings of *Europe*:
France, from this Juncture, may be early warn'd;
Yourſelf a Witneſs better will adviſe you.

Enter Pandulph *attended.*

Pand. Hail you anointed Deputies of Heaven!
Peace, Heaven and Benedictons crown your Days!
To thee, King *John*, our high Commiſſion ſpeaks,
From our moſt holy Father *Innocent*,
Servant of Servants, and the Lord of Kings,
I *Pandulph*, of fair *Milan* Cardinal,
And Legate from the ſacred Chair, demand,
Why, againſt his apoſtolick Power,

Thou

Thou ſtubbornly doſt ſpurn, and with unhallow'd Force
Keep *Stephen Lanſton*, now of *Canterbury*,
Archbiſhop duly choſen, from the Lands
Conſign'd and ſacred to that holy See?
What may theſe raſh Extremities portend?
Why are the Waters of Religion troubled?
What impious Counſels have ſeduc'd thy Love
From the maternal Boſom of our Church?
Whence are theſe wilful Marks of Diſobedience?
Such is the Contumacy thou art charg'd with;
And this the Time appointed thee to anſwer.

K. *John*. Is then Aſſertion of our kingly Right
Term'd impious, ſtubborn, wilful, diſobedient!
This the proud Stile of *Rome* to ſov'reign Princes!
Are theſe the meek Examples of her Doctrine?
I tell thee, Legate, as to *Lanſton*'s Right,
One Pope's enough for *England* to endure!
But Vice-roys there we never will receive,
For ſuch are all whom *Rome* appoints our Paſtors!
Created from abroad, they know no Lord at home;
But, when their Duty's queſtion'd, anſwer *Rome!*
Rome ſhall ſupport them; for their King's her Vaſſal!
But, Cardinal, from hence imperious *Rome!*
Shall know, in *England* we will reign!
Nor ſhall, while we have Life, *Italian* Prieſts
Have Tithe or Toll in our Dominions!
No, not a native Brow ſhall there be mitred,
That thinks not due Obedience to his Prince,
Conſiſtent with his other Chriſtian Duties!

Pand. Are Subjects to their Prince more bound in Duty,
Than is that Prince in Duty bound to Heav'n? [Senſe?

K. *John*. Has Heav'n depriv'd all Chriſtian Kings of
Or have they Eyes, and yet no Right to uſe them?
Shall free-born Kings not chuſe their native Paſtors?
The Lands thou ſpeak'ſt of are the Soil of *England*;
And who ſhall plant a croſier'd Tenant there,
That owes not to our Crown his holy Tenure?

Pand. Dominion o'er the Vaſſals on thoſe Lands,
Is not deny'd thy Right; but on their Lords Demiſe
The Right of Heav'n reſumes the vacant Cure,
And to that Cure, as Heav'n's Vicegerent here,

Our

Our holy Sire appoints the Succeſſor!
K. *John.* Blaſt your evaſive School-diſtinctions,
That prove at once, I am and am not King!
Suppoſe an Enemy invade thoſe Lands,
Who ſhall protect them? Is't not our Expence?
Our Arms, our Subjects, that muſt face the Danger?
Will your Anathemas, your Fulminations,
Drive from our Fields the Ravage of a War?
Shall *Rome* then ſay, Thoſe Lands are ours in Fee,
And you, for our ſole Uſes, ſhall defend them!
Inſatiate Pride! by Heav'n! it mocks our Senſes!
No, Sir, our *Engliſh* Paſtors ſhall be *Engliſh* Subjects;
Not Aliens, independent on our Crown;
Who call the Fleeces of their Flocks to *Rome*,
And when their holy Avarice is curb'd,
Then drive them at their Pleaſure from Allegiance.
But let thy Maſter know, we hold our Crown
By Right, as high as he his prieſtly Diadem;
And, where our Realms extend, will be ourſelf ſupreme.
Pand. O! impious, O prophane, apoſtate Rage!
My Chriſtian Ears are tortur'd with the Sound!
K. *Phil.* Brother of *England*, this avow'd Contempt
Of ſacred Pow'r, but ill accords that Faith
Implicit, which her royal Sons profeſs:
Since you have made me party to this Audience,
Let me in friendly Confidence aſſure you
France would not, trampling on the Rights of *Rome*,
Provoke the holy Cenſures of her Chair,
Though the Attempt might double our Dominions!
K. *John.* Though you, and all the Kings of *Chriſtendom*,
Should bow your Necks for this proud Pope to tread on,
Craul to his Throne, and like a God adore him;
Out of mere fear, as *Indians* do the Devil,
Not for the good, but Miſchief he may do you!
Shaking your Purſes empty in his Lap,
To purchaſe impious Pardon of a Man,
Who, in that Sale, ſells Pardon from himſelf!
Though you and all the World like Columns ſtand,
To form triumphal Arches to his Pride;
Yet *England* ſhall alone himſelf oppoſe
This ſubdolous, this prieſtly Uſurpation!

Pand.

Pand. Hear then, high Heav'n and Earth! ye Saints
And Men below! Chriſtians and *Angels*, hear!
Hear the tremendous Doom, our holy Church
On this accurſt, apoſtate Head denounces!
Drive him, ye mighty Kings, and Potentates,
From Realm to Realm a loſt abandon'd Exile!
All Bonds of Peace, Defence, Alliance, Commerce,
Broken! abſolv'd! annul'd! O ſweep him forth,
Like the firſt bloody *Cain*, deteſtable!
This ſacrilegious Parricide! whoſe Arm,
Againſt the ſacred Boſom of our Mother,
Has drawn the impious Sword of Diſobedience!
From this immediate Moment be his Crown
The Spoil, the Right, the juſt Reward of him,
Whoſe happier Hand ſhall rend it from his Brow!
Be all his Subjects from Allegiance free,
From Duty, Converſe, all Benevolence,
Support, or Correſpondence interdicted!
On Pains eternal to the Soul offending!
And meritorious ſhall the meaneſt Soul
Be deem'd rever'd to Ages canoniz'd,
Who ſhall by Violence or Stratagem,
For theſe his Crimes, deprive him of his Life!

K. *John.* Stay! thou imperious Legate! hear a King's
Defiance echo to your holy Thunder!
Firſt, for your impious *Arrogance of Pow'r*,
We blow it mouthing to the Winds contemn'd!
But as its Vanity deſerves Rebuke,
We, in ſubſtantial Vengeance, *will repay it*
On thy rebellious *Brethrens Heads accumulated!*

K. *Phil.* What may this Raſhneſs mean! be yet adviſ'd!
Nor tempt the Chaſtiſement of holy Pow'r.

K. *John.* Unman me not with Fear: The Sword is drawn!
Rome now ſhall know the Pow'r of *England!* Ho!
Cornhill and *De Cantie* you, our valiant Knights,
Chuſe like yourſelves a Band of Men determin'd!
Conduct them with the utmoſt ſpeed to *England:*
There, from their Hive of *Canterbury*,
With military Force of Fire and Sword,
Exterminate theſe trait'rous Monks, that have,
In this Election of their Prelate, dar'd

To send the Queſtion of our Right to *Rome:*
Seize on their Goods, their Moveables, and Treaſure!
Confiſcate to the Publick! Then proclaim it Death
To give them Shelter through our whole Dominions!
Without Remorſe, Inquiry, or Delay,
See this our Will, with rigour, be obey'd!
[*Exeunt* Cornhill *and* De Cantie.
Now Legate, as thou lik'ſt this Work, proceed!
We yet have Hecatombs of Drones, thy Victims;
For each Anathema, a Dioceſe!
Let Popes confine to Points of Faith their Sway,
And none ſhall more implicitly obey:
But when they ſtrain that Sway to temp'ral Pow'r,
And would the inborn Rights of Kings devour;
Then, by our Arms, from Uſurpation hurl'd,
We'll treat them as the Tyrants of the World! *Exit.*

Pand. Thus then to thee, to thee! O filial *France!*
Our holy Church commits her bleeding Cauſe!
O! ſtop the homeward Paſſage of this Heretick!
Rouze all the Warrior in thy righteous Heart,
To ſtem this wild Apoſtate's Perſecution,
Think how may ſad Reproach afflict thy Soul,
When Fame ſhall ſay that *France* in Arms ſtood by,
And tamely ſaw the impious Devaſtation! [ment:

K. *Philip.* Alas! my Lord! *France* needs not this Incite-
We ſee, with Grief, this frantick Diſobedience;
Feel too, with equal Pain, our arms confin'd:
For how may ſolemn Oaths of Amity
And Peace be broken? Such have we ſworn to *England!*
Can we, through Wrongs, cut ſhort our Way to Juſtice?
Do certain Evils for uncertain Good,
And offer up our Perjuries to Heav'n?

Pand. Can Faith to Man abjure our holy Duties?
What Pow'r can bind the Soul againſt itſelf?
What Oaths abſolve thee from thy Vows to Heav'n?
As Heav'n has a Claim ſuperior then,
'Tis Perjury to keep thy Oath with Hereticks!
Or if thy Conſcience yet retains a Scruple,
Thus, from our heav'nly Pow'r, to bind or looſe,
Thy cancell'd Oath receives its Abſolution!

K. *Philip.* Ay, now, my Father, is my Soul at large!

Free and inſpir'd! our Arms are ſanctified!
To be the choſen Champion in a Cauſe
So heavenly juſt——
Pand.——ſhall add more Glory to
Thy Sword, than Wreaths of univerſal Empire!
K. *Philip. Melun!* this Inſtant let our Troops be form'd!
Then at their Head will we demand of *England*,
That theſe his impious Orders he recal,
And yield to *Rome* the Right of his Obedience:
Which, if refus'd, then be the Signal given
For dire Control, and Chaſtiſement of War!
Pand. Myriads of Saints, and Angels rang'd on high,
Shall clap their ſacred Wings, and 'plaud thy Piety.
[*Exeunt.*

Trumpets. *Enter* Dauphin *with* Blanch.

Blanch. O fatal Day! are theſe thy Promiſes?
Is then that ſacred Peace, which ſmiling Love
And huſh'd Ambition hand in hand have ſworn,
Like a wreck'd Veſſel, in a Moment loſt!
Become the Sacrifice to ruthleſs War!
All the dear Triumphs of my duteous Heart,
Deſac'd, forbidden! ſunk to Sounds of Sorrow!
Dauph. Can Sorrow have a place in Hearts like thine?
Whoſe Views are bounded with Regards to Glory?
The tendereſt Love muſt yield its Dues to Honour!
Our Troops have Order for immediate March;
Hard is our parting, but inevitable!
Love yet will have his Hour.——
Blanch.——Is this to love,
To have our nuptial Feaſt ſerv'd in by Slaughter?
Shall braying Trumpets and loud churliſh Drums
Drown the ſoft Melody of bridal Songs?
O! my lov'd Lord! my Huſband! that dear Name!
Methinks ſo early on my Tongue might move thee:
Thus hanging on thy Heart, for *England*'s ſake,
England to me this Morn' the kindeſt Parent!
I beg thee, lend thy Help to my Diſtreſs!
To Honour let the public Good give Law,
And keep this ſacred Peace inviolate.
Dauph. Be witneſs, Heav'n! how thy Sighs diſſolve me!
But as thy Virtue, for the public Weal,

Broke

Broke through thy Sex's Forms to yield thy Beauties;
So to thy Charms add one Perfection more,
And let thy Piety surmount thy Love;
For now religious Ties demand our Sword.
Where Pow'r so sacred calls, even Kings obey!
War, now, but leads to love the nobler way!
Not to be foremost would my Flame reprove;
But crown'd with Conquest, I deserve thy Love.
[*Exit* Dauphin.

Blanch. O *France!* O *England!* fatal both to me!
Would I had never left my native Soil,
To wander thus in pompous Misery!
As when the tempest-beaten Bark is fir'd
By Lightning, the despairing Passenger
Sees sure Destruction ev'ry way surround him:
So in this equally devouring War,
My sole Resource is Pray'r to Heav'n; but how,
For what, or whom can I my Vows address!
For *England?* No! connubial Bonds forbid it!
That *France* may conquer? Neither! Ties of Blood,
Of Education, Friendship, all restrain me!
Thus while to diff'rent Hopes my Vows are ty'd,
Conflicting Fears my bleeding Heart divide.
[*Exit* Blanch.

An ALARM.

After which the French *Forces appear retiring before the* English, *when a Victory has been some time sounded.*

Enter King John, Falconbridge, *and Soldiers.*

K. *John.* A glorious field! and bravely was it fought!
O! my Friends! when in Triumph we return
To *England* through our proud Metropolis,
How will the loaded Walls and Windows swarm
With clamorous Souls, to give their Champions welcome?
How, like a Torrent, will their Joy o'erwhelm us,
Making our March more toilsome through the Press,
Than here we found it through the Swords of *France?*

Fal. This News will have its Uses, Sir, at home;
Give honest *Englishmen* but Blood and Battle;
They think no Subsidies too dear for Victory!

K. *John.* Now forward to our Camp! there ſhall our Loſs
And Gain be balanc'd; what dear Friends are miſſing,
And who are Priſoners of the Enemy.

Fal. Our Loſs counts little, when compar'd to theirs;
For all the Barons of *Poictou*, I'm told,
Are taken, Sir, with *Hugh le Brun* their Leader;
And as I croſs'd the Field, the Heralds then
Had in their Liſt two hundred captive Knights,
And Mercenaries proportionable.

K. *John.* This Day has made us debter to thy Sword.
Now ſhall we farther uſe thee: Of the Barons,
Some to our *Norman* Caſtles ſhall be ſent;
Others to *England*, Couſin, ſhall paſs o'er with thee:
Whoſe Ranſom ſhall in part repay thy Service:
Ourſelf, with all convenient Speed, will follow;
This Night ſhall thy Diſpatches be prepar'd,
With Pow'r at large, there to diſgorge the Bags
Of droniſh Monks and pamper'd hoarding Abbots.
Since *Rome* ſo fiercely calls our Right in queſtion,
No Mercy will we have on her Dependents!
Uſe our Commiſſion in its utmoſt Force.

Fal. Doubt not, my Liege, their Skins ſhall be as bare,
As they have ſhorn their Sheep, the Laity.

Enter Hubert.

K. *John.* Now, *Hubert*, whence thy breathleſs Haſte?
What farther News?

Hub. ——— Better, I'm bold to ſay,
Your happier Arms could never have propos'd!

K. *John.* Be brief———

Hub. ——— The Head and Fountain of our Wars
Is ſtopt! *Arthur* your Nephew, Sir, is taken.

K. *John. Arthur!* May I believe thee! How? By whom?

Hub. After the general Rout, upon Advice,
That in a Village, to theſe Woods adjacent,
Some Remnant of the Foe again were forming,
We ſtraight march'd up, and ſummon'd them to yield;
When finding thrice their numbers we exceeded,
To our Diſcretion inſtant they ſurrender'd:
Among theſe Priſ'ners, Sir, was *Arthur* found,
Whom, in your royal Tent, our Party has ſecur'd,

That

That there your farther Pleaſure, Sir, might find him.
K. *John.* Remove him ſtraight to *Roan!* there in the Caſtle
Cloſe be his Guard! and, *Hubert*, for thy News
Receive this Trifle, Earneſt of our Love. [*A Ring.*
No, *Hubert*, never will we ſee young *Arthur!*
In Princes Honour holds it mean, to call
Or Criminal or Captives to our Preſence,
Unleſs to grant them Liberty or Pardon.
Hub. You would not then releaſe him, Sir?
K. *John.* ——— Releaſe him!
Not for thy Soul! keep him, as thou wouldſt guard
The Pupil of thy Eye from Thorns or Briers!
Let not even the Relief of Life, unleſs
From thy own cautious Hand come near him.
Hub. I take you, Sir—I'll guard him to your Wiſhes.
K. *John.* Do that, beyond thy Wiſhes will I love thee.
[*An Officer whiſpers* Falconbridge.
Fal. My Liege, w' are told the Lady *Blanch* is fled
In terror to *Samur* ———
K. *John.* ——— The Chance of War!
Her Fortune, now, is in another's Care:
For look thee, *Hubert*, France had never found
Pretence for War, unleſs from *Arthur*'s Claim:
And therefore had the Boy now died in Battle,
Or heretofore by Sickneſs any way;
That drove Suſpicion of his Death from us:
Not only theſe ſlight Wars had been abortive,
But future Times in pregnancy of Cares,
Pretenſions, Doubts, Jealouſies, Commotions,
Had never reach'd the Hope of Life or Action.
Hub. Had I thought that—I could have ended him,
Which now, Sir, would infringe the Laws of War.
K. *John.* O, thou did'ſt well, good *Hubert*, to preſerve him!
Conſider, he's of royal Blood, and therefore——
Fal. My Liege, the Governor and Magiſtrates
Attend to offer up the Keys of *Angiers*. [leiſure;
K. *John.* 'Tis well, we will receive them—more at
We will convince thee, *Hubert*, of our Love;
Mean while attend thy Priſoner as inſtructed.
Fal. This *Hubert* ſeems a riſing Favourite. [*Aſide.*
K. *John.* If Features err not, *Hubert* is the Man:

'Tis true, he's ſlow, has not the Courtier's quickneſs,
Or half the Hints we gave had fir'd his Brain;
T'have done the Deed, we tremble but to name!
Some fitter time ſhall mould him to our Purpoſe:
Now Actions, open to the Day, demand us. [*Apart.*
Now, Couſin, ſet we forward; march to *Angiers*,
Thence to *England*; there, unbound and free,
Shall full Prerogative and regal Power
Chace from our plunder'd Realms theſe Wolves of *Rome*.
Fal. This Battle the fierce Cardinal fomented,
The blund'ring Inſolence of prieſtly Pow'r,
That thought to cow you from your Right, with Curſes
Deluding *France*, by breach of Oaths abſolv'd,
To make a holy Cauſe of *Rome*'s Preſumption.
K. *John*. Now, where's the Force of his Anathemas?
Thinks he that Words can blow us from our Throne?
No; to her Coſt, o'er-bearing *Rome* ſhall find,
Whene'er her holy Bulls preſume to bellow,
There's yet an *Engliſh* Lion that can roar.
A King that mocks the lordly *Roman* Chain;
And dares, to Death, the Right of Kings maintain.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE the French *Court*.

Pandulph *alone*.

Pan. Diſcourag'd! no; this Battle, like a Blow,
Upon the burning Cheek of injur'd Honour,
Shall turn the holy Vengeance to deſtroy him.
Such daring Outrage, Herefy ſo flagrant, [World
Should, as a midnight Fire, wake the whole Chriſtian
To quench the Flame. No, never can we bear
The glories of our Papal Pow'r ſhould ſtoop
To the inferior Sway of temp'ral Princes.
France bears but ill this fierce Rebuke of Fortune;
Therefore, in him to rouze the wonted Zeal,
The fiery Spirit, needful to our Cauſe,
Muſt be our Work of inſtant Policy.

He

He comes with wringing Diſcontent, Reproach,
Vexation on his Brow——it will be ſo!
Paſſions, like ſudden floods, muſt run their Courſe,
Till of themſelves they ebb, and ſtraight are fordable.

Enter King Philip *and* Dauphin.

K. *Philip.* Now, raſh Legate, what have thy Counſels done?
Are theſe thy promis'd Bleſſings from Above?
Now ſee the juſt Reward of broken Peace,
Of Faith betray'd! Is not the Hand of Heav'n
Againſt us? *Arthur* taken, *Angiers* loſt!
Our Arms diſgrace the Talk of vulgar Tongues!
While *John*, victorious from our bleeding Fields,
With Spoils of *France* in Triumph ſails to *England*.

Dauph. O mournful *Blanch!* how wilt thou now receive me! [*Exit* Dauphin.

Pand. Thus Heav'n, by Suff'rings, forms the great Virtue;
Affliction bends the Soul to Piety.
The Heart of Man, made proud by Pow'r, is apt
To ſwell with Self-Opinion, to preſume,
As Fortune and Succeſs were held his Vaſſals.
Yet think not Heav'n forſakes, but by this Stroke
Incites thee rather to purſue this Heretick;
As Chance of War has made our Cauſe more deſp'rat
So are we bound, with double Duty, to retrieve it.

K. *Philip.* Preach to the Seas! *France* is not now himſelf:
Recal the yeſter Sun! make me what then
I was, with Patience then——but not 'till then
With Patience can I hear thee; ha! ſee there!
Behold a Sorrow that exceeds our own.

Enter Conſtance *led by her Women.*

Reproach like this, what mortal Breaſt can bear!
Battles hard fought the braveſt Sword may loſe,
But by our broken Faith we chuſe our Shame!
O fair Diſtreſs! well are thy Wrongs reveng'd!

Conſt. What is thy Loſs to my Calamity?
Thy Wounds bleed only from the Pride of Pow'r
Defeated; mine a tender Mother feels:
Ambition never knew the Throes of Nature.

K. *Philip.* If Shame, Diſgrace, and Ruin on thy Head,
That wrought thy Sorrows, can aſſuage them,
Eaſe then thy wounded Heart on my Diſaſters.

Conſt. Has then Affliction taught thee this Compaſſion?
Conſtance yet never knew a Partner in
Her Woe: I came to triumph o'er thy Fate;
But my Reproach, ſuppreſs'd by thy Contrition,
Blends with my own a Sigh to thy Misfortunes.
Pand. Theſe ſocial Sorrows, ſtreaming to a Point,
But ſwell the Flood, and make our Purpoſes
Impracticable —[*Apart.*] Lady, be adviſ'd;
Let not your ill-trim'd Grief diſſolve the King
In this unprofitable Softneſs———
Could you urge ought to animate our Cauſe,
That to his martial Spirit might recal him,
Then better might his Sword than Sighs relieve you.
K. *Philip.* O never will that Day return! Advice
Is irkſome now as is a twice told Tale,
Vexing the ſick Man's Ear that fain would ſlumber.
Conſt. If Kings on Earth are Subſtitutes of Heav'n,
Why would'ſt thou warn him from its Attributes?
O if thy Heart be human, thou muſt know
That Pity, though it ſwells our Grief, relieves it.
Pand. And yet 'twere kinder to redreſs than to augment it.
Conſt. I prithee let me grieve! is that deny'd me? No.
I will not be debarr'd the Right of Lamentation:
O that my Wailings had the Thunder's Voice,
That I might rive the very inmoſt Earth,
'Till from its hollow Womb grim Death might riſe
To give my Miſeries their only Cure.
Pand. This more is Madneſs than the Voice of Sorrow.
Conſt. Thou art not holy to belye me ſo;
I am not mad, I know my Wretchedneſs;
This Breaſt I beat, theſe Hairs I rend are mine;
My Name is *Conſtance*, *Arthur* is my Son,
The rightful, the impriſon'd Heir of *England*.
Think me not mad, or thou wilt make me ſo.
K. *Philip.* Diſturb not, give her Griefs the way.
Conſt. ——————————O would
To Heav'n I were, that Madneſs might relieve me.
Preach ſome Philoſophy to make me mad;
And I will call thee charitable Father:
For while thou ſeeſt me ſenſible, thou ſeeſt
Me wretched as the Senſe of Woe can make me.

Pand.

Pand. O fair Affliction! be thy Soul at Peace;
I meant not to awake but hush thy Sorrows;
Yet think that Resignation is a Duty;
For righteous ever is the Will of Heav'n.
Const. O 'tis too true, too rashly has, I fear,
My murm'ring Heart complain'd—'tis I, 'tis I,
Constance has drawn these dire Afflictions down;
The Life of *Arthur* was too young t'offend;
Therefore to double Wailings am I doom'd,
That on my poor Child's Head my Sins are fallen!
Pand. Despair not, Lady, let your Patience shew,
Amidst its Wrath, your Trust is still in Heav'n.
Const. He talks to me, that never had a Son.
K. *Philip.* Be not more fond of Grief than of your Son.
Const. I have no Son, Grief now supplies his room,
Fills up his vacant Garments with his Form,
Lies in his Bed, walks Hand in Hand along,
Puts on his pretty Looks, repeats his Words,
Remembers me of all his gracious Parts;
Must the dear Memory of these be lost?
And what, but Grief, can print them in my Mind?
Enter Melun, *who presents a Packet to King* Philip.
K. *Philip.* To us, *Melun*, from whence?
Melun. ——————Express from *England*.
These to the Lord Cardinal are address'd;
And the same Post brought others to the *Dauphin*.
K. *Philip.* What hear we of the Enemy?
Melun. ——————King *John*
This Night, we are inform'd, sets out for *Calais*;
Prince *Arthur*, Madam, to some frontier Castle is
Confin'd, where *Hubert* has the Charge of him.
Const. Tho' Death in all its Terrors were his Guard,
Dauntless Despair from Fort to Fort shall seek him:
So when her Fawn the Hunters Toils have snar'd,
The bounding Doe forsakes the safer Herd;
Wild o'er the Fields to his vain Help she flies,
And, press'd by Fear, on pointed Javelins dies.
[*Exit* Constance.
Enter Dauphin with Letters.
Dauph. Now to our Cause, Sir, bring we Life reviv'd!
Howe'er proud *John* may boast his Feats in *France*,

Fortune, in *England*, will with Frowns receive him:
His murm'ring Barons, ripe for a Revolt,
Recounting here at large their Grievances,
Invite our Arms to give their Cauſe Aſſiſtance.

K. *Philip.* To the ſame Purport our Advices ſpeak;
Here, from the lords of *Pembroke*, *Arundel*,
Warren, and *Salisbury*, with farther Pow'rs
Aſſociate, and by ſecret Oaths aſſur'd,
Receive we, by their own Hands atteſted,
Offers of fair Advantage to our Crown.

Pand. Here the ſame Nobles have our holy Pow'r
Implor'd, to aid and ſanctify their Arms.
Now mark! how ſecret are the Ways of Heaven!
That, from this Battle loſt, has only mov'd
The War to ſurer Ground, from *France* to *England!*
O! never let Dejection droop the Head!
While thus the Arm of Providence ſupports thee!
That, when thy Hopes were ſinking, raiſes them
To Conqueſt, Vengeance, and extended Empire! [us?

K. *Phil.* To *England*'s Empire, what vain Hope can raiſe

Pand. Not Hope, but Right, ſhall to thy lineal Blood
Confirm thy Claim! O! Royal *Philip*, hear me!
For now prophetic Spirit bids me ſpeak!
Here, here before thee, ſtands the Heir of *England!*

Dauph. What means your Eminence? explain this Wonder.

K. *Phil.* Were *John* deſtroy'd, yet royal *Arthur* lives;
And while he lives, what Claim ſteps in before him?

Pand. Think you the Date of *Arthur*'s Days a Bar?
Is not his Life in *John* of *England*'s Pow'r?
O! never will he count his Crown ſecure,
Ne'er will his Fears know Reſt, or Heart have Eaſe,
Till Life lies cold within the Veins of *Arthur!*

K. *Philip.* Alas! unhappy Prince! I fear his Fate?

Pand. Grant me then *Arthur* loſt, (as ſure you muſt,
Unleſs, againſt his Nature, *John* turn Saint)
Then, in the Right of *Blanch* the Dauphineſs,
(*John* ſtanding out-law'd by his Crimes to *Rome*)
Your Blood comes lineal to the Crown of *England!*

K. *Phil.* Yet ſay that *John* intends not *Arthur*'s Death?

Pand. Is he not dead already were the Queſtion!

Dauph.

Dauph. Why in ſo cloſe a Priſon ſhould he guard him?
Pand. Unleſs to end him were a Cruelty
Unprofitable——or ſay he dies not now:
Yet when the warlike Dauphin's Trumpet fills
The *Engliſh* Air, that Inſtant Sound deſtroys him!
For *John* dreams not of yours, but *Arthur*'s Claim)
Thence falls the ſtrong Impreſſion on his Fears!——
And if he kill him, what can ſave himſelf?
How ſhall our holy Vengeance then purſue him!
Tempeſting, like Hounds, his Commons from Allegiance,
To ſnarl and ſcramble for the Bones of Majeſty!
Dauph. A People ſo miſus'd deſerve a Leader.
Pand. Methinks I ſee this Hurly all on Foot!
Revolt and Rage in every Face!
Whoſe Prejudice and Zeal ſo fierce ſhall flame,
That not a common Vapour in the Air,
Or diſtant Thunder in the Clouds, ſhall roll,
But ſhall as Prodigies, and dire Portent, be deem'd
Of deſtin'd Vengeance on his impious Head! [daims it.
K. *Philip.* I ſee, I ſee it now! The Will of Heav'n ex-
And warlike Preparations ſhall obey:
Melun, loſe not an Hour! collect your Troops,
Recruit the broken; be their Numbers doubled!
Our Edicts o'er the Land once more ſhall drain
The Purſe of Nobles, and the Peaſantry:
And O! Lord Cardinal——
Pand. ——We know thy Wants!
Nor ſhall the exempted Clergy here be free:
The ſov'reign Pontiff, in a Cauſe ſo righteous,
Shall ſuffer thee to draw from ſacred Coffers,
Though, by this Aid, their Charities were ſtinted!
No, not a Mendicant, in all thy Realms,
But ſhall his Mite contribute to the Cauſe! [Glory!
K. *Philip.* Go then, our eldeſt Hope! be thine the
Waft thee with earlieſt Winds to head this War!
Drive from fair *Albion*'s Iſle this infidel!
Aſſert thy Right, and mount his forfeit Throne!
To thy ſage Counſels, Father we commend him.
Pand. Not my own Life more precious in my Care.
Dauph. Nor Life more pleaſing than this glorious Charge!

K. *Philip.*

K. *Philip.* Farewel, my Boy! if thou ſpeed'ſt well—
for ever.
Never was Breaſt in Parting ſo divided!
If thou in *England* reign'ſt, thy Right in *France*,
While we ſurvive, admits not thy Return.
Thus while thy Welfare we of Heav'n implore,
Our higheſt Hope—is never to behold thee more.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE *changes to a Chamber in the Caſtle of* Roan.

Enter King John *with* Hubert.

K. *John.* This ſtrict Obſervance of my Orders, *Hubert*,
Commends thee to a better Charge: Men of
Such Vigilance are ſcarce, and ſhould be cheriſh'd.
Hub. The Trouble you have taken to convince your
Coming in Perſon to obſerve my Care; [Eyes,
As it has made me proud to have been prov'd;
So ſhews it, Sir, how near this Boy concerns you!
And therefore ſhall it mend my Vigilance. [hither!
K. *John.* Think not a Doubt of thee has brought me
I came, my *Hubert*, to aſſiſt thy Care!
T' inform—inſtruct thee—to explain my Orders!
Nay to conceal them from the World beſide;
For not within my Realms know I a Soul,
Whoſe friendly Boſom I would ſooner make
The Caſket of my ſecret Deeds, than *Hubert.*
Hub. I hope, Sir, you have many more as faithful!
Yet this I know! had I a Secret here,
Unfit for other Knowledge than your own;
If Force or Torture would inſiſt to know it, this
Within my Heart ſhould hide it from the World.
[*Shews a Dagger.*
K. *John. Hubert*, thy Hand, thou art thy Maſter's
There's ſcarce a joy or Sorrow in my Soul, [Maſter!
But longs to find its Fellowſhip in thee!
I had a Thing to ſay—I know thou'rt ſecret:
Yet 'tis of ſuch a Nature—now I dare not!
The Sun is in the Heav'ns! and his gay Beams,
Exciting Mirth and Pleaſure through the World,
Are all too wanton and too full of Gauds

To

To give me Audience—No, *Hubert*, the Time
For Speech like mine—were when the midnight Bell,
With Sound of iron Tongue, proclaim'd the dead
And drouſy Truce of worldly Cares and Labour!
The Place—ſome dark Church-yard or Charnel-houſe,
Where Tombs, or Bones, and Sculls, might only catch
My Words! There could I meet thee, ſwoll'n with
Wrongs,
When that thy ſurly Spirit Melancholy
Had [illegible]ak'd thy Blood, and made it heavy, ſtagnate!
Which elſe runs trickling up and down the Veins,
Making that Idiot Laughter fill Mens Eyes,
Straining their Cheeks to idle Merriment,
A Paſſion hateful to my Purpoſes.

Hub. Have you a Purpoſe, Sir, more fell than Death?
To give, or to receive it, frights not *Hubert*;
Why then this Pauſe, this Diffidence of Soul?

K. *John.* O! *Hubert!* could'ſt thou without Eyes behold
Hear without Ears, or make without a Tongue
Reply, uſing Conceit alone, to ſound my Wiſhes;
Then, in the Face of this broad beaming Day,
Would I into thy Boſom pour my Thoughts,
With the ſame Confidence my Brain conceives them:
But to a Man like thee, whoſe Senſe compleat
Might weigh againſt his Deeds their Conſequence,
I dare not, *Hubert*, O, I dare not hint them.

Hub. Then, Sir, to eaſe your Heart, I will be plain;
I gueſs the Secret that diſtreſſes you:
Fear not to truſt me, Sir, I'll do the Deed.

K. *John.* Thou flatter'ſt me——

Hub. ——I'll ſerve you, Sir, but yet——

K. *John.* What yet? haſt thou a Doubt of me?

Hub. ——I've none.
Howe'er, becauſe 'tis poſſible I may
Miſtake your full Intentions, you too muſt
Be plain, and truſt me with each Circumſtance:
And, Sir, to ſhew you how ſecure you are,
There's my Dagger; if, when you name the Deed,
You find me change, or ſhew Confuſion in
My Looks, or ſtart in my Reply a Doubt,
Or Scruple, to alarm your Jealouſy,
Then, from my craven Heart, rip out your Truſt!

When

When you have kill'd me, you resume the Secret.
K. John. Do I not know thee faithful?——Keep thy
It may be useful—— [Dagger,
Hub. ——————Where?
K. John. ——————Must I then speak it?
Hub. Or how shall I be sure that I obey you? [ter—
K. John. And yet, methinks, in Darkness I could be
This Light offends—Shut forth the Sun and hear me!
[Hubert *darkens the Windows.*
K. John. So,—so,—this Gloom befits our Purpose——
Hub. ——————Now, Sir,
K. John. O! *Hubert! Hubert! Arthur*——is alive!
Hub. There lies your Grief, and you would have him—
K. John. ——————Dead!
He is a very Serpent in my Way!
A Pain to see, and Danger to my Steps!
If thou'rt my Friend,——remove him.
Hub. ——————When?
K. John. This Night.——
Hub. ——————By Death.——
K. John. ——————A Grave.——
Hub. ——————————He shall not live. [Joy,
K. John. Enough, my Fears are hush'd! and now with
I can embrace thee. O, think! think, my Friend!
Howe'er I've worn my Crown——Thy Hand alone
Can make it easy on my Brow——This Night
To *England* set we forward——When 'tis done.
Bring thou the News—There full Reward shall wait
thee. [*Exit King* John.
Hub. Now to my Office, let me think upon it;
As to the Time—the Place—the Means—why not
This very Hour? There, where he is—by this!
[*Drawing his Dagger*
Yet hold—to see the Dagger ere he feels
The Blow; his Screams may give Alarm without;
That—that we must avoid—unseen prevents it.
Perhaps he sleeps—then, without Noise, we end him.
Steal on him softly, and observe—he prays!
The fitter for his fate——a second Thought
Determines to my Wish——suppose, when dead,
Some Proof were left that he destroy'd himself;

The

The Means, kept ſecret, will be half the Merit:
That crowns the Work; by this his Beads are counted.
Liſt——no—he's praying ſtill——ha——what is't I hear!
Diſtraction to my Senſe!——he prays for me!
For *Hubert!* who has made his Chains ſit eaſy,
And thanks high Heav'n he has ſo kind a Keeper.
What means this damp Reluctance on my Brow?
Theſe trembling Nerves, this Ague in my Blood?
Is Death more cruel from a private Dagger,
Than, in the Field, from murd'ring Swords of thouſands?
Or does the Number ſlain make Slaughter glorious?
Why then is Conſcience more reſtrain'd in me,
Than in a crown'd Ambition? Conſcience there can ſleep
Secure by Cuſtom and Impunity:
Shall Cuſtom, then, excuſe the Crimes of Pow'r,
And ſhall the Brave be baffled by a Shadow?
Let fickly Conſcience ſhake the vulgar Soul,
That Brute-like plods the beaten Paths of Life,
Without Reflexion on its Slavery——no,
Be *Hubert*'s Actions, like his Thinking, free.

Enter Arthur.

He's here: Young Prince I have to talk with thee.
Arth. O! *Hubert*, I'm glad thou art return'd;
Thou told'ſt me thou would'ſt move my Uncle for
My Liberty, and haſt thou ſeen him? ha!
What means that thoughtful Brow? thoſe folded Arms?
And why this Noon-tide Gloom? this doleful Shade?
Art thou not well? I pr'ythee tell me, *Hubert*;
Or has my Uncle's Anſwer made thee ſad?
For me bad News is better than Suſpenſe,
Hub. Be ſatisfy'd——for thou muſt die a Priſoner.
Arth. A Priſoner! Tedious Life! O, cruel Uncle!
Is there no Hope, dear *Hubert?* muſt I pine
Away my Days within theſe loneſome Walls?
For Life a Priſoner, ſaid'ſt thou?——
Hub. ——Only Death
Can end thy Miſeries——
Arth. ——Then Death were welcome!
Hub. I take thee at thy Word. This Dagger ſhall
Releaſe thee. ——

Arth.

Arth. ——Ha! Why doſt thou fright me, *Hubert?*
Hub. Thy Fate is in my Hand; raiſe not thy Voice
On pain of lingring Wounds. Now, then obſerve me:
Thoſe golden Tablets I have ſeen thee uſe,
Without Delay produce them, quick——
Arth. ——Here! here!
O! *Hubert*, I have a Diamond on my Finger too,
Take that: Within I have other Gems of Value;
My little Pray'r-book is with precious Stones
Beſet, and claſp'd with Gold; I'll yield thee all.
Nay, more, my wretched Mother (give me Time
To write) I know will ſtarve her State to ſave me!
Let me but live, though here in Miſery;
And, *Hubert*, I will find the Means to make
Thy life one live-long Age of Happineſs.
Hub. Think'ſt thou I came to rob thee of thy Toys?
Arth. It is not Robbery: Why ſo harſh a Name?
It is thy Right, good *Hubert*; am I not
Thy Captive, fairly taken in the Field?
Therefore whate'er was mine, by the known Laws
Of War, is duly thine by glorious Claim.
Thy Right and Purchaſe of ſuperior Valour.
Hub. I let him talk too much: I muſt be ſpeedy—
[*Apart.*
Down fooliſh Qualm; here, write as I ſhall dictate.
Arth. Moſt willingly. O! any Thing t'appeaſe thee.
Hub. For ſecret Reaſons we muſt make thy Death
Seem to the World thy voluntary Choice——
Nay no Reluctance, do it.——
Arth. ——Cruel *Hubert!*
Muſt I do more than die? O! Mercy! Mercy!
Hub. Suppreſs thy Voice, or thou art Days in dying.
Arth. I will; O, ſpare me, *Hubert*, but a Moment!
But while I call once more on Heav'n! Indeed,
I'll not be loud! alas! I need not, there
The ſofteſt ſupplicating Sigh is heard to Heav'n.
Hub. Firſt, as I bid thee, write; then ſhalt thou pray.
Arth. What would thy Rage enjoin me?
Hub. ——Write me thus:
"From an injurious World and doleful Priſon,
"By my own Hand this Dagger ſet me free."
Write.

Arth.

Arth. ——O! *Hubert*, kill not my Soul, nor let
Me ſend, in Death, a Falſhood up to Heav'n!
Hub. Write, or thou dy'ſt before a Pray'r can 'ſcape thee.
Arth. Should I write this, what Pray'r could wash away
The Sin? No, *Hubert*, no, if I muſt die,
I dare not taint my Innocence; and ſince
Thy Heart has none—may Heav'n have Mercy on me!
[*Drops the Tablets.*
Hub. Wilt thou provoke my Rage?
Arth. ——How can I help it!
If I refuſe to write, I can at worſt but die,
And ſhould I write next Moment thou wilt kill me.
Was it for this I ſent my Pray'rs for *Hubert!*
Hub. ——Ha!
Arth. This very Hour I pray'd. O! if an Angel
Should have dropp'd from Heav'n t' have told me this,
So well I thought of *Hubert*, O! I could not,
Could not have believ'd him!—
[Hubert, *after ſome Pauſe of Confuſion, throws down the Dagger.*
Hub. I cannot bear this Innocence!——
Arth. ——O Heaven!
My Pray'r is heard, *Hubert* is what he was.
In his relenting Eyes his Virtue lives,
And, like my Guardian Angel, wakes me from
This Dream of Death.——
Hub. ——Short-ſighted Wretch
To think ſuch Cruelty was practicable! [*To himſelf.*
O! raiſe thee from the Earth, poor injur'd Prince!
Thy Youth, thy Innocence, thy blooming Virtue,
Have conquer'd and redeem'd my Soul from Ruin!
Arth. Now thou haſt taught my Eyes to weep for thee!
O *Hubert!* wilt thou ſpare me? ſhall I live?
Hub. Not all thy Uncle's Treaſure, nor his Honours
Shall tempt me to thy Harm! O Sleep ſecure!
Hence to ſome Fort in *England* will I bear thee:
There ſhall a ſhort Concealment be thy Guard,
Till Fate and kinder Seaſons may relieve thee.
Arth. O might I once behold the Fields of *England*,
Tho' from a Priſon-Tow'r, the proſpect would delight me.

Hub.

Hub. This Night ſhall ſpeed us in our Voyage—Ha! What knocking!

Arth. ——————How I tremble!

Hub. ——————Be compos'd.

Some Officer with notice from the Guard,
How now! the News?

Enter an Officer.

Off. ——————The Lady *Conſtance*, Sir,
Is taken——

Arth. ——Ha! My Mother!

Hub. ——————Where? from whence?

Off. Hearing her Son was Priſ'ner in this Caſtle,
Her Griefs have ventur'd, with a ſmall Retinue,
To riſk the Mercy of an Enemy,
In hope to have a Sight of him: ſhe waits
Without, and begs in Tears to have an Audience.

Hub. Conduct her to the Council Room—we attend her. [*Exit* Officer.

Come, Prince; to diſſipate thy Terrors paſt,
We'll venture to admit this Interview.
Short muſt it be——

Arth. ——It ſhall, indeed, dear *Hubert*.
I'll not miſuſe thy Goodneſs.——

Hub. ——————O my Shame!
How will thy Terrors ever be aton'd!

Arth. Deſpair not, *Hubert!* let thy Comfort be,
Howe'er thy Soul has wander'd into Error,
No virtue claims more Praiſe than Penitence;
Has not the holy Parable declar'd
That one poor Soul recover'd, from aſtray,
Does more triumphant Joy to Heav'n convey,
Than flows from ninety-nine, that never loſt their Way.

[*Exeunt*

**

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The *Dauphin*'s Camp, near St. *Edmondsbury*.

Enter in Arms, Salisbury, Pembroke, Warren, Arundel *with other Lords*, &c. *attended*.

SALISBURY.

THUS far our Meaſures for Redreſs have proſper'd:
France by her Aid of Arms approves our Cauſe;
The King, too weak to face us, is retir'd;
His People, by the Bulls of *Rome*, abſolv'd
From their Allegiance, throng to our Support:
Never had *Engliſh* Freedom Hope more ſanguine!
Let but this Criſis hold our Union firm;
Now ſhall our Charter ſeal'd, to Ages hence
Record our ample Rights and Liberties.

Pemb. Thoſe Rights obtain'd, my Lords, our next [Concern
Is to diſmiſs in Peace the Arms of *France*:
For if Intelligence deceives me not,
Pandulph, ſince the Report of *Arthur*'s Death,
Has publicly avow'd, that as King *John*
By Excommunication ſtands abjur'd,
His Crown is to the *Dauphin*'s Head conſign'd!
That I muſt own my *Engliſh* Heart—diſguſts!

Saliſ. If *Rome*, my Lord, has promis'd more to *France*,
Than *Engliſh* Subjects are content to yield,
Let, as ſhe may, proud *Rome* acquit herſelf.
No! ſhou'd this *Dauphin* to her Crown ſucceed,
Our precious Iſle becomes to *France* a Province!
That Thought—O! it embitters all we've done!
Let us, for ſhame, not lay ourſelves the Plan
Of abject Slavery to foreign Pow'r:
Shall petty Vice-Roys lord it o'er our Nobles?
Shall light-heel'd *Frenchmen* dance upon our Greens,
While we at diſtance ſigh beneath our Chains,
Nor join the Carrols of their apiſh Triumph!

Pem. No *Engliſh* Soul but ſpurns againſt the Thought;

Yet

Yet ſtill, my Lords, a Medium muſt be kept:
This *Dauphin*, while our Friend, we muſt careſs,
Holding his Aid of Arms in Amity;
Though firmly fixt, that neither *Rome* nor *Paris*
Shall ever give to *England* Kings or Laws.
Saliſ. With gentle Love then, and with due Regard,
Let us attend his Highneſs at his Riſing;
Receive, as Soldiers, with our Smiles his Orders,
As Chief obey him; never as our King!
Arun. But ſee, my Lords, the *Dauphin* is at hand,
And with a chearful Eye approaches us.

Enter Dauphin *attended.*

Saliſ. Good Health and happy Morning to your High-neſs
Pem. Your early Stirring has prevented us.
Dauph. My Lords of *England*, we are bound to you.
Our Scouts this Morning brought us early Word,
That ere the Setting of the Yeſter Sun,
King *John*, but from what Cauſe alarm'd, they ſay not,
Struck all his Tents for ſudden ſecret March:
Northward he ſtill ſets on, and flies before us;
Yet we at laſt ſhall force him to a Stand,
Though to the hindmoſt *Orcades* we hunt him.
Have we no fathes News?——
Saliſ. ——My Letters, Sir,
Inform us, that on *Tueſday* laſt, from *Roan*,
Hubert, who had in charge impriſon'd *Arthur*,
Was ſeen to land at *Dover*, all in haſte;
Where hearing that the King was to the North
Retir'd, 'twas thought he poſted on the Spur,
To follow him: His leaving *Roan* ſo ſoon,
And parting in ſuch hurry from his Poſt,
Gives foul Suſpicion that the ſecret Charge
Of *Hubert*, in the Death of *Arthur*——ended.
Dauph. If this be true, it cannot long be ſecret
But till his Death from Evidence is certain,
We muſt ſuſpend the Varying of our Meaſures.
Pem. If his Ambition dares out-ſtep our Treaty,
Thoſe Meaſures muſt have our Conſent to vary. [*Aſide.*
Dauph. Prepare we then to preſs him by Purſuit:
Is this the mighty *John*, who in the Field

Of

Of *Mirabel* mow'd down our Troops like Grain,
And brought his Harveſt home of Spoils to *England*?
Now like the Vermin Fox, from Earth to Earth
He flies, nor finds a Citadel for Safety!
But why this Wonder at his Flight? ſince now
Thoſe valiant Barons that obey'd oppoſe him?
How ſeem the People in thoſe Parts affected?

Salif. The graver Sort, that bear with Grief the War,
Religiouſly accuſe the impious King,
Terming his Treatment of the holy Chair
A Madneſs! Other Tongues, of Speech more free,
Inſiſt that *Rome*'s more cruel than the King,
Who, tho' his Raſhneſs urg'd Offence too far,
Yet has his Puniſhment outweigh'd the Error.
But ſee! the Cardinal approaches, Sir,
To lead the People in his holy Charge;
He better may inform you of their Temper.

Enter Pandulph.

Pand. 'Tis well! 'tis well! ye pious Sons of War!
This dread Array becomes our holy Cauſe!
O! may the matchleſs glory of your Arms,
With the dire Vengeance on this Nation pour'd,
Go hand in hand, to future Ages down,
At once the Praiſe and Terror of the World! [rious!

Dauph. Never had Chriſtian Swords a Cauſe more glo-

Saliſ. As for the Glory, *France* and *Rome* may ſhare it,
Our honeſt Swords compound for Liberty. [*Apart.*

Dauph. But ſay, Lord Cardinal, how bears the Land
This Driving, from our Chriſtian Fold, their King?
What wholſom Fruit has the Severity
Produc'd?——

Pand.——Never did ſad Calamity
(The Conſequence of ſacred Pow'r oppos'd)
Make, in one Day, ſuch havock of a People!
No ſooner was the dread *Anathema* denounc'd,
But, like the burſt of Thunder from the Heav'ns,
It ſtruck the ſhudd'ring Nation with Diſmay!
Even pale Devotion, at the Doom, ſtood ſilent,
Nor dar'd to lift her downcaſt Eye for Hope;
O! never was a State ſo terrible!

Now,

Now all the Rights of holy Function ceaſe!
Infants unſprinkled want their Chriſtian Names!
Lovers, in vain betroth'd, reſume Deſpair,
Nor find a Sire to ſanctify their Vows!
In vain the dying Sinner groans for Pardon!
Ev'n Penitence depriv'd of Abſolution,
In all the Agonies of Fear expires!
Nor after Death has at the Grave a Pray'r,
Or for the parted Soul one *Requiem* ſung.

Dauph. O dreadful State! how can this moody King
Thus brave the Vengeance of offended Heav'n!

Pand. Where'er I paſs the Voice of Lamentation,
From Crowds of Wretches proſtrate at my Feet,
Pierces my Ear for Pity of their Woes!
Pity, indeed, will from my Eyes ſteal down;
But further Charity's reſtrain'd by Heav'n!
Then, like dumb Ghoſts, with vacant Eyes they ſtalk,
As if, ev'n here, for foul Offences paſt,
Their Souls were in the State of their Purgation!

Sabſ. [*Apart.*] This mouthing Prieſt would ſwell the Pow'r of *Rome*,
And paints her Bulls more frightful than they are:
I know he wrongs the truth! for wiſe Men ſmile
At all this Foam and Froth of holy Rage,
That fights beneath the Shield of Sanctity,
But to enlarge their Bounds of Carnal Power.

Pem. Let him proceed—it ſerves our preſent Purpoſe,
Alarms the Ignorant to join our Cauſe,
Whom 'tis not now our Part to undeceive. [*Apart.*

Enter Melun.

Dauph. Welcome, *Melun*, I ſent thee to obſerve
The Enemy; what fell within thy Notice?

Melun. North-eaſtward from our Camp, we are aſſur'd,
A freſh Supply is landed, Sir, from *Franſe*;
Which from his Caſtles there King *John* has drawn,
To ſerve his greater Exigence at home;
And his late Movement, from the Plains of *Lincoln*,
Was but to guard thoſe Forces thro' the Fens. [Paſſage;

Dauph. Our ſpeedier March then muſt oppoſe their
Ev'n, with the Morrow's Sun, this mighty Hoſt

Shall

Shall see our Helmets blaze upon their Faces!

Melun. But what yet more might warm us to purſue him,
Is now his ſacrilegious Tyranny!
For as I poſted hither on my Way,
My Speed o'er-took a Troop of hoary Prelates,
The Lords of *London*, *Ely*, *Worceſter*, *Bath*,
And *Hereford*, o'ercaſt with venerable Sadneſs;
Whom, for their duteous daring to adviſe
Obedience to the holy Chair, King *John*
Had from his Preſence ſpurn'd with Menaces
Of Death, if henceforth found within his Kingdom:
Which heavy dreadful Sentence to avoid,
Throws their Diſtreſſes at the Feet of *France*,
For charitable Shelter and Protection!

Dauph. Not only that, but on their Tyrant's Head,
With Heav'n's high Help, our Vengeance ſhall redreſs them.

Pand. Alas! his Fury ſtops not here, where'er
His Pow'r extends th' inferior Clergy feel it!
Proſcrib'd and outed from the holy Convents,
Their Lands are ſeiz'd tho' ſacred to their Function,
And to th' unhallow'd Uſe of Troops aſſign'd
Their Perſons whereſoever found, miſus'd,
Pillag'd, and ſcoff'd by martial Inſolence!

[*An Attendant whiſpers* Melun.

Melun. The Rev'rend Prelates, Sir, are now arriv'd,
And beg your Highneſs will vouchſafe their Audience.

Dauph. Ourſelf will meet them on their Way: My Lords
Of *England*, hold we all in Readineſs;
Our Army with the creeping Night ſhall march,
That ere the Foe can from his drowſy Limbs,
Shake off his Lothneſs to the Call of Action,
Our Onſets, like a Torrent, may devour him:
So from the lofty Mountains, Snows let looſe
Roll to the Vale with Inundation down,
While Flocks and Herds in Seas of Paſture drown.

[*Exeunt all but* Pandulph.

Pand. The Ardour of this *Dauphin* muſt be watch'd;
His headſtrong Youth may grow, upon Succeſs,
Intractable, as *England*, to the holy See;
Therefore the ſecret Overtures of *John*,
To which our Spies inform us he inclines,

Muſt

Muſt we with Temper cheriſh to ſubmiſſion.
How far this freſh ſupply of Arms may change him,
Stands yet in doubt—A Day at leaſt reſolves us:
But hark! from whence this Trumpet? Now, the News.

Enter Officer.

Off. An Envoy from King *John* expreſs arriv'd,
Deſires Admittance to your Eminence. [him.
Pand. This—tallies with our Scheme—Now to receive
If he brings Letters,——conduct him to our
Secretary. ——————
Off. Letters he has, my Lord, but ſays,
To your own Hand he muſt deliver them.
Pand. So abſolute! produce this Inſolent! [*Ex. Off.*
As yet the Speech of our Diſpleaſure muſt be warm!
[Falconbridge *approaching ſlowly, kneels to* Pandulph.
Whence and from whom thy Buſineſs? from your King?
Fal. Moſt eminent, moſt holy Lord rever'd!
Imploring firſt a Bleſſing on my Charge,
This from my contrite Maſter makes it known.
Let me not riſe unbleſs'd. [*Gives a Letter.*
Pand. ——————Couldſt thou divide
The Legate from the Man, thou ſhouldſt not kneel
In vain—but Bleſſings from the Realms are baniſh'd.
Fal. May Piety and Penitence reſtore them. [*Riſing.*
Pand. The humble Bearing of this Miniſter
At length, I ſee, beſpeaks an humble Maſter.
Fal. This Temper of his Eminence, this Form
Of ſtately Charity foretels Succeſs!
He read from my Humility my Errand,
And darted from his Eye a conſcious Triumph!
[Pand. *having read the Letter, proceeds.*
Pand. 'Tis done! once more proud Hereſy ſhall ſtoop!
Triumphant *Rome* for ever now ſhall tread
Upon rebellious Crowns, and at her Will diſpoſe them!
But ſoft! conceal we with Contempt the Joy.
Suppreſs the Pleaſure, and enlarge the Triumph! [*Aſide.*
Well then theſe Letters ſtile thee *Falconbridge*,
And give thy Speech full Credit from thy Maſter:
But yet, alas! the humble Penitence
He here profeſſes, muſt give ample Proof

Of

Of his Sincerity.——
Fal. ——————Can that be doubted?
When to the holy See reſign'd he bends,
To wear an humble tributary Crown?
Pand. Though we are bound in Charity to hope
The beſt, it ſtill behoves us to be cautious;
Let worldly Views impoſe upon the Mercy
Of an indulgent Mother.——
Fal. ——————How! impoſe!
Pand. What means that Echo, Sir?——
Fal. —— Shall I be plain?
Pand. Obſerve thy Diſtance and thy Rev'rence due;
Nor, for thy Soul, let ought eſcape thy Tongue,
That unbefits our holy Dignity
To hear.——
Fal.——————My Lord, I cannot cull my Phraſes;
Nor came I here to purge the Conſcience of
King *John*, but to ſollicit Peace with *Rome*.
Pand. Canſt thou ſuppoſe this Treatment will prevail?
Fal. I think our mutual Int'reſt ſhould prevail.
Pand. Int'reſt?
Fal.——My Lord, my Lord, that's the plain Senſe,
Howe'er with ſpecious Terms 'tis gilded o'er:
And you, who know that Princes are but Men,
Muſt know, unleſs where Paſſions intervene,
That Int'reſt is the Spring that moves their Glory!
Pand. Would'ſt thou give carnal Views to holy Pow'r?
Fal. This is no Time, my Lord, to ſilence Truth!
Our Maſters both have been too jealous of
Their Rights, and to Extremities have urg'd them!
To urge them farther, might to both be fatal!
For ſay, your holy Vengeance ſhould prevail,
That *France* by Conqueſt ſeize the Crown of *England*;
Would ſuch united Empire give no Fears
To *Rome* of worſe Encroachments on her Pow'r?
Take heed, my Lord, Ambition is a rav'nous Beaſt!
Feed not this *Dauphin*'s Hope too high! whoſe Strength
May like the Lion's home-bred Whelp, grown up,
Devour the very Hand that foſter'd him.
Pand. Give me a Moment's Pauſe—to aid our Mercy.
This Bluntneſs, tho' offenſive, is convincing:

And yet the ſacred Honour of the Chair
Muſt have its Pomp of Reverence—Within an Hour [*Aſide.*
Attend me at the neighbouring Convent! There
Our Meaſures more digeſted ſhall diſpatch thee.
[*Exit* Pand.

Fal. With what reluctant Gravity and Pride,
This Prieſt receives the Wiſhes of his Soul!
Why do I blame him? did not I the ſame?
When humbly kneeling at his rev'rend Feet,
I cover'd with Humility my Scorn!
Yet Int'reſt over-looks the mutual Cheat!
It muſt be ſo! were Men t'appear themſelves,
Set free from Cuſtoms that reſtrain our Nature,
Nor Wolves nor Tigers would diſpute more fiercely!
Yet all we boaſt above the Brute is——what?
That in our Times of need we dare diſſemble!
How vile is the Preeminence we're vain of!
Yet cold Sincerity could ne'er have heal'd
Our Breach with *Rome:* There Art was uſeful!
O! could it equally at home ſucceed!
Tempting our Barons back to their Allegiance!
Let us but win their Forces from the War,
Should that bleſt Hour inteſtine Feuds o'ercome,
Our Village-Curs ſhould bark theſe *Frenchmen* home.

King John *in his Tent alone.*

K. *John.* It muſt be ſo—the Conteſt is in vain!
Why ſhould I riſk a Kingdom for a People
That are themſelves unwilling to be free?
Whoſe Zeal, enſlav'd, not only courts the Chains
Of *Rome*, but thinks in Conſcience Kings ſhould wear them.
The moody Barons too, that head thoſe Bigots,
Take this Advantage of the holy Ferment,
To lop the Branches of Prerogative.
Then the reproachful Death of *Arthur!* There's
My jealous Fears have plung'd my Arm too far.
A raſh and fruitleſs Policy! In Death
He is become more terrible than living!
Thence have I rais'd in *France* a ſtronger Claim;
The Guilt of *Hubert* too, now dreads t'approach me!
Or may, to ſave himſelf, make me moſt odious.

Theſe

Theſe Evils join'd muſt in their Ends be fatal!
Rome! Rome then, that has ruin'd, muſt redeem me!
The Terms—'tis true are harſh and terrible
To Honour! to the Vulgar meritorious!
They think the Bulls of *Rome* the Voice of Heav'n!
And tremble for their King that dares conteſt them!
The Pride of *Becket* too ſubdu'd my Father;
And yet his warlike Reign lives fam'd in Story!
Princes ſhould think no Price too dear for Pow'r;
And what are Kings without a People, *Hubert?*

Enter Hubert.

Hub. At length, my Liege, I come to bring you News—
K. *John.* For which thy trait'rous Soul ſhall howl in Horrors!
Slave, thou haſt undone me! were not the Flames,
That *Rome* had rais'd, ſufficient to conſume;
But thou muſt add thy Brand of Provocation,
Thy damn'd officious Murder, to the Ruin,
To give its Cauſe Pretence and fortify Rebellion?
Hub. Sir, you miſtake the Service I have done you;
'Tis not the Claim of *Arthur* to your Crown,
But his reported Death provokes your People!
K. *John*, Villain! dar'ſt thou inſult me on the Crime
Thy Longing to commit ſeduc'd me to endure!
Hub. Whate'er my Inclination was—you now—
K. *John.* O! 'tis the Curſe of Princes to be ſerv'd
By Slaves that take their Wiſhes for a Warrant;
That on the bare Inquietude of Looks,
Preſume t'expound our Paſſions into Law,
And on the Sanction of a Frown commit
Such Deeds as damns the Conſcience that conceives them.
Hub. Yet, Sir, be patient when you hear my Story—
K. *John.* Think not involving me t'excuſe thyſelf!
I had ſome Cauſe to wiſh him dead; but thou
Hadſt none, ſaving what thy Nature prompted!
How oft have evil Deeds, for want of Means
To give them Practice, dy'd in the Conception?
But thou being preſent to the curſt Occaſion,
Ere ſcarce the Thought could ripen into Purpoſe,
Thy ſtony Heart made offer of the Deed,

And mock'd my Fears with impious Reſolution!
Hub. My gracious Liege! I beg you be compos'd!
K. *John.* Hadſt thou but ſhook thy Head, or made a Pauſe,
When I obſcurely murmur'd my Diſquiet;
Hadſt thou but ſhewn one Sign of inward Grace,
With one reluctant Shrug declin'd the Motion,
Pale Conſcience then, retreating from the Guilt,
Had ſmother'd in my Breaſt the dreadful Deed,
Never to riſe in my Reflexion more!
But thou, like the curſt Fiend in Paradiſe,
Laidſt lurking in my Paths of Rumination,
To watch the ſecret Wiſhes of my Soul,
And tempt its Frailty to eternal Ruin!
Hub. Now, Sir, yourſelf be judge! had I obey'd
Your dread Commands, how wretched had I made you?
For know, to give your Soul its former Peace,
Young *Arthur* lives! my coward Heart has ſav'd him!
I am but half the Villain you have ſpoke me. [Angel!
K. *John.* Prove me this true, and thy whole Soul is
Hub. O! when I came to practiſe on his Life,
I found the Execution was as far
Remov'd from what my firſt Conceit had form'd,
As Danger from Delight! as Hell from Heav'n!
His blooming Form, his Youth, his Piety,
His Reſignation, Innocence, and Tears,
Ruth'd as from Ambuſh on my lifted Arm,
And ſeiz'd me Captive to his Sufferings!
With melting Eyes I dropt the Poniard down,
And, at the hazard of your Rage, preſerv'd him!
K. *John.* O! *Hubert! Hubert!* thou haſt ſav'd thy Maſter!
Redeem'd him from the deepeſt, hideous Plunge,
That ever ſtain'd the Glories of Ambition!
The Rage thou feardſt now bluſhes into Joy,
And crowns thy Diſobedience with Applauſe!
This Deed undone ſhall double thy Reward,
And pay thy Mercy with unbounded Favour!
But ſoft——our Couſin is return'd: At fitter Time
My Heart ſhall open more——mean while,
Be careful of my Fame, and form thy Fortune!

Enter

Enter Falconbridge.

Now, Couſin, is yet this Legate flexible?
Haſt thou, though on his own high Terms, ſucceeded?
Fal. If, Sir, to have prevail'd on haughty *Rome*,
To tread in Triumph on the Crown of *England*,
Be deem'd Succeſs; ſuch Peace has *Rome* accepted.
The Time, the Terms, and ſolemn Ceremonies
Here more at large, the Legate has appointed.
[*Preſents a Writing.*
K. *John.* Seaſons muſt be obey'd! what from the Barons?
Fal. What makes our Peace with *Rome* more needful now;
The ſtrong Report of *Arthur*'s Death has worſe
Effect on them than on the common Sort!
The Vulgar only ſhake their cautious Heads,
Or whiſper in the Ear, wiſely ſuſpicious,
Griping the Hearer's Wriſt—who ſtarts—and ſtops
With wrinkled Brows—and ſhrugs—and rolling Eyes!
As if his Life depended on his Secrecy!
I ſaw a Smith ſtand with his Hammer thus!
Who, while his Iron on the Anvil cool'd,
With open Mouth ſwallow'd a Taylor's News!
Of Thouſands more of *Frenchmen* pouring on
Our Coaſts, in dreadful March of Fire and Sword!
Another lean, unwaſh'd Artificer
Cuts off his Tale, and talks of *Arthur*'s Death!
K. *John.* Were this the worſt, the freezing Vulgar yet
Might, by our holy Peace with *Rome*, be thaw'd
To their Allegiance: But the Barons! There!
How ſuch a needful Peace may weigh with them—
Fal. There ſtand we yet in Fear! for *Arthur*'s Death
Has ſo inflam'd the Spleen of their Complaints,
That never ſhall their Swords in Peace be ſheath'd,
Or to Allegiance civil Arms return,
Till the full Manner of his Death be queſtion'd,
And *Hubert*, whom their ſtrong Suſpicions charge,
Be duly render'd to the publick Juſtice.
K. *John.* Now ſay that *Arthur* lives, who then ſhall right
A Monarch's Fame, and puniſh his Revilers?
Hub. Will they believe their Eyes, if I produce him?

Fal. Ha! is it poſſible! produce him! *Arthur!*
Does he then live to ſhame this Calumny?
Hub. Hearing the Malecontents had thrown ſuch vile
Aſperſion on the Head of Majeſty,
Unbidden have I dar'd to bring from *Roan.*
The living *Arthur* to confound the Falſhood. [grounded.
K. *John.* Now judge, how all their other Griefs are
Fal. Lies and Rebellion have been ancient Friends!
Hub. Here in the Caſtle, to this Camp adjacent,
He now is plac'd, and when the King commands——
Fal. O Sir! I beg that *Hubert* and myſelf
May to the Barons inſtantly produce him;
On ſuch Conviction, with my Life I'll anſwer,
Their Temper tho' miſguided ſhall return
And fall from *France* before her Force can face us!
K. *John.* Fly then this Moment, haſte to undeceive them,
That due Allegiance may defend her Paſtures!
No more let Jealouſies, immers'd in Rage,
Hazard thoſe Liberties, which civil Swords
Falſly maintaining might to Foes betray!
Tell them their ancient Rights ſhall be confirm'd
In great and ample Characters fam'd to Ages:
Thus ſhall Obedience fortify our Throne,
And mutual Love all Errors paſt atone. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Arthur *on the Walls of a Caſtle.*

ARTHUR.

O *Hubert! Hubert!* are my Hopes at laſt
Confin'd within theſe lonely, ragged Walls!
Was it for this thy fruitleſs Mercy ſpar'd me?
Ah! what is Life depriv'd of Liberty?
It ſhall be ſo, theſe Walls no more ſhall hide me:
The Mote beneath I've fathom'd with a Line,
And find its Depth proportion'd to my Stature;
At worſt, the Danger's leſs attempting to eſcape,
Than pining here in hourly Fear of Death:

Take

Take Courage Heart! whatever Chance befal thee
Cannot be forer than my Suff'ring here.
Eternal Providence, to thee I bow,
Extend thy gracious Arm to save my Fall!
But if thy sacred Pleasure has decreed,
Thy sinful Creature must untimely bleed;
For a repentant Soul, ye Saints, make room,
Who seeks his Happiness in Worlds to come.
[*He leaps from the Walls, and is cover'd by a Parapet between his Body and the Audience.*

Enter Falconbridge, Hubert, Salisbury, Pembroke *and* Arundel.

Salis. Prove him but living, and the Terms are welcome:
Nor think our Bodies have been cas'd in Steel,
To wrong the native Course of royal Pow'r:
But to assert our Liberties and Rights,
As in the Laws of *Edward* they are cited.
Which if the King by Charter shall confirm,
And give Enfranchisement to Royal *Arthur*,
Nor mew him up to choke his Days
With barb'rous Ignorance, or deny his Youth
The princely Helps of graceful Exercise,
Then shall appeas'd Resistance sheath her Sword,
Or henceforth turn it on the Foes of *England!*
Fal. Spoke with the Spirit of an *English* Noble!
Nought then remains, but that your Eyes have Proof
Of *Arthur's* Health and princely Liberty.
Hubert, conduct us——
[*As they are passing to the Castle,* Salisbury *sees the Body of* Arthur *in the Ditch.*
Salis. ——Ha! what Body's this,
That in the Water, 'mid'st the Weeds, and Rushes,
Mischance or Malice has depriv'd of Life!
[*They bring the Body forward.*
Ha! 'tis he! tis *Arthur!* royal *Arthur* breathless!
Pale, cold, and lost beyond Recovery!
Hub. O fatal Chance——
Fal. ——*Hubert!* if thou hast done
This Deed, or but in Thought consented to it,
Thou art more deeply damn'd than *Lucifer!*

Hub. By Heav'n! within this Hour I left him living!
Salif. This ſure is the moſt ſavage Act of Power,
The deadlieſt Wound that ever wall-ey'd Rage
Or Malice gave the Heart of Innocence!
Fal. Villain! I do ſuſpect thee grievouſly!
Hub. Then, on my Soul, moſt grievouſly you wrong me!
Salif. Wrong thee, Traitor! what Proof ſo palpable!
Hub. If I in Act, Direction or Conſent,
Have done, conſpir'd or compaſs'd ought
That has bereft this hapleſs Youth of Life,
Let Hell want Pains to puniſh me!
Salif. Since Murder thus defies the Pains of Hell,
Down then to Hell's wide Horrors that attend thee.
[*Stabs him.*
Fal. What has your Raſhneſs done, my Lord!
Salif. ——————A Deed
That dries the Tears of Pity with Revenge!
Fal. Hubert, look up, and ere thy Breath forſakes thee,
Now, as thou hop'ſt to find eternal Mercy!
Inform us truly how this Youth was murder'd.
Hub. Then by thoſe laſt dear Hopes I'm ignorant!
But 'tis the Fate of thoſe who once are guilty,
Never to be believ'd when innocent.
Thus having once conſented to deſtroy him,
The bare Intention was a Crime too great,
To paſs unheeded by eternal Juſtice;
Yet, let me ſay——————ſo may my Soul reach Heav'n,
As of this Prince's Death I'm innocent. [*Dies.*
Fal. You hear, My Lords, a dying Man's Report.
Salif. We hear enough to charge his Death on Tyranny,
Whether by that vile Hand, or by Miſchance,
It matters not, his Priſon has deſtroy'd him!
Now back, Sir, to the King; tell him how ill
His Proofs of *Arthur* living have ſucceeded!
But how he dy'd our Swords ſhall have in Queſtion;
Our Battles are at hand, if he thinks fit
To anſwer us in Arms, our Arms ſhall make
Reply—This tell him, Sir,——Our Parley's ended.
Fal. But this, and I have done. I know the King
Is ſtill inclin'd to give your Griefs Redreſs;
Conſider, therefore, if you proſecute

This

This War, how far more dangerous is the Cure
Your Swords apply, than what his Scepter offers.
Salisb. The Danger be on us———
Fal. ———Farewel, my Lords. [*Exit* Fal.
Salisb. Now bear we to our Camp this injur'd object,
Which, like the Wounds of *Cæsar*, when expos'd,
Shall raise the common Pity to Revenge,
And warm the neutral Coward to our Cause;
But to his mournful Mother, O! what Heart,
What Tongue the dismal Tidings shall impart!
[*Exeunt with the Body of* Arthur.

SCENE, *a Room of State.*

Enter in Procession (to solemn Musick) Pandulph, *preceded by Clergy, &c. of several Orders. Then the Nobles and Officers of State before King* John, *(supported by two Abbots) wearing his Crown and Robes.* Pandulph *being seated, the King with the Abbots kneel to him.*

Abbot. Thus bending to the Throne of *Innocent*,
Our holy Sov'reign Sire, whose Heav'n-born Pow'r
All Christian Crowns implicitly obey;
Thus come we humble Supplicants in Sighs
And Sorrow for a sinful Son; whose rash
Ambition in his Pride of Pow'r has dar'd———
O! spare us to repeat the dreadful Crime,
Too black and terrible for Christian Ears!
But if the Pangs of Penitence may plead———
K. *John.* Behold him prostrate, contrite, whelm'd with [Shame!
Off'ring this sacrifice of temp'ral Glory,
His Crown surrender'd to the holy See,
To mitigate the Wrath of Heav'nly Vengeance.
[*Lays his Crown at the Feet of* Pandulph.
Pand. Thy Penitence, thy contrite Heart, O Son,
Gives Joy and Transport to our holy Mother:
Not human Nature is more prone t'offend,
Than on sincere Repentance she to pardon!
Yet think not Crowns or Scepters could alone
Prevail, or tempt her, in the Pride of Nature,
T'accept these Off'rings of thy mortal Pow'r,
Which, as the human World esteems them———Thus

Beneath her Foot ſhe ſpurns their carnal Glory.
[*He treads upon the Crown.*
But, as in ſocial Life, Mankind requires
Controlling Kings to rule their Headſtrong Paſſions,
To curb Injuſtice by coercive Laws;
Thus from the ſacred Apoſtolick Grace,
As tributary Lord, dependent ever
On our holy Father, ſupreme on Earth,
Receive this Circle of imperial Sway
Once more, to keep theſe temp'ral Realms in Awe,
And fight the ſacred Battles of the Chair.
[*Returns the Crown.*

K. *John.* With lowly Reverence and humble Heart,
Vowing Obedience to our ſov'reign Pontiff,
Unworthy I receive this temp'ral Crown;
But now muſt kneel for an afflicted People,
Pierc'd with the Pains of Errors not their own!
O! never muſt theſe guilty Eyes look up!
Till holy Mercy ſhall reſtore their Peace,
By Revocation of her dreadful Cenſures!

Pand. Ariſe, repentant Son, thy ſweet Converſion
Shall chace theſe Clouds of Vengeance from thy Land,
Of Souls unheal'd will we reſume the Cure:
Nor foreign or domeſtic Foe ſhall now
Preſume to give thy fertile Fields Annoyance:
Now ſhalt thou find the holy Breath, that blew
This Tempeſt up, ſhall make the Storm ſubſide.
This *Dauphin*'s Thunder at our Word ſhall ceaſe,
And huſh'd Ambition leave thy Realms in Peace.
[*Exeunt.*

The Scene a Field.

Enter Dauphin, Melun, Salisbury, Pembroke, *and Barons, &c.*

Dauph. Why not to-night, my Lords? Are not his late
Supplies from *France* in the deep Marſhes loſt?
Arms, Horſes, Ammunition, Treaſure, all
Immers'd and bury'd in the Floods of *Welland*?
And ſhall we now ſtand pauſing o'er our Prey?
And by our cold Debates retard our Conqueſt?

Salif. Conſider, Sir, our Shadows lengthen with

Our

O March! the Sun ſcarce lending Light to lead us!
Let not at leaſt this Day enough for Slaughter;
Nor let their Fears, behind the Shield of Night,
Skulk from the Sword of blinded Victory.

Pemb. And for the Succours they have loſt, 'tis not
A Day or Moon's Duration can recruit them.

Saliſ. That Load will lie as heavy on their Hopes
To-morrow———

Pemb. ———Should we now engage them, Sir,
While the long March that hangs upon our Troops,
Brings down the Spirit to a drooping Eye,
How might the Enemy, tho' leſs in Numbers,
Hail with Repoſe, and confident in Vigour,
With more than equal Strength ſuſtain the Battle?

Saliſ. Let us then take th'Advantage of the Night
For Reſt, and of the Morn for ſtronger Action.

Dauph. O! if your Spirits were inflam'd like mine,
To reſt this Night would be a harder Toil,
Than all the Labours of immediate Battle!
See, *Pandulph* too, the holy Legate comes,
With eager Pace and Triumph in his Eye,
As if a Band of Angels on our part
Stood rank'd in Arms to ſtimulate our Action.

Enter Pandulph *and* Falconbridge.

Pand. Joy, Peace, and bloodleſs Conqueſt crowns our Arms,
Our Wars are done: The Triumphs of this Day
Shall, in the Annals of revolving Empire,
Stand eminently high on Hills of Fame,
While Praiſe and Wonder, to a Tranſport rais'd,
Shall read this Record of religious Glory.

Dauph. What means your Eminence? Our Wars are done!

Pand. Furl up thy Colours, and unbrace thy Drums,
King *John* is now no more an Enemy.
His Crown this Hour ſurrender'd at our Feet,
Which now in tributary Vaſſalage
He holds of *Rome*, has cancell'd all his Crimes.
His contrite Penitence has revok'd our Cenſures,
Paternal Pardon has confirm'd his Throne,
And now, e'en *France*, ſhall honour and embrace him.

Dauph. Eternal Vengeance! *France!* ſhall *France* embrace him?

His

His Crown surrender'd! Ha! what Crown has *John*
That is not claim'd by *France*? Or how comes *Rome*,
In wrong to us, t'accept that Resignation?
Are thus your Champions of the Chair rewarded?
Is this the Kingdom which her Bulls decreed me?
Has *John*'s Repentance thrown his Crimes on us,
That *France* must like a Vassal wave her Right,
Because the holy Pride of *Rome*'s appeas'd?

Pand. Is't possible?———

Dauph. ———Was it not you that first
Inflam'd this War? and to my Father's Doubts
Clear'd up my Title to fair *England*'s Crown?
Is not the Bar of *Arthur*'s Right, as thou
Foretold'st, remov'd? Is he not dead? Nay murder'd?
(Is that too pardon'd by your juggling Mercy?)
Is there a Life before me now, that stays
My Right, or makes it, at your Will, precarious?

Pand. Beware, rash Youth, nor tempt our holy Vengeance,
Unknowing as thou art! I tell thee, Prince,
This *England* is St. *Peter*'s Fee, and Kings
Hereafter in that holy Right shall rule it.

Dauph. Cardinal, 'tis false, I do deny th'Assertion.
England was never yet, nor ever shall,
While Arms or Life can urge my Claim, become
The Papal Patrimony. No, nor shall
This Subterfuge, this Farce of *John* distress'd,
Laugh me to Peace, or save him from my Vengeance.

Pand. O mortal Sin! abandon'd Imputation!

Dau. Think'st thou, fond Man, I brought my Arms so far,
Only to slake *Rome*'s holy Thirst of Sway?
If you want Kingdoms, buy them with the Danger;
Endure the Toils, and fight yourselves your Battles;
Nor hope to make my youthful Sword and Honour,
The Tool and Property of Priestly Pow'r.

Pand. Hear me and tremble! while I tell thee, Boy,
As well thou might'st provoke the Serpent's Sting,
Or seize upon the feeding Lion's Paw,
As safely might'st oppose thy naked Eye,
Against the Level of a bearded Arrow,
As tempt the Vengeance of our holy Pow'r:
This Instant quit thy hostile Purpose, and depart

This

Our Hand—or Woe on thy rebellious Head. [*Exit.*
L. Dauph. Now by the Royal Rage that swells my Heart,
Here will I leave their lifeless Bones,
To Kites and Ravens an inglorious Prey,
Than e'er hold Friendship with this recreant *John*,
Or yield an *English* Pasture to the Pride of *Rome*,
Fal. And by that Royal Blood thou hast defam'd,
I plaud thy Treatment of this Priestly Tyrant;
Yet think not, that in fear of thee our King
Has bow'd to this insatiate Pontiff. No,
But to conciliate to his Love his People,
Whose Blaze of Zeal had blinded their Obedience:
For know, the warlike Monarch is at hand,
Not trusting to this deep-mouth'd Legate's Thunder,
But to his Pow'rs prepar'd; whose Rods of War
Shall whip this dwarfish Rout, these Pigmy-arms
From out the Circle of his Territories. [thee.
Dau. Take to thy Saf'ty; hence, our Drums shall answer
Fal. O that the Sun could hold his drooping Head
One Hour above the Earth to grace this Battle.
Dauph. Reserve thy Vauntings for the dawning Morrow,
Nor at the Night repine, whose shades may save thee.
[*Exit* Dauphin *with his Train.*
Fal. Now, noble Lords, what think you of your Cause?
The holy Sword of *Rome*, you see, forsakes you;
Her Politicks, like other mortal Motives,
Begin their wiser Charities at home;
Let but her pious Views be gorg'd with Pow'r,
Her full Contentment slumbers in her Chair,
And leaves Devotion for the vulgar Comfort!
For Shame resume your Sense! see for yourselves!
And be no more the Ladders of Ambition!
Salis. Well hast thou warn'd us to oppose Ambition,
A Passion oft so ignorant of Glory,
By its own Nature so corruptible,
That it shall stoop to be a Tyrant's Slave,
To play the greater Tyrant o'er its People.
Th[illegible]——in the Shame of his surrender'd Crown,
Our servile King has prov'd a Truth notorious.
Fal. To you, to you, rash Lords, we owe that Stain,
Had your weak Cause alone supported you,

His

His Crown unblemish'd had maintain'd his Right!
Obedience to Prerogative had bow'd,
And in the Monarch's Grandeur been glorious!
Can you then think the Perfidy is worse,
That stoops below it, to save a Kingdom,
Than is the mad Resistance that would sell it:
For such must be the Consequence, if *France*
Prevail; *France* then becomes your Purchaser.
Rome might, indeed, plead Custom for her Claim,
But *France* had none, save what your Fears have found,
Or to your foreign Masters may have granted.
Would you, then, change the Lion for the Fox?
Be rather Slaves to grinding Vice-Roys here,
Than bear the Errors of your native King?

Salisf. Perdition on the abject Soul that thinks it!
No, *Falconbridge*, whate'er has drawn our Swords,
However under Grievances we grone,
Think not but *English* Spirits would as soon
Admit the Devil, as a Vice-Roy here.
No, not to lord it o'er a Village in
The Fens of *England*:——

Fal.——————Then I ask no more!
Howe'er our civil Discord may divide us
Let not our Enemy enjoy the Breach.

Salisf. Against Invasion let us, close united, [*Embracing.*
If Vows or sacred Oaths can hold our Faith,
Already have we sworn, that no Success
Shall lead Obedience to the Claims of *France.*

Fal. This News has hush'd my Fears. This to the King
Will I recount, in hopes we yet may save,
By Peace, those Streams of Blood that boil for Battle;
If not,——tho' now to diff'rent Sides we part,
Let each Opposer shew an *English* Heart.

[*Exeunt severally.*

King John *from his Tent, supported by two Attendants.*

K. *John.* O feeble Frame! is this a Time to fail me!
When my collected Spirits should inflame
The Eye to lead and animate the War?
Why has the Monarch so much Use for Life?
Yet in his Health is levell'd with the Peasant!

O painful Majeſty! unequal State!
Not all the gorgeous Pomp, thy Flags of Pow'r,
Thy Dignities, Dominions, Ceremonies,
The Crown, the Scepter, and the Royal Ball,
The purple Robe, nor Princely Crowds, whoſe Preſs
Of Duty intercepts the wholſom Air;
Not all theſe Glories, for one precious Hour,
Can buy the Beggar's Health or Appetite.

Enter Falconbridge.

Fal. To Arms, my Liege, th'embattl'd Foe comes onward;
Their Armour, gilded by the blazing Sun,
Reflects another Day. Defend me, Heav'n!
How fares your Majeſty?——
K. *John.*——Diſorder'd ſtill!
This Autumn Fever hangs upon my Limbs;
But in the Field we'll ſweat it from the Blood!
Prepare my lighter Helmet and my Litter:
Couſin, on thee the Conduct and the Care
Of this Day's Action may devolve,——be watchful.
Fal. With my beſt Blood will I account for it!
But go not, Sir, I beg you, to the Field.
K. *John.* If Life is done, let me with Honour end it.
Lead forth my Horſe, and let the Trumpet ſound
The warning Blaſt to Victory or Death.
Fal. Would you repoſe, it might relieve you.——
K. *John.*——No!
This Tumult of the Spirits ſhall have Action.
My fierce, though mortal, Flames within ſhall glow,
Refulgent on my Brow——and burn againſt the Foe.
[*Exeunt leading off the King.*

The SCENE *opening diſcovers the funeral Ceremony of* Arthur *moving towards* Swinſtead-*Abbey to a Dead-March*; *Lady* Conſtance *with the Abbot and Mourners attending.*

Conſt. Down, down, thou rolling Sun, to Darkneſs down,
Loſe in eternal Shades thy hateful Beams,
Never to give theſe Eyes more painful Day!
See there an Object ſtains thy conſcious Luſtre!
Not all thy Promiſes of blooming Springs,

Or

Or Autumn Fruit, can this dead Flow'r ſupply!
Thus mercileſsly cropp'd by fell Ambition!
O ſince the Birth of *Cain*, the firſt Male-Child,
To him that did but Yeſterday ſuſpire,
There was not ſuch a gracious Creature born.
Abbot. Repine not at the Will of Heav'n, and this
Thy Comfort be, that in the World to come
The deareſt Friends ſhall meet and know each other.
Conſt. O did'ſt thou ſee his chang'd and ghaſtly Semblance,
Thy frighted Senſe would not remember him;
That Canker Death has ſo devour'd his Beauties,
So blanch'd the damaſk Bloom upon his Cheek;
All the ſoft Smiles that wanton'd in his Eye,
The ſweet and graceful Spirit of his Features
So ſunk, ſo faded from their native Hue,
That, e'en in Heav'n, my Soul muſt pauſe to know him.
Abbot. O yet retire! part from this Feaſt of Death,
Where ſolemn Rites and Forms on Forms ſucceeding,
Feed but the fatal Appetite of Grief!
Hark, the laſt Bell now calls us to the Grave. [*Bell tolls.*
Conſt. O piercing Sound! O agonizing Knell!
Stay your officious Haſte! one Moment's Pauſe!
[*To the Bearers.*
And the ſame Service ſhall be ſung for both.
Our parted Souls! Inexorable Death!
I aſk thee not for Mercy! No, be cruel ſtill!
Behold in me the Wretch that dares thy Rage!
A grieving Mother, whoſe Diſtreſs defies thee!
That thus arreſts thy Triumph o'er her Child,
And will not let it paſs. The Grave ſhall not devour him;
O! we muſt never part, one Earth ſhall hold us
Now ſeize me, ſtrike me, and compleat the Tyrant!
Abbot. Be watchful o'er her Health, gently ſupport her
Till Grief ſubſiding may admit Repoſe:
[*To her Attendants, who lead her off.*
But hark, the Terrors of the Field are ended!
The hoſtile Wounds of *France* and *England* now
Are, by the Trumpet's loud Retreat, proclaim'd.
Behold the haraſs'd Barons from the Toil retiring.
[*Exit after* Conſtance.

Enter

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, *&c. at a diſtance.*

Pem. We were deceiv'd, the King was ſtronger than we thought him.

Saliſ. I fear'd his late Submiſſion to the Pope,
Would draw the Commons thronging to his Side:
Had not the timely Night ſtept in between
Our Swords, I tremble to conceive what Fate
Had follow'd us. ———

Pemb. ———But ſee the Corps of *Arthur!*

Saliſ. Alas! poor injur'd Youth, but for thy Death
Our private Griefs had ſpar'd this fruitleſs Battle,
And due Redreſs had huſh'd us into Peace.

Enter Melun *wounded, led by Soldiers.*

Melun. O lead me, lead to the revolted Barons!

Saliſ. When we were happy we had other Names.

Melun. I come, my Lords, to warn you of your Danger;
When you have ſerv'd the *Dauphin*'s Ends, you die.

Saliſ. Die for our Services? explain this Riddle.

Melun. Know then, this *Dauphin* hearing you had bound
Your Swords, by private Oaths, never to yield
Your Crown, or e'en a Province of your *England*, to
The Claims of *France*. This ſo inflam'd his Rage,
That on the Altar at St. *Edmond*'s-*Bury*,
Where, to your firm Alliance, firſt he ſwore
Determin'd Faith and laſting Amity;
There did he ſecretly make After-oath,
That when his Arms ſhould have ſubdu'd King *John*
Your Heads ſhould be the Victims of his Right
Refus'd. ———

Pemb. ——Perfidious *France!* ———

Saliſ. ———————Can this be true? [you?

Melun. What in this World ſhould make me now deceive
Have I not hideous Death within my View?
See you not Life like a meer Form of Wax
Diſſolving to the Fire? When Life is done,
Uſe [illegible] were all Deceit; but needful is Remorſe,
When Oaths ſo ill deviſ'd require Atonement;
Repentance, then, has mov'd me to reveal
This Oath, which in my Raſhneſs I had taken,

If

If you can pardon it——Your Charity
Will hence appoint me to ſome ſafe Repoſe,
Where I may breathe my lateſt Hour in Peace,
And paſs my dire Account with Heav'n's Inquiry.
Saliſ. Gently conduct him to Relief and Reſt.
Dauphin, we thank thee for this Treachery,
That now ſo timely warns us to repay it.
What a ſtrange Mixture had this *Frenchman's* Heart
Tainted with Falſhood, yet inclin'd to Honour?
Pemb. That Myſtery, my Lord, explains itſelf;
His grandſire was, you know, of *Engliſh* Blood;
Perhaps from him he had his Honeſty.
Saliſ. Let us then make our Profit of his Virtue,
Proteſt ourſelves, and while Occaſion ſerves,
March to the King, accept his offer'd Peace,
With old Allegiance heal our civil Wounds,
And on this *Dauphin's* Head revenge his Falſhood.
[*As they go off*, Conſtance *re-enters to the Funeral, with the Abbot*, &c.
Conſt. Thy holy Counſels, Father, have reliev'd me;
Misfortunes now, familiar to my Senſe,
Abate their Terror. Now my peaceful Heart,
With tearleſs Eyes, ſhall wait him to the Grave.

Enter Falconbridge.

Fal. O Reverend Father, haſte, the dying King
Implores thy holy Aid. ——
Abbot. ——Said'ſt thou the King?
Fal. Dying he ſeems, or cannot long ſurvive:
Whether by Heat of Action in the Field,
His latent Fever is inflam'd to Danger,
Or, as Suſpicion ſtrongly has avouch'd,
The gloomy Monk, who ſerv'd him with the Cup,
Might impiouſly infuſe ſome Bane of Life,
We know not; but his Interval of Senſe
In Groans calls earneſt for his Confeſſor.
Conſt. In his accounted Sins be this * remember'd.
[* *Pointing to the Corps of* Arthur.
Fal. If Grief or Prejudice could bear to hear it,
I could a Truth unfold would calm thy Sorrows.
Conſt. Lies not my Child there murder'd? ——

Fal.

—Hear my Story.

[*He seems to talk apart with* Constance.

Enter Salisbury *with* Arundel, *&c.*

Salis. How fortunate the Hour! that he had Sense
To ratify our Rights and seal the Charter.

Abbot. What News, my Lords? How fares the King?

Salis. I fear me, poison'd! his whole Mass of Blood
Is touch'd corruptibly, and his frail Brain,
Which some suppose the Mansion of the Soul,
By the disjointed Comments that it makes,
Foreshews its mortal Office is expiring.

Fal. And *Hubert* dying disavow'd the Deed.

[*Apart to* Constance.

Const. Admitting this, that mere Mischance destroy'd him,
What but his Wrongs expos'd him to Mischance?
Nor therefore are my Sorrows more reliev'd,
But as Oppression may be less than Murder.

Enter Pembroke.

The King seems more at Ease, and holds Belief,
That were he brought into the open Air,
It might assuage the Ferment that consumes him.

Salis. Behold the sad Remains of Royalty!

Fal. Let those who lov'd him not endure the Sight,
When he is gone, my Hopes in Life are friendless.

[*Exit.*

King John *is brought in.*

Abbot. How fares your Majesty?———

K. *John.*— The Air's too hot.
It steams, it scalds, I cannot bear this Furnace!
Stand off,—and let the Northern Wind have way!
Blow, blow, ye freezing Blasts from *Iceland* Skies!
O blissful Region, that I there were King!
To range and roll me in eternal Snow,
Where Crowns of Icicles might cool my Brain,
And comfort me with Cold.———

Abbot. ———O gracious Heav'n!——

Relieve his Senses from these mortal Pangs,
That his reflecting Soul may yet look back

On

On his Offences paſt with Penitence!
K. *John.* Why am I tortur'd thus? I kill'd him not;
Was it ſo criminal to wiſh him dead!
If Wiſhes were effectual, O, my Crown,
My Crown ſhould from the Grave with Joy redeem him!
Abbot. If Penitence, not Frenzy, prompts thy Tongue,
Behold this Object of Calamity,
Whom thy Severities have ſunk with Sorrow.
O carry not, beyond the Grave, your Enmity.
K. *John. Conſtance*, the mournful Relict of my Brother,
How do thy Wrongs ſit heavy on my Soul;
But who was ever juſt in his Ambition!
Thou ſeeſt me now an Object of thy Triumph,
The vital Cordage of my Heart burnt up!
All to a ſingle Thread on which it hangs
Conſum'd; now may the fearleſs Lamb approach,
Now cloſe the Lion Eye of Enmity.
Hence but a Moment all this Royalty,
This Pride of Pow'r will crumble into Aſhes.
Abbot. In his Extremities Heav'n help the King.
Conſt. And may his contrite Soul receive its Mercy.
K. *John.* The Lamp of Life is dry—Thy Pray'rs, O Father!
At *Worceſter* let theſe mortal Bones have Reſt.
My Eyes refuſe the Light——the Stroke is giv'n.
O, I am call'd——I wander——Mercy, Heav'n! [*Dies.*
Conſt. He's gone.
The turbulent Oppreſſor is no more.
The Hour of heav'nly Juſtice has at laſt
Demanded his Account of *England*'s Empire;
But ſince he ſeem'd to paſs in Penitence,
Let all his Crimes be bury'd in his Grave.
Thou Pow'r ador'd, what Thanks ſhall I repay thee,
That my Afflictions have ſubdu'd my Soul,
T'extend its Charity ev'n to my Enemies?
Now, Life, I have no farther Uſe for thee;
Defer a while the Obſequies of *Arthur*,
Paſs but ſome Hours and I ſhall ſoon o'ertake him,
Then lay us in one peaceful Grave together.
[*Exits, &c.*

Enter

Enter Falconbridge, *who, ſeeing the King, ſtarts back.*

Fal. My Fears are true, good News comes now too late;
Deaf is the Ear which beſt might give it hearing.

Saliſ. O *Falconbridge!* if thou haſt ought that may
Diſpel our gen'ral Conſternation, ſpeak it.

Fal. Something I bring to cheer this ſudden Sadneſs;
From *France* the Lady *Blanch*, arriv'd, has wrought
Her Conſort *Dauphin* to ſuch peaceful Temper,
That hearing you the Barons had diſclaim'd him,
He now accepts the Legate's Mediation,
And, on ſuch Terms as Honour may accord,
He and his Forces leave our Land in Peace.

Saliſ. Loſe not a Moment then to cloſe this Treaty;
Build we a Bridge of Gold for his Retreat!
And may the recent Dangers we have paſs'd,
Never by civil Diſcord be recall'd.

Fal. There only lives the Error can miſlead us.
Let not Self-wounds our native Strength impair,
What raſh Invader can have Hope to ſhake us?
Come the three Corners of the World in Arms,
England no foreign Force ſhall e'er ſubdue,
While Prince and Subject to themſelves are true.

[*Exeunt.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Spoke by Mrs. *CLIVE*.

OF all the Helps for Wit ſo much in Vogue,
This Play has ſcarce one Hint for Epilogue?
Now, after Tragedy, you know, the Way
Is to come forward, with an Air ſo gay,
Not to ſupport, —— no, no, —— to ridicule the Play.
With flirting Fan, and pointed Wit, ſo jolly,
Crack Jokes on Virtue, as an unbred Folly.
How often has the Grecian *Dame, diſtreſs'd,*
Been diſmal Company——till made a Jeſt?
And when her prudiſh Pride warm Love has ſlighted,
How luſciouſly her Epilogue delighted!
O! what Enjoyment to a modern Sinner,
To have it prov'd at laſt —ſhe'd nothing in her!
Then is the Proof of Wit's commanding Pow'r,
When double Entendres *make an Aud'ence roar!*
When chuckling Rakes, and Witlings void of Grace,
Stare all the bluſhing Boxes in the Face!
And when the Luſcious Stroke has kept them under,
Crack! goes the joyous Laugh, in Claps of Thunder!

Since Arts, like theſe, have charm'd a merry Nation,
Why could not Colley *play the Wag in faſhion?*
Shall he pretend to give the Stage new Modes?
Would he have Plays as chaſte as annual Odes?
Shall he ſuppoſe there can be any Sin in
Th' warmeſt Meaning—wrap'd in decent Linen?
Something——he ought to have for ev'ry Taſte;
John Trott's *an honeſt, though a vulgar Ghoſt:*
His ſtrong Digeſt'on thinks fat Food the beſt.
And when his full Meal's made, cries —"After all
"That Epilogue was dev'liſh comical!
"Better,

EPILOGUE.

" Better, by half, than all their hum-drum Sorrow!
" I' cod I'll come and hear't again to-morrow!"
What could, in Nature, our Fool's Reaſon be,
To ſtrike away this Prop from Tragedy?
Odſo! I've found it now — 'twas — Modeſty!
Yes! modeſt as the Jay — when he preſumes,
To deck his dowdy Muſe — with Peacock Plumes!
Yet hold! — that Fleer too hard a Cenſure flings;
He's but the Wren, that mounts on Shakeſpear's *Wings;*
Where, while the Eagle ſoars — he ſafely ſings;
Let then the modern Scenes on Shakeſpear *live,*
And what you cannot praiſe, like Friends, forgive.

FINIS.

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